



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



The Disciple

Period
529.5
v. 4
1886



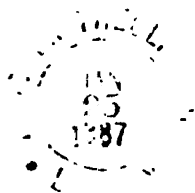
THE DISCIPLE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF CHRIS-
TIAN LITERATURE

EDITED BY
B. J. RADFORD, JESSIE H. BROWN

VOLUME IV.
JULY-DECEMBER.

CINCINNATI, O.
STANDARD PUBLISHING CO.
COVINGTON, KY.
GUIDE PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.
1886



INDEX TO VOLUME IV.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Commonplace Story	Kate D. Shurtleff	258
Am I My Brother's Keeper?	Mrs. W. J. Lhamon	713
A Woman's Doing. Chapters I.-IV. ..	Jessie H. Brown	583, 662
Literature in the Home	C. L. L., Jr.	130
Obiter Dicta	44
Our Measuring Line	Candace Lhamon	91
Peter Cooper	Archibald McLean	515
Studies in the Old Testament	Isaac Errett	..
		211, 338, 386, 598, 725
Tale of a Pioneer Church. Chapters VII.-XIV.	Peter Vogel	..
		73, 195, 271, 400, 522, 693
The Makers of History	Lillie R. Moore	175
Then and Now; or, The Fourteenth Century		
and the Nineteenth	Selected	147
The Positive Philosophy	Selected	2
The White Church. Chapters IX.-XX. ..	A C. Pierson	..
		45, 164, 315, 450, 560, 643
What Do Ye More than Others?	Allie B. Lewis	420

POETRY.

A Deed and a Word	Selected	559
All's Well	Selected	194
Buhle Land	Peter Vogel	163
By Twilight	Selected	449
Christmas-Tide	Selected	721
Eternity	Selected	449

For One Day More	Selected ..	184
I Wish you Joy	Jessie H. Brown	1
Joe Guzzle's Mission	Corydon E. Fuller	143
July	Selected ..	72
Light	Otho F. Pearre	26
My Ideal	Jessie H. Brown ..	257
My Mother	S. E. Simmonds	513
My Queen	Selected ..	315
My Triumph	Selected ..	350
My Waiting Lord	Jay Priestly ..	224
Omens	Selected ..	399
"Ora Pro Me"	Margaret Francis	641
Overruled	Selected ..	661
Pater Noster	Peter Vogel ..	27
Pictured in Summer	Wm. A. Knight	142
Sonnets from the Swedish of Stagnelius ..	Selected ..	426
The Beyond	Selected ..	290
The Christian Calling	Selected ..	96
The Fear of Death	Jessie H. Brown	521
To the Friend of Many Years	Jessie H. Brown	385
True Beauty is Heart Deep	B. J. Radford	129

SERMONS AND ADDRESSES.

Christian Self-Respect and Pride	D. R. Lucas	187
Christ's Influence	Alanson Wilcox	685
God's Image Lost and Found	Enos Campbell	301
Joys of the Ministerial Life	C. C. Smith ..	545
The Higher Law	G. H. Laughlin	429
Trusting in a Spider's Web	W. F. Richardson	60

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

Laughlin, G. H.	427
Lucas, Daniel Robertson	185
Reid, Judge Richard	478
Richardson, W. F.	58

INDEX.**v**

Smith, C. C.	543
Wilcox, Alanson	684

EDITORIAL.

Current Comment	97, 242, 353, 483, 609, 737
In the Workshops	111, 242, 370, 495, 625, 753
Pot-Pourri	116, 246, 374, 500, 628, 757

BOOK REVIEWS.

Childhood, Boyhood, Youth (Tolstoi)	506
Fifty-nine Years of History (Errett)	512
German Psychology of To-day (Ribot)	380
Girls Who Became Famous (Bolton)	511
Kant's Ethics (Porter)	123
Socialism and Christianity (Behrends)	252
Stories from Life (Bolton)	639
Summer Haven Songs (Morse)	510
The Book of Job with a New Commentary (Szold)	632
The Children's Hallelujah (Rosecrans and Fillmore)	127
The Epic Songs of Russia (Hapgood)	636
The Evolution of a Shadow (Weston)	504
The Old-Path Pulpit (Allen)	122
The Trials and Crucifixion of Christ (Stout)	121
Young Peoples' History of England (Towle)	509

"I WISH YOU JOY."

TO L. AND C., ON THEIR WEDDING DAY.

"I wish you joy!" The commonplace expression
Will have a heart-beat in each word to-day ;
If wishing only brought with it possession,
How joys would multiply along your way !

I wish you joy: not vain and selfish pleasure,
Not idle dreaming, not a life of ease ;
Not thus earth's blessings you have learned to measure ;
Your hearts must find a better joy than these.

I wish you joy: the worthier joy of sharing
The sorrows of a sorrow-laden race ;
The joy of toil, the joy of burden-bearing,
The joy of finding work in every place.

I wish you joy in growing old together,
Rejoicing in the good your hands have wrought ;
In winter days, as in the summer weather,
Still one in life and heart, in deed and thought.

I wish you joy: the joy that passes telling,
The joy of which we speak with bated breath ;
The joy that in its fullness has a dwelling
Beyond the narrow sea whose name is Death.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

1887

THE POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY.

In his system of philosophy, Comte makes out three stages of intellectual development, which he calls the *Theological*, the *Metaphysical*, and the *Positive*. In less technical language, the Religious, the Scholastic, and the Scientific. It is claimed that this scheme represents not only the *order*, but also the *range*, of human development, both as respects the individual and the race. Whilst this system does not harmonize exactly with the present evolution philosophy, it has obtained wide celebrity and acceptance, especially among the half-educated.

That this Positive Philosophy is subversive of Christianity is evident; for, according to it, religion is a thing of the past—a phase of progress through which enlightened nations have already gone. We might refute this doctrine by an appeal to facts. It would not be difficult to show that Christianity, so far from being a thing of yesterday, represents the most universal, vigorous, and aggressive intellectual activity of the age; that it also represents the most wide-spread, systematic, and vigorous social organization of the world. Statistics show that the “leaven” is still working in the three measures of humanity’s meal; that the “mustard seed” of outward organization is still growing. Christianity, as to fact, is neither obsolete, nor obsolescent. In this way we might see that there is *something* wrong in the Positive Philosophy, but it is

the purpose of this article to find out, if possible, *what* is wrong in it.

The founder and apostles of this system command our respect by their evident desire to base their philosophy upon the double, but parallel lines of psychology and historic facts. The great law that the order of development for the individual and the species is the same, is fully recognized, and a confident, and evidently sincere appeal, is constantly made to it. Let us not fear to make this concession. He is incapable of explaining, or understanding, any great system of philosophy, or politics, or religion, who supposes it to be an intentional imposture ; or who supposes the system itself, to be wholly without truth. Such systems as are false and dangerous, are dangerous in the degree that the false is intimately associated with the true ; and if this degree is so great as to deceive their expounders and defenders, no hasty and heated examination on the part of opponents will detect the error. Let us then proceed carefully and coolly.

Comte thus traces the stages of individual development as pertains to the intellect. At first all causes lie in the domain of the supernatural. To childhood, fairyland is a reality and Santa Claus is a veritable dispenser of gifts ; an unquestioning and superstitious faith is uppermost. In the second stage, these notions are discarded as childish, and the mind of youth seeks a reasonable explanation of things. The reasonableness of the explanation is partly logical, but chiefly authoritative ; scarcely at all experimental, except subjectively, as indicated by the word logical ; for saying that a thing is logical is only saying that it agrees with subjective experience. That this necessarily coincides with

objective experience, or observation, was the error of the Schoolmen; or rather, that subjective experience could be understood at all independent of objective experience. It is quite possible that in the third stage, the "Positive," the other extreme, is represented—the attempt to understand objective experience without reference to the subjective; to understand physics, independent of psychology. However, in the second stage of mental development, belief rests chiefly upon the dictum of the teacher, and phenomena are explained by reference to certain doctrines. In the last stage, phenomena and their causes are brought to the test of observation and experiment, and belief becomes *positive*; no longer faith, but knowledge.

He discovers the same order of development in the progress of humanity. First, the long infancy of the race, during which it was sunk in superstition, and breathed the air of supernaturalism. Then came that age of subjective scholastic philosophy, reaching back from Bacon so many generations; and on this side of Bacon and DesCartes, the positive stage; the age of objective philosophy—the scientific. In this age the realm of the supernatural is abolished, and, *of course*, religion is at an end. There is a certain flavor of philosophic flattery about this, which renders it exceedingly palatable to our modern self-sufficiency; but more than that, it *seems* to be borne out by the facts. These stages of development are plainly discoverable, both in the individual and in the race, and their parallelism is fairly made out. The Positive Philosophy is certainly founded on fact, but we may discover in this case, what is generally true, that the philosophy is vastly broader than the fact—the building than the foundation.

Let us construct a system of philosophy after the manner of Comte. Let us name our three stages of individual development, the age of *Faith*; the age of *Hope*; and the age of *Love*. Infancy is the age of faith. It accepts truth and falsehood with equal readiness, and the most extravagant stories awaken no suspicion. Credulity is both motive and guide. The youth breaks away from this domination, and begins to recognize another stimulus and directing power for activity. Whether we call it ambition, or aspiration, it is essentially the hope that reaches forth to some future good, and is *the* characteristic of youth. At last there comes a period when this is no longer the dominant impulse. There comes a time when the prophecies going on before us, and by which we have waged our warfare, are all fulfilled or falsified. By mid-life the man has given up the idea of being President of the U. S., or some other great thing. The lofty aspiration has prompted much noble endeavor, and so been fruitful of good, but as a mainspring of action has quite worn out. What now is left as the great motive to doing and daring? It is *love*. If by this stage the heart has not been securely placed in the products of past toil; in the ties of friendship, and domestic affection, life has miscarried, and will surely stagnate. Love, therefore, is greatest, not only because it is the fulfilling of the law of present duty, but because it is the fulfilling of the law of individual development—of destiny.

Now the steps of this development bring us out at quite a different place from that reached by the Positive Philosophy. In that the end is *to know*; in this it is *to love*. Before deciding between them, let us see if

we can identify our three stages of progress in the broad historic panorama. In tribal and national development they may be plainly discerned. At first all social activity is inspired and directed by the priest-king, through superstitions—credulity. Then comes the period of conquest and aggrandizement—of ambition, aspiration, *hope*. This is the grand impulse of national activity. Then comes the age of love, that is, patriotism; or *should* come; for it is herein that national life has usually failed. Most that has been called patriotism has been simply ambition, the desire to triumph over enemies; but if national life does not at last settle down to the love of social peace and order for its own sake, ruin and disintegration result. Enslaved Israel, credulously following the miracle-working Moses out through the forty years of wilderness life, aptly illustrates the first stage. Israel in Canaan, from Joshua to David, represents the second stage; and Israel since, clinging with a deathless love to her customs and institutions, represents the third stage. The generation which came out with Moses had as little relish for the conquest of Canaan, as infancy has for the conquest of ambitious youth. There was nothing for God to do but let them die in the desert. This spirit of conquest reached its fulness in the reign of David, and as happens with all nations, and at last is happening to the world, the ambition for glory,—*hope*, as a national impulse, died out.

In the broader reaches of race development we see the same order. That early age of superstitions and blind credulity first; then the long age when the world sought the oracle and the prophet, and the expectation of all nations kept them looking to the future with a

patient hope. This dim light both encouraged and guided the world's progress. We are already prepared to find that the last dispensation is the age of love, and its embodied *Zeitgeist* is the loving, helpful Son of Man. Paul, in the 13th chapter of First Corinthians, marks out these stages for the development of the Church itself. The infant Church bases all upon the faith inspired by miracle; but by and by reaches out with an ambition for world conquest. This seems to be the present phase of the development of the Church; not that we have no need of faith, but that it is being colored by the increasing light to the radiance of aspiration. Finally the millennium, which, come when it may, will be the reign of love. What if tongues shall cease, and miracle shall vanish away; what if the aspiration of the Church miscarried at first in the effort for political empire, it still gave to it a tremendous energy which is now being turned to better account in missionary enterprise, and shall not cease till the kingdom of this world (not kingdoms, as in the common version, but kingdom, *i. e.*, dominion) shall become Christ's. Then *love* shall abide, and it will not be much matter whether the Son of Man find faith on the earth or not. Its work will have been done.

We have now traced and verified these three stages of development, namely, of Faith, of Hope, and of Love, in the individual, the nation, the Church, and may be sure that they are not wholly imaginary. It is not the *same* phase of development, however, traced in the Positive Philosophy. Paul recognized that the end of a certain phase of development was *to know*—to know *positively*, even as we are known; but at the same time he saw a further and a higher end, namely, *to*

love. Yet these are not two developments, but different phases of human development. We may call ours *moral*, but at the same time we relegate it to a *department* of human nature. When Comte calls his *positive*, he does the same thing, but fails to notice that he is making out of a special, subordinate, partial phase, a philosophy of universal development. This is empiricism in its worst form.

Man possesses one faculty which is appetent of truth; another which is appetent of beauty; and another, of right. We call them respectively judgment, taste, conscience. All recognize the distinctions of intellectual, esthetic, and moral natures, or faculties, which discern different properties in the objective world, and in their activity give three distinct products, namely, science, art, law. These natures are distinct upon physiological grounds as well, and may be developed separately, and by such different methods as to give rise to schools and associations, which do not recognize that they have anything in common. Instance scientists and preachers. Then in the development of no one of these departments can we find a criterion for the development of the others, much less for the whole range of human progress. It will be seen that the development set forth in the Positive Philosophy falls wholly in the *intellectual* domain, and can only be regarded as universal by neglecting all other departments of human nature. But further examination will show that it does not represent the whole range even of intellectual development. To make this plain let us map out the scope and limits of intellectual development.

Whatever may be our theories concerning the nature and source of our thought materials; of ideas,

notions, or concepts, it is evident that the mind deals with them ; combines, arranges, and understands them, according to certain laws, conditions, or relations, which we call laws, or bonds of association. These conditions, as of space, or time, or likeness, or causation, modify and give character to our intellectual activity. Moreover there is a natural order in which the mind conforms to these conditions. Psychology points this out in the intellectual growth of each individual. Infancy first exercises its powers upon the simple and obvious space relations. It learns the relative places of objects in its little world, and their size and shape, but is utterly innocent of likeness and contrast, or of cause and effect. The baby not only fails to see that the photograph represents somebody, but that it represents *anybody*.

In the second stage the mind exercises itself in this very matter of similarity and contrast. This is a new condition of thought-action ; a new way of grouping ideas ; a new means of knowing things. Yet its first and simplest exercise is intimately associated with space relations. The first distinction is of form. In attacking the alphabet the child must first learn the letters by their forms. It then discriminates their sounds, and uses, and here we have an epitome of what is popularly called education, namely, the training of the mind to the work of discrimination ; not simply in the matter of forms and sounds, but also in colors, actions, uses. Though this does not constitute the whole of education, this knowing things by their likeness and contrast, it is its most prominent feature, especially in youth. What the child does with the alphabet it does with the digits ; all the way from the sim-

plest combinations to the complex formulæ of higher mathematics, it is, at bottom, a work of *comparison*. The same mental work is expended upon words, plants, animals; beginning with contrasted forms, *species*, and ending with contrasted *uses*; which suggests the last and highest stage of intellectual activity, in which the mind is concerned, not chiefly with likeness and contrast, but with *design*, just as we have seen in the first and lowest it is chiefly concerned with *space* relations. Paul epitomized the whole philosophy of education, so-called, when he taught that by reason of *use*, (exercise,) the moral senses should be trained to *discern* good and evil; for man's wisdom lies largely in his power to "distinguish things that differ." Nor is great wisdom required to distinguish things that differ by much, but by little. The trained eye of the cashier perceives the difference between the genuine bill and the counterfeit, which to the inexperienced is just like it. The great artist detects the infinitesimal variation in shade or color, which is invisible to the common eye. The master in music detects the false note which is so nearly right as to deceive the million. An Agassiz notes a peculiarity in structure which is lost to ordinary perception. However, the difference itself is not the important thing, nor could we conceive how a man's stock of wisdom could be increased by simply knowing differences. The noting difference is but a means of knowing the things which differ, and when they differ by infinitesimals and we still know them as distinct, such knowledge is almost perfect. When difference vanishes quite, we have identity, but with it goes our vantage ground of knowing. In mathematics we approach this fatal line, which if we cross the equation.

becomes identical and nothing comes of it. The *certainty* of mathematical knowledge, derived by means of the equation, nevertheless, depends upon the fact that the two equal, (not identical,) members, differ by almost nothing.

If this were a sermon it would be no digression to remark that the fool's question *par excellence*, is the stereotyped, but unfortunately not copyrighted one, "What's the difference?" By right, it should be punctuated with an exclamation mark, in the shape of a club; for it always comes as a menacing notice of self-defense. But as this is not a sermon, there's the difference, and we will proceed to the third stage of mental development in the domain of *causation*. In this the mind begins to inquire into causes and effects; to find out how phenomena are produced. Whether the idea of causation be ultimate, or proximate; whether it be intuition, or derived from our own conscious volition, or derived from experience, it is true that upon it is based a distinct phase of intellectual activity, and it belongs to a later stage of intellectual development than the relation of space, or likeness and contrast. The highest possible thought relation is that of *design*, and is the basis of the last and highest stage of mental growth. It is unfortunate that the philosophers have obscured and compromised this relation by calling it "final cause;" but, whether they are right or wrong, it is distinct enough to afford basis for a distinct phase of mental activity.

We have now traced four steps, or stages, of intellectual development. 1. That in which thought busies itself chiefly in space relations; 2. That in which it deals with ideas upon the basis of likeness and con-

trast ; 3. That in which it is busy with cause and effect ; 4. That in which it deals with design—means and ends. Psychologists recognize this as the order and compass of mental growth, but have never sought to trace and verify these stages in the intellectual progress of the human race. Yet here, in the broad, they may be best seen and understood.

Over the distant plains, through which human progress took its earliest way, are scattered the colossal remains of mounds, and towers, and walls, and pyramids. Looking upon them as the earliest records of man's intellectual achievement—the first records of his mental development, what is the lesson? We are impressed with their *vastness*. We describe them by their magnitude. Notice the vast amount of ingenuity and learning which have been wasted in trying to discover some mysterious and exalted *design* in these gigantic relics. Puzzling as are these explanations to the modern mind, they would have been tenfold more so to the ancient mind that conceived these structures. There doubtless was some simple and immediate *end*, some necessity of war, or shelter, or religion which prompted to the beginning of this phase of activity ; but this can never account for their grandeur, their glory of immensity, any more than it will account for that feeling of awe with which we yet look upon them. To seek any adequate explanation of them upon the basis of *design* is vain. They were not *for* anything, in the sense in which we use the word *for*, but simply represent the triumph of the human intellect in the domain of simple space relations. Those vast structures are but the play-blocks of the world's babyhood ; reared with as little notion of design, and with as little adap-

tation to after use, as the towers and castles of the nursery ; but yet with the same interest and the same educational value. No wonder that they were abandoned in mature growth for things of more interest.

A later and more discriminating phase of this development is shown in the smaller but more graceful products of this activity, as seen in the Parthenon and other temples ; but its fullest development is found in sculpture. Here we have the subtler space relations of outline and proportion, yet modified by the old ideas of size, as witnessed by the colossal proportions of ancient statuary. Statuary reached its zenith, once for all, in the days of Pheidias and Praxiteles. Many lament the decadence of the "classic art of sculpture," and wonder when we shall regain the excellence of the Greek masters. Never till the world shall reach its second childhood. Those wonderful statues were but the dolls of the world's later infancy, carelessly flung away, scattered and broken, a pleasing and interesting litter in the nursery of the old homestead, which the kindly janitor, Time, has permitted to remain, as memorials of the far-off days of childhood. We look upon them as such with tender interest : but the "artistic" lamentation over them is born of that weakness, which would turn away from the strength, and glory, and achievement of manhood to the conditions of infancy. Such conditions are neither possible nor desirable. Even the innocence of nudeness of ancient sculpture with us is an unworthy affectation ; doubly vicious, being both shameless and hypocritical. There is, too, something in this affectation of "art," akin to that inexplicable sentimentality which, despising the responsibility of womanhood and motherhood, turns to

the caressing of poodles. It seems to be the sentiment of mock-maternity so interesting and prophetic in childhood, but here sadly out of place.

Be this, however, as it may, the simple conditions of space relation, first in the particular of magnitude, and then of outline and proportion, are uppermost and outermost in all the products of the human mind and hand; and give character to all monuments of human skill and thought, from the days of the mound-builders to those of the Athenian sculptors. They have left their indelible impress also upon the philosophy and the religion of that first stage of man's intellectual progress, of which the Greek statue marks the hither boundary. There it stands, and no flood of sentimentality, nor any wind of false doctrine, can remove this landmark out of its place.

Towards the close of this first period of development there was discovered a tendency to combine these simpler space relations with those of likeness and contrast; first in the matter of light and shade, seen in bas-relief, and then in colors, painting. These were both at first only adjuncts of architecture, and were afterwards differentiated into separate and distinct arts. Gradually the relation of likeness and contrast came to usurp more and more the place of the primary space relation, and at last became the great condition of intellectual activity; giving its character to the second great stage of development, in the three departments of Painting, Music, and Poetry. It is probable that during the earlier part of the first stage, the faculties and senses employed in these three departments of the second stage were so little developed, that men hardly recognized their existence. There are many persons

who are color-blind ; that is, can only distinguish light and shade. There are reasons for supposing that this inability to distinguish colors, was common in the infancy of the race, if not universal. There are those who have no " ear " for music, and the majority are yet unable to perceive all the complex relations of similar and contrasted sounds characterizing the " New Music." This explains the unpopularity of the music of Wagner. It is hard and unimpassioned ; that is, it deals in complicated harmonic correspondences, which are beyond the present development of the masses. Now, both music and musical talent are growing, and this suggests a time in the past when these faculties began to be quickened from their dormant condition. The same is true of Poetry. The many yet are unable to appreciate it for its own sake, but enjoy it, if at all, just as they do art and music, only when it is sensuous—when it appeals to the passions more than to the intellect. But these things will be better understood after a careful analysis of these sister arts.

Obviously the soul and body of Painting is likeness and contrast, as seen in light and shade ; colors and tints ; foreground and background ; and in its highest form in the imitation of nature—the *likeness* sought in landscape and portrait. Sometimes the excellence of the great masters lay in the treatment of light and shade ; sometimes in harmonizing colors, or the more difficult harmonizing of a multiplicity of figures and details ; but so little were the *space relations* of the earlier arts of architecture and sculpture taken into account, that these " great masters " were almost universally poor at drawing, and often ridiculously inaccurate. But why should they care for the canons of space relations,

when the world would judge them by the canons of likeness and contrast? Nevertheless, Painting is more directly connected with space relations than either Music or Poetry, and we should expect it to develop and reach its zenith first of the three. And this is just what has happened. The *great* masters are the *old* masters, and we shall never behold their like again. They are of the past, yet not so far as the sculptors. Angelo, and Raphael and Titian and Rembrandt, and the rest, are far this side of Pheidias and Praxiteles, as we might expect. Here again we may note a prevalent weakness of artistic sentimentality, which would call the world from the higher plane of thought and culture it is just entering; from all its splendid practicality, so little understood in its philosophic import, and set it to the comparatively puerile work of coloring canvas, or chiseling marble. These should not, and can not, become "lost arts;" but as they are carried forward, with whatsoever degree of perfection, will never again be considered *intellectual*, but simply *mechanical*. Nothing can ever emancipate them from this subordinate rank to which they are assigned in the nature of things. Could another Raphael be produced, he would find himself compelled by fate to take up the comparatively menial work, like Doré and the rest, of illustrating the *thought* of greater men.

Music is concerned with the *likeness and contrast* of sounds. Some of these are simple and obvious, as in melody; others are remote and obscure, as in harmony; but Music is so intimately associated with Poetry, both in its history and nature, that we may study them best together. All that is distinctively poetic lies wholly in the domain of likeness and contrast. Its simplest ele-

ment is rhythm, which is the contrast of sounds, or syllables, as *long* and *short*; (primarily associated with space relations;) or accented and unaccented—the balancing of thesis and arsis. The stately march of the voice in heroic verse, or its graceful tripping through livelier measures, affords, through the ear, a pleasure analogous to that afforded, through the eye, by means of contrasted colors; and this exercise and enjoyment is essentially intellectual, whether what is ordinarily denominated the sense is perceived or not. This will explain that puzzling “scansion” of the ancient prosodists, and at the same time indicate what was thought the *chief* feature in ancient poetry. In its recital rhythm must be set forth at the sacrifice of other features. It was the first state of Music, differing from that of the present in degree of complexity, but not, perhaps, in its disposition to sacrifice all other qualities—the other children of the mother Muse—to its own supremacy.

After a time there was introduced a remoter likeness of sounds in rhyme. In the simpler forms the like-sounding words occur at short and regular intervals, corresponding to melody in music. In later poetry the rhyming words occur at longer and more irregular intervals, with other involved and alternating rhymes, intensifying the intellectual delight at the long-sought, finally-discovered correspondence. This is characteristic of our contemporaneous poetry. To those whose ears were trained to the simpler rhythm and rhyme of Pope and the old songsters, this modern verse seems artificial, affected, and unsatisfactory; just as figured harmony is too complex and difficult to please those whose ears are only trained to simple

melody. Among the masses the easier and simpler complications are still preferred, and we may question the educational value of poetry or music that is too *popular*.

Poetry carries its art, however, beyond the mere contrasting of sounds, but into this higher sphere of activity, Music has not yet succeeded in following it. True, we are told of working out a "musical thought;" and instrumental pieces are named as if they bore a whole chapter of thought and sentiment; but beyond a certain sort of onomatopœia, all this can have little meaning. A step beyond the mere contrast of sounds in Poetry is seen in the parallelism of Hebrew verse. Here little or nothing is made of rhythm and rhyme; but much of what we may call the sense-echo. Thought paired with thought for likeness and contrast. This is the highest simply "mechanical" feature in poetry, and gives their brilliant rhetorical character to the prose writings of English authors a century or two ago—those splendid masters of the semi-colon. Parallelism is at bottom a sort of rhetorical equation. The first member should contain a known, and the second an unknown quantity, or *quidity*, to be discovered and understood by means of this juxtaposition. This is one of the many points of likeness between poetry and mathematics, the art and the science—twin sister and brother—of Numbers. Each is a system of equalities and inequalities, that is, likenesses and contrasts, but do not suppose that the mathematical equation is an *identification*.

Now, in the higher ranges of the poetic art, what are trope and metaphor; simile and antithesis; litotes and hyperbole; parable and allegory, but the applica-

tion of the doctrine of likeness and contrast, not to forms and sounds, but to all the properties, actions, and uses of things which enter into intellectual concepts? Nowhere does the human intellect find such unbounded freedom, even amounting to license; nowhere does it have such unlimited range, with respect to likeness and contrast, as in Poetry. In poetry, therefore, we must look for the highest and most glorious achievement of mind, in the whole sphere of likeness and contrast; but let us remember that this is not the *highest sphere* of intellectual activity, and that poetry does not represent the highest phase of human thought; nor indeed can it, for by how much thought is poetic, by so much it fails to be scientific, fails to attend to the higher relation of cause and effect. This is why Milton, where he is most splendidly poetic, is often most absurdly unscientific; and whether the thought be a pleasant one or not, it is true that the dry light of science is fast dissolving much of the glorious (and marvelously, even *suspiciously regular*) frost-work of poetry, as well as the mists of superstition.

Science, properly understood, is the activity of the human intellect in the sphere of causation; grouping the materials of thought according to this relation; and by all criteria, this is a higher plane than that of poetry, painting, music, or any other art. He is blind who can not see that the van of the world's intellectual progress is already entering this domain. A new phase of social or mental progress calls for new leadership, and this is always resisted by the old leaders. The very hopelessness of the resistance, however, lends it bitterness and desperation. Nevertheless, it is plain that the leadership of thought is being more and more

transferred from the old leaders to the scientists. Science itself is becoming less poetic ; less a matter of arranging and knowing by specific characters, that is, by likeness and contrast ; and is becoming more truly scientific ; more a matter of classifying and knowing by causes and origins. It is needless to say that this is the head and front of its offending. So long as Science contented itself with the poetic, imaginative work of noting likenesses and contrasts in form and color ; in making *species*, it looked innocent enough ; but as soon as it began to look deep into structural differences, and to trace these back to their causes, the world took great alarm. In the time of Christ, the doctors accused him of destroying the law, when he was only attacking their false interpretations of it ; and so the teachers of the present suppose the breaking up of their old fanciful classifications, is the destruction of all species. There is great dread lest this throwing of plants and animals into new and unexpected kinships, may put man to the necessity of being ashamed of his relatives. This is the silliest of all panics ; for the outcome of this inquiry must be to place specific difference just where revelation put it long ago, upon origin,—causation,—each thing after its kind. In the whole range of nature nothing has ever been known to cross this line of causation, and there is no reason to believe that such a thing ever did, or ever can happen.

The intellectual development of man, then, is entering upon its third stage ; it is exploring the universe, arranging and explaining its phenomena with reference to causation. With the endless thread of this associational bond it is bravely endeavoring to bind up all phenomena into a cosmic whole, and this again to a

Great First Cause, all-sufficient, undivided, unwasting. This is a movement born not of the will of man ; it is not the work of a school of philosophers ; but it is a phase of development, the destined way of the resistless march of human progress. We might as well attempt to stop the oncoming tide of the ocean. But who should desire to stop it ? An inquiry into causes is simply an inquiry into forces and their modes of manifestation. What is there wrong or terrifying about this ? How is man ever to assume the dominion to which God destined him, without a knowledge of causes and effects ? By means of this he is subjugating the wild and warring forces of nature, instead of cowering superstitiously before them as a slavish suppliant. In the long period of man's intellectual minority these forces, clothed in the lion-skins of superstitious mystery, swayed the mastery of terror over all hearts ; to-day they are being recognized as our own beasts of burden, and led back to their proper service. Even Jupiter, taking refuge upon the highest crag of Olympus ; bellowing and flaming forth his fury, has been captured and put submissively to work ; bearing messages, holding torches, and is already being harnessed for grinding at the mill. Whence comes all this, but from this higher mental development in the domain of cause and effect ? The earlier ideas of outline and proportion, and of likeness and contrast, are by no means forgotten, but carried forward into modern "art ;" subordinated, however, to the higher idea of cause and effect, as illustrated in the watch, the steam-engine, the telegraph, and a thousand other "inventions." Inventions are but the findings of the human mind in the realm of causation. As a product of hu-

man thought, the great Corliss engine outweighs all the old time achievements of the intellect, and you may throw into the other scale the pyramids and Parthenon; the statues of Pheidias and Praxiteles; the pictures of Raphael and da Vinci; and the poems of Homer, and Virgil, and Milton. It has all their majesty, and beauty of outline and proportion; all their external glory of unity and variety; all their music of rhythm and rhyme, and above all and dominating all, the wonderful adaptation of cause which makes it a thing of life, and movement and a faithful servant of man.

Having now seen that Science, properly understood, is but the human intellect at work in the third stage of its development; the sphere of causation; and having seen that the advance guard of human progress is already entering this sphere, we are prepared to see that the three stages of the "Positive Philosophy" lie wholly within this last domain. The three stages of Comte are but three ways in which the human mind has regarded phenomena—three attitudes with respect to causation. In the first, (the "Theological," as Comte calls it), there is no attempt to understand and explain causation, but rather to put it out of the field of intellectual activity altogether. This was partly because the mind had other work to do, and partly because it was not yet ready for this work. But why should this ignorance, or ignoring, of causation be called "theological"? These ancient superstitions concerning causation, were no more necessarily connected with religion, or worship, than the modern superstitions: such as, the supposed effect which the moon has upon things in unaccountable ways; or the vagaries with respect to disease and its remedy. Is

Ingersoll a "theologian" because, like his ancient masters, he relegates causation to the realm of chance, disguised a little on the new maps as the realm of "fortuity"? Is Mr. Spencer a "theologian" because, beyond the limit of his ability to trace its operation clearly, he declares causation to be a thing unknown, and unknowable? The truth is, this relegation of causation to the realm of the unknown, or putting it out of sight in any way, is not a *religious* but an *intellectual* phenomenon. Agnosticism, ancient or modern, true or false, is a matter of philosophy and not of theology, and it is a fatal mistake of this "Positive Philosophy," and unscientific as well, to call one stage of *intellectual* development *religious*, and another *positive*. Had Comte understood his own philosophy better, he would have seen that he was tracing a single phase of intellectual development, namely, with respect to causation; and would have called the first stage the Agnostic, instead of deceiving himself by calling it the Theological. In this first stage the mind was not only agnostic of causation, *i. e.*, science, but also of likeness and contrast, *i. e.*, painting and poetry; it was gnostic, however, of space relations. He might properly have called his second stage the Scholastic; but would have done much better to call it the Semi-agnostic; for in this stage, whilst causation was not wholly banished to the limbo of the unaccountable and unknowable, it was but partly recognized as a legitimate object of human inquiry. This inquiry, when pushed too far, was dangerous and irreverent, and must be limited and directed by the formulæ and dicta of the masters. Bacon and Des Cartes exploded this superstition and inaugurated the Gnostic stage; the

stage of research, investigation, inquiry into phenomena and their causes, which Comte so badly and unscientifically calls the *Positive*. It is not strange that there are yet those who feel that there is something perilous and irreverent in this audacious intellectual work ; that there are those, even among our religious teachers, who would trammel us with the formulæ and dicta of the theological Schoolmen, namely, creeds ; but, as we have seen, no danger need be apprehended ; for as surely as these lines of causation are traced backward from the complex phenomena of nature, they converge into a single line of causation, and it is the corner-stone of modern science *that there is ONE great first cause*.

Now notice, and notice over and over again, that this is a purely *intellectual* outcome. It is the outcome of a "skeptical" philosophy. There is no necessary religious element in it ; simply because it is the product of an *intellectual* development. But why should Comte conclude there was a religious element in the first stage, when there is none in the last ? Here is his fatal and wholly unphilosophic blunder. He called the first stage Theological, when it was simply Agnostic. If Spencer's partial agnosticism is not "theology," why should the total agnosticism of the ancients, who relegated causation in general to the realm of the Unknown and Unknowable be called "theology" ? Again, when Mr. Spencer calls this first cause the Unknowable, he limits the field of human inquiry, not so narrowly, but just as certainly, as the Schoolmen of a thousand years ago ; or the superstitious ancients. Paul says the divinity, God-hood, in some measure, of this great first cause may be seen in its effects—the things

made, and this is the view to which even skeptical philosophy is fast coming. Hear Matthew Arnold: "There is an Eternal Power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness."

Before our view is complete we must glance at the *fourth* stage of intellectual development, already mentioned, and suggested in the quotation from Matthew Arnold, namely, that which busies itself with the relation of *Design*. The human mind has not fully entered this plane of its activity; has not entered this stage of its progress; nor will it, nor can it, till it has done its work, and fully developed its powers, in the domain of causation,—the present scientific phase. Scientists ignore the whole realm of design, which is but another name for Providence. Some gifted seer, like Arnold, sees the realm from the "Pisgah of his exalted wit," but strangely does not go over to possess the land. Like the greater Moses, he will surely die in the Moabite border of scientific skepticism.

Nor should we wonder at this conservatism of science, which refuses to accept the doctrine of design, and seeks to explain everything from the half-premise of causation. It is the same spirit which resisted the present scientific phase, in the interest of the old scholastic doctrines. This conservatism is all right. It is but the safeguard put upon the progress of humanity, to keep it in its present work till it is well done, and prevent it rushing into the next stage before it is ready. Israel sought to get out of the wilderness before it was disciplined, and to get into Canaan before it was prepared.

B. J. RADFORD.

LIGHT.

“Stand in awe, and sin not : commune with your own heart upon
your bed, and be still” (Psalm iv. 4).

Why come no voices from the deep
To cheer our fainting race ?
Why do the stars their councils keep ?
Is all the universe asleep ?
Is there no heart in space ?

Along our path we grope and pry
To pierce the midnight gloom.
We clasp our hands, kneel down and cry—
None answer from the brazen sky ;
None answer from the tomb.

O, brother, look within your breast,
And then prefer your prayer ;
And you will conquer in the quest—
For, like an endless dream of rest,
There is an answer there.

For, when you with yourself commune
And whisper with your heart,
You speak thro' space with sun and moon
And find the universe in tune
With you, its better part.

Ah! then a Father's voice is heard ;
A guiding hand is seen ;
With every noble impulse stirred,
You are as glad as singing bird
Among the branches green.

OTHO F. PEARRE.

PATER NOSTER.

Pater noster, in cœlis qui's:
Nomen tuum sanctus sis.
Regnum tuum veniat.
Tuum jussum effiat ;
Sicut ultra astra, et
Ita id in terra stet.
Panem nostrum hodie da.
Dimitte nobis debita,
Sicut nos dimittimus
Nostris debitoribus.
Tentationem nullam da,
Sed nos a malo libera.

PETER VOGEL.

ONE OF THE BRADSHAWES.

In the background, a wide stretch of blue waters ; in the foreground, a narrow stretch of sandy shore, rising, at a little distance from the blue, into a smooth green ridge ;—these made up the landscape. The waters were those of Lake Erie ; the shore was that of its Ohio side.

Clinging to the ridge, and facing toward the water, was an old brown house, whose upper windows, shaded by the projecting eaves, seemed to look wistfully out over the lake, as might the eyes of a sailor's wife who awaited her husband's return.

Three generations of lake captains had called the old house home. Some of these sturdy men now slept in the little cemetery hard by ; others had found graves beneath the waters they had loved, with the wild winds which had been music to them in their lives, to sing a perpetual requiem above their burial places.

The present owner of the brown house was Captain Jacob Bradshawe. He was the sole survivor of his father's large family, and he loved the lake as truly as any Bradshawe had ever loved it.

It was a matter of deep regret with Captain Bradshawe that he had no son to "keep the name good," as he said, or, to make a lake captain out of, as he meant. His only child was a daughter, Margery ; and while she was equal to almost anything that a woman can do, it was clear, even to Captain Bradshawe's par-

tial vision, that she was not equal to the life of a sailor. So, as he could not make a lake captain out of her, he set about the task of making her a good and sensible girl; which was, perhaps, the best thing he could do under the circumstances.

Margery went to the village school until she outgrew its instructions; then she was sent to an academy at the "county-seat," which was also the seat of learning for that locality; returning, in due time, to take charge of the district school in the neighborhood of her home. She was, in those days, singularly unconscious of her remarkable mental gifts. She did not recognize them far enough to use them freely or to cultivate them fully. To her neighbors and acquaintances, she was simply a plain-looking, "stiddy" girl, who "knowed how to keep a good school." To her mother, she was the embodiment of all goodness possible to our frail human nature. To her father she was "a gritty little piece, Bradshawe all over."

Such seemed Margery Bradshawe to those that knew her best, on the day that Carrol Frost first came down the "ridge road" from the direction of the village, took in the stretch of waters and the stretch of shore with one look out of his quick dark eyes, nodded as if satisfied with both, and knocked at the door of the old brown house.

His knock was answered by Margery. Carrol, in one of his quick, comprehensive glances, noted that the person who stood in the door-way was a girl of nineteen or twenty, of small stature, but with a massive head which looked as if it should have been set on a man's broad shoulders. Her face was curiously wanting in beauty, wanting in even the youthful prettiness

to which almost any healthy girl of nineteen may lay some slight claim; but her strongly marked features expressed a degree of thought and character that at once arrested Carrol's attention. He knew even then, as he had good reason to know afterward, that Margery Bradshawe was no ordinary woman. In the meantime, while making these observations, he had asked her if this was Captain Bradshawe's place.

"Yes, sir," Margery answered. "Will you come in?" She looked straight into his face, and spoke the commonplace words gravely. She did not blush, as women often did under the keen gaze of Carrol Frost's dark eyes. She did not toss her head or try to appear interesting.

"Thanks." He handed her a business card, on which appeared the names of "Elmer and Frost, Attorneys and Notaries." He had written his name in full across the back of this, thinking that the firm-name might serve as a certificate of his standing with the world. Margery took the card, but did not read it. She was evidently waiting for him to tell his errand.

"I am told," he went on, "that Captain Bradshawe's people sometimes entertain summer boarders. I came out here for a few weeks' fishing, and I've been stopping at the hotel. I can't stand it there. I've made up my mind to throw myself on the mercy of some hospitable family, and ask them to take care of me and to save me from utter desperation. What do you suppose my chances will be here?"

"I do not know," said Margery. "You had best come in while I ask my mother."

He was right, then. This was the "little school ma'am" of whom he had heard at the village. What

an oddly plain girl! And how oddly indifferent to the opportunity of having a city young man for a summer boarder!

Mrs. Bradshawe came in answer to her daughter's summons, but Margery had disappeared, and Carrol did not see her again that day.

Mrs. Bradshawe didn't know about takin' a boarder jest at present. The conveniences wasn't what city folks was used to. The spare room raly needed paperin' over, an' the fresh-meat man only come around twice a week. Still, if he thought he could put up with such as they had —

"I know I could, and be the happiest mortal under the sun," protested Carrol.

So, the following morning, he had his possessions removed to the "spare room" whose walls needed papering over, and became a member of the Bradshawe household.

At first it was only because he was lonely and craved companionship of some sort, that he cultivated the acquaintance of the plain-looking "little school-ma'am." But by and by he ceased to pity himself for having been ordered into the country by an opinionated old physician, and to think his lot almost an enviable one. The fishing was good, Mrs. Bradshawe's cooking was of the best, and the girl who sat opposite him at the table, and discussed Swift and Macaulay with him, was not the least attractive feature of his entertainment.

His friend Ed Walters had promised to come out and join him if the fishing promised well; but Ed changed his plans and went off to the mountains. Under other circumstances, this would have roused

Carrol's indignation, and he would have stormed at the idea of Ed's deserting him to go on a trip to which his own finances were not equal. But as it was he was not particularly displeased.

"Solitude is good for a fellow, for once in a way," he said to himself. "I'm not equal to knocking about the mountains this year, and Ed would worry the life out of me if he were here. The doctor said I must keep quiet and get my system toned up. That run of fever last spring pretty nearly made a finish of me, and I can't risk my precious body on any wild goose pleasure chase this season. Besides, I want a chance to do a little reading. I'm getting intolerably rusty. Heigh ho! There comes Miss Margery. I must go and meet her, and make her let me read 'The Fable for Critics' to her. What a head that girl has! How such a creature ever grew up in this benighted community is the toughest problem I've tackled since I got through with theology."

This is not a love story; and, even if it were, I fear that I could not describe to you all the various moods of thought and feeling through which Carrol Frost passed that summer before he confessed to himself that he loved Margery Bradshawe. He had often pictured to himself the woman whom he could marry—some beautiful creature with a creamy complexion and dusky eyes;—a tall, queenly woman, of whom he would feel proud to say, "my wife." Margery Bradshaw did not become lovely in his eyes because he loved her. He was keenly conscious of the defects in her personal appearance. He knew that she was utterly unused to the manners and graces of that vague, much-to-be-dreaded something which is termed "society." But

there was in her a power of intellect and a compelling force of character which held him fast; and he was bound none the less tightly that she who drew the cords knew not that she held them in her hands.

At first she had been to him only a girl whom he was to see every day, and who promised something agreeable and unusual in the way of companionship; then a woman whose brain was a rich and hitherto undiscovered country, and whose heart, he thought, held even better things than her mind; then the one woman with whom, according to his ardent fancy, life would be worth the living.

He tried to bring his practical common sense to bear upon himself, and to reason himself out of his infatuation. He told himself that he was poor, and not ready to marry; that his little social world would never receive Margery, nor would Margery wish to be received by it. He recalled the fact that her simple-hearted goodness often made him feel uncomfortable, and that, in time, it might make him feel thoroughly unworthy and unhappy. All to no purpose. He was in love with Margery Bradshawe, and, the night before he went away, he told her so.

They were standing beside the lake—so near it that the tips of Margery's neat little boots almost touched the water. He told his story quietly, though his voice quivered with subdued passion. He plead his case well, watching Margery's face the while to see the effect of his words. There was a gradual whitening, first of the lips, then of the brow; then the slight frame began to tremble. If this had been any other girl than Margery, he would have thought that she was about to faint, and would have hastened to her as-

sistance. As it was, he stood quite motionless, feeling that he dared do nothing until she gave him leave.

"You must be even better than I thought," she said, presently, "if you can say this to me."

"I am not good at all," he cried, impetuously, his self-love all swept away, for the moment, by a worthier passion—the worthiest he had ever known. "It is you who are good. But you will make me better. There is nothing I would not do for your sake."

"There is such a difference between us," went on Margery; and it seemed to Carrol that her low, intense voice, thrilled through and through with feeling, was the sweetest he had ever heard. "I have often thought that we must have been meant for each other. But I have thought that the difference in our lives had put us so far apart that we could never come together. I—I have often stood here by the lake, and wished—almost bitterly sometimes—that I could have known you a long while ago, so that I could have grown up to you. Over and over I have said 'Too late!' And yet you offer to take me just as I am!"

Her humility was so sincere that he could not even answer her. He did not more than half understand her feeling, yet it touched him, as he had been touched many times since his acquaintance with Margery, with a sense of his own unworthiness.

"You have seen so many beautiful, accomplished women," she continued; "so many women who have learned all that I have only wished to learn. I ought to remember all this, and to feel that, some time, you may be sorry for what you have told me. I ought to be strong enough to say no, but I—can 't."

"And why should you?" cried Carrol, eagerly.

"You are good enough for the best man that ever lived, and a thousand times too good for me."

He would have drawn her toward him, but she turned away.

"Not now," she said. "Let me go away and think it all over—all this strange thing you have said to me. I can not make it real yet. Let me go away and think it over all alone."

An hour later she knelt by the window of her little room—the room which overlooked the lake. It was a narrow, stuffy chamber under the roof, with a ceiling which sloped, on one side, almost to the floor. The high, old-fashioned bed was covered with a fancy quilt of a wonderful basket pattern, and a pair of long pillows in ruffled slips leaned against the tall head-board. A mammoth bureau with shining brass knobs stood between the windows. Margery looked upon the familiar surroundings with no sign of discontent, but it was with a happier face that she turned to the window and gazed out into the night. The sky was clear and the lake was calm. Over the broad blue waters the moonlight shone.

"This is like my life," she whispered to herself. "The past has been like this close little room—there has been no chance to breathe. But to-night, as I look out, the future seems to me like the wide, deep lake, with the moonlight shining on it."

.
"I wish," said Mrs. Bradshawe, "that Mr. Frost was a perfesser of religion."

It was early winter now, and the lake was full of ice. Captain Bradshawe had returned, some weeks before, from the last trip of the season, and Carrol had just

gone back to the city, after a short visit to the old brown house.

Margery sat on the long "settee" behind the stove, with her hand on the arm of her father's chair. At her mother's words she started and flushed.

"Mother!" she cried, reproachfully. "You must remember how different Carrol's life has been from ours. He has had so many things to think of that we know nothing about. I suppose he has never been where religion has been brought home to him."

"Well," said Mrs. Bradshawe, reflectively, "if you go to the city to teach, I do hope you'll try to get him out to meetin' every Sunday. I ain't bigoted, Margery, but I do n't deny it would hurt me turrible to hev you marry an onbeliever."

"I do n't intend to," said Margery, proudly. "Did you suppose Carrol was *that*?"

"Thet's right, little Bradshawe," said the Captain, as his rough brown hand closed over the small, blue-veined one that lay on the arm of his chair. "Gritty as ever, I declar! Thet's the kind for me."

In the spring, Margery went to the city to take a position in the public schools. It might be years before she and Carrol could marry, and she had no thought of waiting in idleness until that time. Even to her father and mother, who could not fully appreciate the marvelous strength of her character, there was something strangely touching in the painstaking with which she began to prepare for the future. All the little accomplishments that the average girl is supposed to have mastered before her entrance into society, she set herself, in the midst of her busy life, to acquire.

"I can not let Carrol be ashamed of my ignorance when I can cure it," she said to herself. "There is enough that has gone beyond my reach."

That this kind of study was distasteful to her, made her pursue it the more faithfully; for she took the distaste as an evidence that her mind had had only a one-sided development. She had only to hear Carrol express a liking, and she set to work at once to educate herself up to a liking for the same thing, taking it for granted that his opinion must be the true one.

She did try to "get him out to meetin'," but with only partial success. He went at rare intervals, always taking pains to explain that he went on her account, not on his own; and on such occasions he invariably beguiled the homeward way with criticisms of the preacher.

"Carrol," she said one night, "if I thought you were in earnest in what you say of Mr. Drayton and his sermons, I should be sincerely sorry; but I know you are not."

"Well, then, you were never more mistaken in your life. I quit talking on theology a long time ago, for I found I could hold my opinions more peaceably if I kept them to myself, but I despise Drayton and all the rest of that ranting crew; not in their capacity of human beings, for plenty of them are well enough in that way, but in their capacity of divinity-venders."

"Carrol!" The cry was like the snapping of a heart-string.

"Now, Margery! Do n't go into heroics, for pity's sake. If there is one thing about you that is more charming than another, it's your magnificent common sense. Do n't lose it. You can love your re-

ligion as much as you please, if you'll only let me love you. You are all the gospel I want."

"But I can't save your soul, Carrol."

"I do n't believe in what you call a soul. Save me for a happy life in this world, sweetheart, and I'll promise to rest satisfied with that. Margery, how pale you are! I did not mean ever to shock you with my notions. I believe I am tired and cross to-night. If I had stayed with you at home, instead of coming out to hear that tiresome sermon, you would have soothed me into good behavior by this time. You always make me better. Margery, darling, do n't look at me in that way. It is true that I do n't believe in the God whom you worship, but I believe in the possibility of human goodness, and I believe in you."

Poor Margery! The cloud which she had often seen in the past few months, but which had hitherto seemed to her no larger than a man's hand, had suddenly overspread the sky and burst into a mighty storm. At first she saw no light, but by and by hope triumphed and she began to be herself again. If her manner toward Carrol was changed at all, it was in that a gentle, pitying tenderness had, in a measure, replaced the reverent respect with which she had treated him hitherto. But the time which she had been giving to painting and music, and the other accomplishments which he admired, was now spent in another way. She read the best works on the evidences of Christianity; she even read the writings of the scientists for whom Carrol chanced to express a preference, in order to place herself, as far as possible, in his line of thought. She encouraged him to tell his doubts, and she tried to reason them away. A woman's mind and a woman's

heart were pitted against a man's mind and a man's will; and the last-named combination won the day. The time came when Margery Bradshawe was obliged to stand face to face with her own soul, and to confess that, unless he should be brought under the force of some circumstance which she could not then foresee, Carrol Frost was not likely to become a Christian.

And yet she loved him! There was the sorrow, and the terrible, dangerous joy of it all. And she knew that his love for her stopped little short of idolatry.

.

It was summer-time again, and Margery was back at the old home on the shore. For weeks, in her solitary walks along the water's edge, or in the sleepless nights she had spent in the stuffy little chamber under the roof, she had been fighting out her hard battle. To-night the end must come.

She stood in the place where, a year before, Carrol had told her the story under whose spell the world had seemed to grow young again. She heard the whistle of the evening train, as it entered the village, half a mile away. Unless there had been some accident or delay, Carrol was on that train. She drew out her watch, and calculated the time it would take him to walk from the station.

The moments dragged on. She paced restlessly up and down the shore. At last she saw a familiar figure at the door of the old brown house. Then she saw her mother appear, and point down toward the lake. Then the figure descended the ridge and came in her direction.

She felt the hot blood, as it surged over her cheeks

and brow, and she set all her powers at work in a desperate effort to be calm. A clear, confident voice was calling her name.

"Margery! My Margery! Where are you?"

"Here I am," she said.

He was at her side in a moment, but something in her manner chilled and puzzled him. He tried to be gay, but the effort was a dismal failure.

"What ails you?" he asked at last. "Is this the way you receive a fellow, after he's been moving all creation and the heart of a grouty old partner to get the chance to come and see you?"

"Yes, Carrol, this is the way, because this is the last time. I can not let you come to see me any more. I am going to do what will seem to you like a hard, cruel thing. You will never forgive it, and yet it must be done. It is as hard for me to bear it as for you, but you will not believe that. You will try to reason me out of it, if I will let you, but it will be of no use. I have done you a great and grievous wrong, but to go on as we are will not make it right. I can not marry you."

For the moment, Carrol was simply maddened by her words. He did not stop to think at all. He did not pause to wait for her reasons. He only realized that he was losing the one possession for which he had ever really cared.

"Margery! Do you know what you are saying? How dare you say such a thing to me? Do you not know that I love you?"

"Yes. That is why I have hesitated. If I had been the only one to suffer by it, I should have said this when I saw you last. It has taken all this time to

give me nerve enough to inflict this pain on you. But it will have to be. Just because you sway me as you will, I dare not trust myself to you. I could give you a great deal, but I could n't give you the keeping of my soul. I have thought it over and over and over until I could not bear to think any longer. I can not talk about these things to you, because you do not believe in them; but I am nearly sure it would not be right for me to marry you. It seems to us now, when we are together, that we should always be happy in being together, but we can not be sure of that. It is hard for two people who think so differently to live their common life and still keep their individual lives. I dare not risk it."

"Is that all, then? And would you stop for that? Have I not told you, over and over, that I would n't interfere with your religion?"

"You would n't mean to. I know you would n't mean to. But do you not know how soon I come to think as you do on everything? For me to think as you do on this question, would mean unutterable misery, even for this world. I ought to have thought and learned about all this before I gave my promise to you, but you fitted my ideal so perfectly in every other way that I took it for granted that you fitted there. It is only lately that I have felt the truth."

"Who has been telling you tales about me?" he demanded, fiercely.

"Do you think I would listen to tales about you?" she asked, with the old, proud light in her eyes. "I believe you mean to be what the world calls good, but it takes a stronger goodness than yours or mine to stand when the feeling of accountability is taken away

from it. No, do not protest ! Do you not suppose I have thought over, every day for weeks, all the things you would try to say to me ? Carrol, no words that you can say will alter my decision. Be merciful to me, and go away without having said them."

"Do you think I will do that ? Do you think I will walk tamely away from the woman who professes to love me, and who will yet, in the name of the abominable cant that she calls religion, blot the one light out of my sky, and let my life go down in shipwreck ? Do you think I will not tell you of the havoc you are working ?"

"Good-night, Carrol. I am very tired. I think I can not talk any longer. I wish I might hope that you would some day think kindly of me again ; but I do not hope that we shall ever meet again. It would not be good for either of us. Now I must go away."

The low, compelling voice brought him to himself. The old tenderness came over him. He begged and implored her to reconsider all she had said to-night : then, as she steadily refused, he asked, almost humbly, that he might come near her, that he might take the memory of a last, loving good-bye through his lonely life. She sadly shook her head and sent him away, watching until he had climbed the ridge and turned toward the village.

"Where 's Mr. Frost ?" inquired Mrs. Bradshawe, as Margery entered the house alone.

"He has gone," said the girl, drawing a chair into the shadow.

"Well, now ! I hope he do n't expect to put up to the hotel when he comes to see you ! He'll never get

ahead none, at that rate. After I'd got the spare room papered over a' purpose, too ! "

Margery crossed the room and wound her arm about her mother's neck.

"Dear mother," she said, "Carrol will never come here any more."

"Land a' mercy ! " and the mother, who could feel keenly many things which she could not express grammatically, drew the girl into her lap and smoothed back the hair from her brow, just as she had smoothed baby Margery's hair in years gone by. "An' you could n't even invite him into the house ? "

"No. I suppose I shall love him to the day of my death. And yet I dare not so much as touch his hand. Mother, I will tell you about it some day. To-night you will trust me and let me rest."

Later on, Margery knelt once more by the window of her little room. The lake was rough, but she did not mind. She liked it better so to-night. As the waves tossed up their white foam, she thought how many of those she loved slept beneath those waters. Ah, they had been brave sailors, those Bradshawes !

"But life is sometimes braver than death," she said to herself.

Ay ; and though she did not dream it, I think that no Bradshawe ever did a braver thing than she had done that night.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

OBITER DICTA.

EVOLUTION is essentially a process of *individualizing*. The fuller manifestation of the creative power is ever more individual and consciously personal. There is nothing very dangerous in this.

WHENEVER logic, or philosophy, or metaphysics, or even theology, contradicts common sense, however ingenious or learned it may be, it should be rejected.

TO LOCALIZE intellectual processes of different sorts in appropriate parts of the brain, is no more to identify thought with brain chemistry, than the localizing of notes on the keyboard identifies the genius of Rubenstein with the mechanism of the piano.

THAT conduct which subordinates the individual judgment of what is best to a judgment presumably sounder, is both moral and rational. As between the individual and the State the latter takes precedence; but the only reliable judgment of what is absolutely best is God's; and his law is the universal moral imperative to which all his creatures are subject, and by obeying which they will be in harmony with themselves, with one another, and with God. "Determinism" is only a full recognition of the reign of law, and even theology might recognize it a little more fully.

THE WHITE CHURCH.*

CHAPTER IX.

TWO PIECES OF STRATEGY.

The news of the disgraceful occurrences at Rising Branch village spread rapidly through the neighborhood. Mike was not killed, but was so badly hurt that his getting well was a matter of doubt. Poor Dill was so badly frightened that he did not appear at the store the next morning. Mr. Sarcott, who visited him in his little bedroom, did not soothe his feelings.

"To think of its happening, Dill, the very night you opened," was that gentleman's greeting. "Where were your wits? When you saw Mike was quarrelsome, why did n't you order him out?"

"Oh, do n't speak of it," said Mr. Dill, sitting up and untying his handkerchief from his head. "It has broken me all up; do you think that we will be indicted for riot, James?"

Mr. Sarcott's reply was given with a look of contempt for such abject cowardice.

"Indicted for riot!" said he with intense disgust, "you ought to be indicted for being a fool. Do n't you see that the name of the village stands in more danger

* Copyright, 1885, by STANDARD PUBLISHING COMPANY.

than your miserable little body on account of this fight?"

"Well, yes," replied the storekeeper, cringing a little, "I thought of that, but then, James, you know—"

"Yes, I do know," said Mr. Sarcott, cutting him off angrily. "I know that you care more for your own precious self than for the business interests of this village. This will be a pretty pry for the saints at Craggy Hill to get under my projects. Your wretched management threatens all the possibilities of growth here."

"Why James," whimpered the little man, "you advised me, you—"

"I know I advised you," said Mr. Sarcott, still more angrily, "but I supposed you had some sense. I wanted to help you make a good thing, and so it would be if properly managed, but you have got to have some nerve. You must let these fellows know that you run things and not they."

"When the whisky's in the wit's out, you know, James," said Mr. Dill, timidly. "We ought to have a police."

It was no source of satisfaction to Mr. Sarcott to think that a project which he himself had started should so soon show its dangerous side. He was angry; first because the danger had shown itself before the project had resulted in sufficient pecuniary gain, and second because he failed entirely to excuse his conscience. Not only this, but a keen insight into the effects of the brawl on the church question served to disturb his mind.

His only answer to Mr. Dill was: "Now get out

of this coop as quick as you can, and open the store. Do n't act as if the plague had struck us."

He left Mr. Dill struggling with his fears, having first exacted a promise from him to open the store as though nothing had happened.

Mr. Sarcott walked toward his home absorbed in thought. He looked like a man striving to rid himself of a painful recollection, and indeed he was; for in spite of himself Uncle Joe's words were ringing in his mind. The old oak tree, with its leafless branches lifted into the winter air, did not banish them.

"Yes, yes; I hev no doubt about its growin', but let me tell ye, James, that in the shadder of its arthly prosperity the generation thet are comin' up will become as stunted as the bushes tryin' ter grow in the shadder of that oak."

The bushes were covered with snow now, and the dull, cloudy day gave no shadow to the tree; but still the words rang louder and louder in Mr. Sarcott's mind. He reached his house and entered the great hall.

"Pshaw! what foolish superstitions will haunt a fellow. This is the effect of some of the Sunday-school nonsense that they used to stuff into my head," said he to himself, as he hung up his great-coat. But still the words were ringing in his soul.

He went to his room, and thither he summoned David, the hostler, bidding him to hitch the horse to the sleigh. While he was waiting for David, Mary came in. Her dark eyes rested full upon Mr. Sarcott before he became aware of her presence. Her face wore the same pinched look as when we first met her, and her movements were slow and undecisive. But

there was a look about her that told plainly enough of more physical than mental infirmity.

Mr. Sarcott was bending over his desk when her sharp voice startled him.

"Well, James, your young rosebush has bloomed early. That's a nice flower it bore last night."

"What do you mean now?" said Mr. Sarcott, much irritated.

"What do I mean? O James, just as if you did n't know! Of course you had nothing to do with getting Mr. Dill to start a saloon."

"Who said I had?" asked Mr. Sarcott, his face blazing with anger. "What business have you to insinuate anything of the kind? I tell you what, Mary"—here his voice arose to a louder key—"I want a stop put to this impertinence of yours. It is simply none of your business what I do or what I do not do, and I want you to understand it."

"Whose business is it?" inquired Mary, so calmly that Mr. Sarcott was perfectly nonplussed.

"Well, ah well, none of yours," he said, as if puzzled for a reply.

"None of mine! You expect your boy home soon, to add him to the charges I already have. Oh, what an assistance a rum hole will be! So handy, too. I am so thankful for your consideration. By the way, James, what a nice thing it is to disbelieve in God. One can do just as they please—"

"Now that's enough harping upon that old string," broke in Mr. Sarcott. "As for the care of my children, you will be relieved of it sooner than you wish."

"Not in the way you expect, James Sarcott; mark my words, not in the way you expect. You think I

do not know your plans, but I do. I will be relieved of the care of your children sooner indeed than you think, but not in the manner you desire."

She turned abruptly and left the room.

"What does the girl mean, anyhow?" said Mr. Sarcott to himself. "I wonder if she has an idea of my plan. She's afraid of losing a home, I suppose. But no; it can not be that. She knows that I dare not turn her out. Well, she is of little use to me in caring for the children, that's certain. Jennie dislikes her and Nannie has no fear of her. I must push matters, and that lively, too. This row will give me a good excuse for calling on the widow."

A smile played over Mr. Sarcott's face, and it remained there when Nannie came to announce David with the horse.

"Papa, where you going?" inquired the bright-eyed girl; "can't I go with you?"

"Not to-day," said her father stooping to kiss her. "I may not be back before night, and it is too cold for you to be out so long."

"That's just the way," rejoined the child, a little pettishly. "I never get to go anywhere. There's Jennie now, she's going this very night with Will Timmon's in a sleigh, so she is."

"What do you say, Nannie?" asked Mr. Sarcott, pausing on the stairs. "Jennie has asked no permission of me. You go and tell her to come here."

In answer to Nannie's summons Jennie appeared, wearing a look, it must be confessed, of defiance.

"Jennie," began her father, "what is this that Nan-

nie tells me ? Have you asked my permission in this matter ?”

“I did n’t think you would care,” answered Jennie, now casting her eyes to the floor. “Mr. Timmons and you are good friends, and Will is known to be as steady a young man as there is in Hanaford.”

“Well, where are you going ?” asked Mr. Sarcott.

“To a ball in Hanaford.”

“What ! Away over to Hanaford on a cold winter night ? No, no, child, you are very foolish. I would rather you would ask me about things of this kind. I do not wish you to go. Hurry and write Will a note ; it will go on this afternoon’s mail. Now mind me, my daughter.”

At this very moment there came into Mr. Sarcott’s mind some of that same Sunday-school nonsense. A text floated into his memory up out of the years when a Christian mother had given him instruction—“Honor thy father”—it was on his lips, but no—*how could he quote it to his child ?*

He staid no longer with his daughters, but, putting on his great-coat, entered the sleigh and drove off.

“O you mean little wretch !” cried Jennie to Nannie, as soon as their father had gone. “What made you tell papa ?”

“You did not say I should n’t. Papa often lets you go to balls. I did not know that you would care.”

This Nannie said with a very long face, indicating that the term “wretch” had stirred the inmost fountains of her soul.

“Well,” said Jennie, “you might have known that he would object to my going so far. But you have n’t

a bit of sense. I am going, though, you 'll see if I do n't."

Nannie was weeping and too much stirred by her emotions to hear Jennie's last sentence. The older sister left Nannie to tell her troubles to Mary, and, still wearing her angry expression, went to her own room.

In the meantime Mr. Sarcott drove on his way toward Craggy Hill. As his sleigh glided along he fell into his old habit of talking to himself.

"Jennie needs more care ; that's certain. I am afraid my building a hall here will do her no good. She is too fond of dancing now. I have half a notion to send her off to school. I think I will ——" He was going to say "until I get a better housekeeper," but he paused and did not speak it aloud. He renewed his soliloquy presently, and said : "I think a new mother, such a one as ——." Here he ceased again as if in fear of being overheard. The sleigh-bells would have prevented this, nevertheless he only thought the rest.

A mile beyond Craggy Hill lived Elder Tribbey, and Mr. Sarcott drove directly to his house.

"Ah, Sarcott, how are you? how are you?" said the Elder, who had watched Mr. Sarcott's approach and stood waiting for him at the gate.

"Good-day, Squire," said Mr. Sarcott. "How's the rheumatism?"

"Oh, nothing to speak of; the news from the village has driven it all out, I suppose; but come in." The two were soon seated by a roaring fire in the great room of the old farmhouse. The Elder brought a big pitcher of cider and set it upon the table.

"Well, Squire, you are not as scrupulous as your friend or rather your brother Sales. He would think

that performance the unpardonable sin," laughed Mr. Sarcott.

If there was any name that was distasteful to Elder Tribbey, it was that of Uncle Joe. This Mr. Sarcott well knew.

"Humph!" replied the Elder in disgust. "Do you think that the old man Sales would miss a good drink of cider if he was sure nobody was looking?"

"I don't know as to that," replied Mr. Sarcott merrily, "but you are hard on the old fellow's morals, are n't you?"

"Not a bit harder than he deserves," returned the Elder. "He is altogether too anxious to be regarded as a saint. And I, for one, am always suspicious of these exceedingly good fellows. By the way," said the Elder, trying to turn the conversation, "what have you fellows been trying to do at the village?"

"Oh, nothing," answered Mr. Sarcott, who now had the Elder exactly where he wanted him. "It was rather a serious thing for the Irishman; it need not have happened, if Dill had been more careful. He should have ordered Mike out when he saw he was drunk."

"Is n't it likely to hurt business a little at the village?" asked the Elder.

"Not a bit, Squire; not a bit," said Mr. Sarcott with emphasis. "It was a quarrel that might have taken place anywhere. There is a matter, though, that is likely to hurt us a great deal more, and, by the way, this is what I came down to see you about."

The Elder was all interest. "What's that, Sarcott?" he asked, eagerly.

Mr. Sarcott poured out a glass of cider, and taking a sip, held the glass in his hand while he spoke.

"I don't know how true it is," he began, slowly, "but they tell me that you fellows are going to build your new meeting-house up in the village."

"Well! what of that?" asked the Elder, in some surprise. "You seem to stand in need of it up there," he added, laughing.

"I am not so sure of that," replied Mr. Sarcott. "A church is a good thing, no doubt; that is, it is a good thing in its place. But it is like anything else, a bad thing when not in its place."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked the Elder, somewhat puzzled.

"I mean," said Mr. Sarcott, "just this: You can just as well build your house at Craggy Hill. It will do as much good there as anywhere. If you put it in the village you will endanger some strong business interests. To be plainer, McCracken and Wale, of Hanaford, told me the other day that they would not buy those lots that belong to you and the other fellows down here, and would build no factory, if a church were built in the village."

"Why not?" questioned the Elder again.

"I do not presume to say why not," answered Mr. Sarcott, "everybody has his own tastes, you know. Like Shylock, people do not always assign reasons for their tastes. I simply state the facts. If you build a church up there, those lots, that some of you down here have invested in, will not be worth much, I can tell you."

The Elder was touched in a tender spot.

"What do you suppose those lots would bring, Sarcott?" he asked, after a moment's silence.

"You could double your money on them now, if

those Hanaford fellows do n't go back on you," was the reply. The Elder coughed slightly. Mr. Sarcott resumed. "You see those lots across the creek are in competition with yours. Hanaford capital is bound to come to the Branch, but if you fellows build your church up there, the factories will go over on the other side of the creek. The water-power over there is about the same."

The Elder remained silent for some time, apparently lost in thought. Mr. Sarcott's plans were working very well. Presently, however, the silence was broken with a thrust that brought from the Elder all that the wily villager sought.

"I suppose, though," said he, "that your church affair will be settled pretty much as old man Sales says."

"Why?" asked the Elder, with a sudden start, "why so?"

Mr. Sarcott affected surprise. "Oh, I thought he was the chief man among you—the Mogul, so to speak."

The Elder did not attempt to conceal his disgust. "Chief among us!" said he with a sneer, "I do n't see how you got that idea. But you need not worry about the church's going to the village. I have opposed that for a long time. As far as the lots are concerned, I would not let their depreciation affect me in the least, but to tell the truth, Sarcott, I have always been opposed to the church's going to Rising Branch village."

"Ah!" said Mr. Sarcott.

"Indeed I have," repeated the Elder, "and though I assure you that I don't care a fig for the business side of the matter, yet if you will feel any better, I

can guarantee that no move will be made with my consent."

"Well, it will be the best thing for the church itself," said Mr. Sarcott, "and at the same time will be the best for the village. A jangle between the town and you fellows would be a bad thing for you."

Mr. Sarcott was putting on his coat while he said this. He now walked out to his sleigh, accompanied by the Elder, who reminded him that Uncle Joe was certainly not the "Mogul" of Craggy Hill. Indeed the good man even intimated that if such was the title of the leading spirit in the congregation, he might, not inappropriately, bear it himself.

Mr. Sarcott bade him good-bye and drove away. The sleigh-bells jingled merrily on the frosty air, and in their jingling was the echo of a laugh.

"It will be a little late for me to call at the widow's," said Mr. Sarcott, when he was fairly out of sight of the Elder. "I think I'll make a short call, though," he concluded; so toward the Conway cottage he directed his horse.

The sun went down, and a cold north wind, bringing a few flurries of snow, betokened a stormy night. The hours wore on, the clock struck nine, and David still sat watching impatiently for the return of his master.

The wind was fitful and irregular, now driving a dark mass of clouds over the moon, now filling the air thick with snow, and now clearing the heavens to a perfect blue.

The shadows of the Sarcott house fell across the road and reached to Mr. Dill's store, from which a bright light streamed forth to be swallowed up by them.

A gust of wind and a flurry of snow came from the north. As if it had been blown hither, a single sleigh appeared in the shadows close to the gate of the front yard. There was a low whistle, answered by a light that burned for an instant in the upper room. The muffled figure in the sleigh sat motionless. A moment elapsed, and from the side of the house beyond the store emerged another figure.

"O Will!" said Jennie in a whisper, "I was so fearful you would not get my note and would come straight in. Papa is gone, but I expect him every minute, so let us hurry."

"Where's Mary and Nannie?" asked Will.

"Nannie is asleep and Mary's in the kitchen reading. She thinks I have gone to bed."

The young man had driven toward the store, in front of which he now stopped his horse.

"Oh, where are you going, Will?" asked Jennie, in alarm.

"Just to see Dill's new store a moment. Here, hold the horse; I will not be gone long."

"But, Will," remonstrated Jennie, "papa may come along at any moment."

"Suppose he does; cover up your head and he will not know you. This is a strange horse and he can not tell the rig."

The young fellow ran into the store without waiting to hear Jennie any more. He was gone but a moment, but it seemed an age to the guilty girl.

"O Will, what do you scare me so for?" she asked. "What did you want in there, anyhow?"

"I only wanted to see the new bar-room," answered Will.

There was a smell of cloves in his breath, and Jennie suspected what she dare not accuse him of.

"We must get back by two o'clock, Will, and you must help get into the house," was her only remark.

The sleigh sped away toward Hanaford. Nannie was sleeping quietly in her little room. Mary still sat reading. David stormed and swore at his dilatory master; but that master still sat talking to the Conway family in the little cottage. He was in a very good humor, and Eurilda wondered that he used to seem so distant. Again the wind blew a dark mass of clouds across the moon; it was at the very moment that Mr. Sarcott came out of the cottage.

"Ah," said he, "it is getting dark." He glanced at the moon struggling in the shadows. In a moment its light was gone. A huge cloud had completely darkened its face. A change came over the man's feelings. Yes, I say a change; for he did not fail to read that symbolism in the skies.

"Pooh!" he exclaimed, as he gave his horse to the impatient hostler, "I wish these foolish superstitions would not affect me so."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF WILLIAM F. RICHARDSON.

We give in this number a sermon and a portrait of W. F. Richardson, widely known as Frank Richardson ; so you have a psychological and *phis*-iological presentment of the man as he is. He is the product of thirty-four years of development, under the influence of heredity and environment, and the product is so satisfactory as to stimulate interest in these coöperating factors of his growth. Never was a boy more fortunate in his parentage, as respects moral and religious traits, and though he claims no personal credit for this, he is constantly and profoundly grateful therefor. His father, who died when Frank was an infant, was the embodiment of diligence in business and fervency in spirit serving the Lord. His mother, who still lives, is a woman of remarkable gentleness, purity and sterling good sense. The heroic consecration of her widowed life to her children was not simply that they might be fed and clothed and educated, but, also, that they should be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Rarely have a mother's traits been more indelibly impressed upon a son than in this case, and in her riper years she has the constant delight of witnessing her own lovely spirit reflected in the life of her son ; unconsciously, indeed, for "amid the elements of being" she wrought better than she knew.

He was equally fortunate in the place of his birth, and the surroundings of his boyhood. He was born June 30, 1852, in Adams County, Ill., on the margin of the great Mississippi, which holds an infant empire in its arms and nourishes it with the life-currents of its bosom. When Frank was six months old the family removed to Bloomington, Ill., where in August, 1854, the father died, leaving the mother to care for four children, of whom Frank was the youngest. In 1856 the family removed to Eureka, Ill. At the age of fourteen Frank went to Quincy, where he was clerk in the post office for three years, and afterwards was book-keeper in a publishing house. In September, 1872, he returned to Eureka and entered college, graduating in 1876. Subsequently his *Alma Mater* honored herself in bestowing upon him the degree of Master of Arts. He obeyed the gospel in April,

1861, and was baptized by Dr. J. M. Allen, now President of Eureka College. Although at the time of his baptism he was not nine years old, his intelligence, nobility of character, and his mother's watchcare, precluded any question of its propriety. For a year and six months before his graduation he had been preaching acceptably for the little band of Disciples at Pontiac, Ill., and after his commencement labored there two years and a half with good results. In March, 1879, he took pastoral charge of the church at Assumption, Ill., and was entering upon his third year of successful labor, when there came upon him a great calamity. His splendid voice, which had delighted congregations, both in song and sermon, utterly failed him through congestion of the vocal cords. With a heavy heart, yet courageous spirit, he went to Denver, Col., and engaged in secular employment, in the spring of 1882. Here, after a stay of two years and a half he recovered his voice, for which those who know him will never cease to give thanks. In a recent letter from Grand Rapids, the great manufacturing city of Michigan, of date April 26, 1886, he modestly says, "In December, 1884, having recovered my voice sufficiently to preach, I came here, where my work is moving forward successfully. We expect to build a church here this coming summer."

On May 24, 1877, Bro. Richardson was married to Miss Leora M. Emerson, a daughter of the late Judge Charles Emerson, of Decatur, Ill. Miss Emerson graduated in the same class with him, in 1876, and is peculiarly fitted by native talent, taste, and culture to be the companion and helpmeet of her husband. They have four children—two sons and two daughters—and constitute, all in all, a healthy, happy Christian family, one of the fruits by which our religion has a right to be judged.

A biographical sketch should set forth strongly marked or predominant traits, whether for emulation or warning. The trait in the present subject which we would emphasize, to stimulate emulation, is not his eminent intellectual ability and acquirements, though these are unquestioned, but his genial spirit, childlike simplicity and modesty, and blameless life—the *goodness* that makes him universally beloved.

TRUSTING IN A SPIDER'S WEB.

A SERMON.

"The hope of the godless man shall perish, * * * whose trust is a spider's web" (Job viii. 13, 14).

Marvelous among the many wonderful characters of the Old Testament is that of Job, the much enduring man of Uz. As an example of patient suffering and steadfast faith, he stands without a parallel among the patriarchs. Each wave of trouble that swept over him seemed, instead of engulfing, to lift him upon its crest nearer heaven. No calamity, however sudden or severe, could for one moment shake his confidence in God. His herds and flocks plucked from his hand, his servants slain with the sword, his children smitten with sudden destruction, he rises sublime above his afflictions, and says, in words that have been adopted by stricken hearts in all the ages since: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." And when Satan is suffered to put forth his hand upon Job's body, and afflict it with a loathsome and tormenting disease, making life a burden to him, and drawing upon him the pity or scorn of all his friends; yet does he hold fast his trust in God's righteousness, and refuse to say or think evil against Him. When his wife's patience with him and faith in God are exhausted, and she angrily says "Dost thou



W.F. Richardson

still hold fast thine integrity? renounce God and die;" his only response is, "What? shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?"

Like a great oak, stripped of its branches by the fury of the tempest, whose roots yet cling to earth and hold aloft its massive trunk in air, so Job stands, amid all "The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," shorn of his possessions, bereaved of his children, forsaken by his friends, yet never losing his hold on God, nor wavering from his uprightness. Or, rather, as "a root out of a dry ground," whose life and growth amid the sands of the arid desert are nourished by its hidden resources of moisture; so, when the fountains of Job's flesh are dried up, and existence seems a desert waste about him, his hidden resources of faith prevent his life from withering beneath the burning heat of manifold temptations.

Doubtless the sorest trial that beset Job's faith was the suggestion that came from his three friends, Eliphaz, Bildad and Zophar, that a just God would not suffer the innocent to be afflicted thus. These trials you endure are but the divine justice punishing your sins; sins whose secret you have been able heretofore to hide from the world, but which God is now exposing to the eyes of all, by means of this dire affliction that has overtaken you. "They that plow iniquity, and sow trouble, reap the same." Confess now thy iniquity, O Job, and God will turn away his anger from thee, for only grievous sin could bring such suffering upon thee and thine.

"If thy children have sinned against him,
And he have delivered them into the hand of their transgression :
(Yet) if thou wouldst seek diligently unto God,

And make thy supplication to the Almighty;
If thou wert pure and upright;
Surely (even) now he would awake for thee,
And make the habitation of thy righteousness prosperous."

It is the wicked man that travaileth in pain, while the righteous man prospereth in his ways. If thy life has been beset by sufferings, and all thy hopes have come to naught, it is only because thou hast despised the Almighty in thine heart, and mocked at His judgments.

"So are the paths of all that forget God;
And the hope of the godless man shall perish:
Whose confidence shall break in sunder,
And whose trust is a spider's web."

The false doctrine that the afflictions of this life are but the punishment of the sufferer for his sins, was, to these "miserable comforters," an easy explanation of Job's trials; and this doctrine has done service in these latter days as an anæsthetic, to deaden the consciences of the ungodly, and persuade them of the non-existence of retribution beyond the grave. But to Job, its fallacy was proven by all that he knew of himself and of God. Conscious of his own integrity, and indignantly spurning the mean insinuation that he had lived a false life, hiding from men and God the sins now being openly punished, he was equally conscious that the wicked often flourished "like a green bay tree," side by side with the suffering saint. He knew, therefore, that his afflictions were not sent upon him in wrath; and so, while not comprehending God's purpose with him, and being bewildered by the arguments of his companions and betrayed into unwise complaints of God's dealings with him, he yet holds fast his trust

in God's goodness, and his confidence in the coming recompense of reward.

With David he could say :

“ Why art thou cast down, O my soul ?
And why art thou disquieted within me ?
Hope thou in God : for I shall yet praise him,
Who is the health of my countenance and my God.”

Out of his darkness and anguish, he could exclaim :

“ Though he slay me, yet will I wait for him ;” for
“ I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.”

In the strength of this sublime confidence, he could endure the taunts of friend and foe, and apply to the ungodly the saying sought to be fitted to himself, “ *Their* trust is a spider's web.”

In the light, therefore, of Job's dauntless faith and sublime hope, and remembering its glorious outcome in the rich blessing of God upon his later life, let us set in contrast the trust of the godless man, as expressed in this beautiful figure, “ Their trust is a spider's web.”

Go out into the meadow on a spring morning when the sun has just risen in the Eastern horizon, and the early songsters are yet warbling their joyous notes of praise and gladness. Look round about you upon the green grass that carpets this fair abode of man, and you will see, spread out everywhere upon it, a delicate film of white, sparkling with dew ; as though fair Luna, frightened at the approach of the god of day, had, in the hurry of her flight, dropped her fleecy veil of clouds, besprinkled with silvery star-dust, upon the ground. Or, as if the fairies had been holding carnival while men were sleeping, and had left upon the grass the gossamer carpets on which their airy footsteps had

been lightly falling. Look closely at these delicate webs. See how the frail threads cross and recross in endless numbers, yet in perfect regularity. How ingeniously are they attached to the slender blades of grass that form their sole support. How they flash with all the colors of the prism as the sun kisses the dew-drops that cover them. What can be more lovely? If the hope of the godless be as the spider's web, then it is at least a thing of beauty, and we need not marvel if many are allured by it.

Well, there *is* that in the life of the ungodly which at first glance seems lovely, and allures many to a near approach and hasty confidence. Woven out of the threads of sophistry and self-conceit, and sprinkled with the jewels of worldly pride and pleasure, it supplies a gaudy carpet for the feet of the fairies of sinful folly and shame to dance upon. The web is sometimes that of bold and sweeping unbelief. Spun out of the rationalism of Strauss, the imagination of Rénan, and the demagogism of Paine; and adorned with the sparkling rhetoric and flashing wit of an Ingersoll; what wonder that it should appear attractive to those foolish souls that look at naught but outward appearance. As such men prate of human liberty, and portray in glowing figures the virtues of humanity and the vices of divinity, their spider webs, floating among men of all minds and of no mind, will find some willing to receive them, fanciful and unreliable as they are. The glitter of a so-called *independence of thought* will overpower all sober judgment and prudent experience.

The *beauty of unholiness* takes often the shape of self-indulgence. Why should I deny myself the pleasures of this life that lie within my grasp? Why

trouble myself about the woes of the great world about me? Why be so careful of the rights of others, when they interfere with my own enjoyment? Shall the banquet of Dives be clouded by the knowledge of a Lazarus lying at his gates? Shall the mere life of Uriah be suffered to stand between King David and the possession of the beautiful Bathsheba? What is there better for a man than that he should eat and drink and make his soul enjoy good in his labor? We are certain of *this* life only, so why trouble ourselves about the life to come? Grasp at the scepter of power! Be a king over men, and hear for one brief day the plaudits of a subject world! Seek riches! No matter what prating tongues may say, a man's life *does* consist in the abundance of the things that he possesseth. Does not even the Bible say: "To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance"? (For Satan can quote Scripture when he chooses). Riches will bring you *all* you seek—the homage of *the world*, the gratification of *the flesh*, and—nay, do not hesitate! The three *must* go together—partnership with *the devil*!

Thou fool! of all uncertain things this life is least to be depended upon. The young lions may lack, and suffer hunger, famine may desolate the haunts of men, but the worm that fattens on human flesh never hungers in vain. Death marks the seconds with the swinging of his scythe, and a human life falls at every tick of his great time-piece. Perhaps this night *thy* soul shall be required of thee, and then whose shall those things be that thou hast provided? The pleasures of sin last but for a season, and a short one at that. "The sun is no sooner risen with a burning heat, but it withereth the grass," and gone are the beauties of the dewy web

that sparkled so brightly in the dawn. Trust not the spider's web, however lovely it appears, till you have contrasted its fleeting charms with the "beauty of holiness," whose fair colors grow brighter as the shadows of death draw nigh, and for whose sake "all things work together for good."

The spider's web illustrates the hope of the ungodly, again, in that *it is spun in the dark*. The night hours find the spiders abroad, covering the earth with the webs that the feet of men and beasts shall brush away at the coming of the day. In cellars and garrets, and in the corners of every unused room, do they make their workshops, and hang their gossamer tapestry. The old deserted mill and haunted castle, where owls and bats dwell undisturbed, are their chief delight; and they festoon every beam and rafter, curtain every window-pane, and weave a shroud for every ghostly fear and fancy that lurks about. The smell of death is in their dwelling, and darkness and decay find welcome there. Let but the housekeeper throw a window open, and back into the darkest corners fly the insects, fearing the sweep of the broom that shall destroy their handiwork. Throw open the doors of the old mill, and how the spiders, in countless numbers, fly in terror from the entering light. Light means life and labor, joy and blessing to man, the overthrow of darkness and death.

So it is with the way of the ungodly. It lieth in darkness, the light of God's truth shut out from his life, "lest his deeds should be reprov'd." Light is fatal to falsehood and sin, for the human heart is not often so corrupt as to love evil for its own sake or in its own time garb. Satan must, in most cases, appear as

an angel of light to win adherents to himself. His doctrine must be arrayed in the stolen garb of proud philosophy or sweet charity, to hide its real folly and falsity. His service must be given some pleasing title—such as freedom, pleasure, or self-interest—that its true name and character of *sin* may not affright the timid soul. The only hope of Satan is in keeping men in darkness. So long as he can blind them to duty and destiny, they are his. “If our gospel is veiled, it is veiled in them that are perishing: in whom the God of this world hath blinded the minds of the unbelieving, that the light of the gospel of the glory of Christ, who is the image of God, should not dawn upon them.”

Nor does the Evil One confine his efforts to the closing of men's minds against the truth. He even seeks to destroy the truth itself. Except he can accomplish this, his efforts in the former direction must be largely futile. God has plainly said that “the way of the ungodly shall perish,” and no hope remains to him who “knows not God and obeys not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ,” except in blotting out of the sky of truth this shining luminary. Hence all the owls of unbelief have been, for ages past, beating with their wings against the Sun of righteousness, only to make it beam more resplendently, and to find their wings badly scorched for their pains. Even the church, which, like the moon, has been reflecting in but slight degree the light of her central Sun, is now moving out more fully into the path of its rays, and showing daily a fuller disc to the eyes of the world; and all the baying of all the dogs of sin can not stop her shining, nor intercept a single ray of her influence in its passage to the hearts of men.

Come, poor soul, out of your darkness and sin, and follow Him who said, "I am the light of the world. He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." Remember that "the way of the wicked is as darkness: but the path of the righteous is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

The trust of the ungodly is like a spider's web, once more, in *the kind of gratification it affords*. The spider finds no *security* in his web, either against his own kind or against the assaults of other foes. He is at the mercy of any stronger creature that approaches. His web serves him one purpose. It *furnishes him dead flies for food*. The sinner who trusts in worldly pleasures and pursuits, and builds his hopes upon this present life, is at the mercy of all the powers of evil. He is a vessel at sea without a sail or rudder—the sport of every wind and wave of passion. He is a soldier in battle without armor or weapon. Against the wiles of the devil he is helpless. No helmet of saving hope protects him against the sabre-stroke of despair. No breastplate of righteousness defends him against the spear-thrust of unholy lust or ambition. No shield of faith wards off the fiery darts of the wicked one. No sword of the Spirit affords him a weapon with which to smite the enemy of his soul. No Redeemer stands beside him to bid him laugh at death, and mock his power. He must spend his life watching for enemies whose assaults he can not resist; and at the end has only the consciousness of having fed his soul with the *dead flies* of misused hours and perverted powers, whose corpses lie thick in memory's chamber, and taunt him with opportunities once available, but now forever lost.

How infinitely better the Christian's trust! Proof against the tempter's power, and fearless in the awful presence of death. "Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith," and trusting in "Him who is able to keep us from falling," he confidently lays hold upon the hope set before him, and finds it "an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast, entering into that which is within the vail." Resting on the immutable promise and oath of God, he feels that perfect assurance which only he *can* have who comes to God "believing that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him."

And this leads us to consider, finally, that the hope of the godless man, like the web of the spider, is *spun out of self*. From his own body does the spider weave his web, and from his own self-righteousness does the sinner draw the threads of sophistry on which he trusts his eternal interests. How common the plea, "I am as good as the average Christian; I am better than many church members; I have never done anything very bad; I live an orderly life; I am honest, moral and benevolent; what more can be demanded?" It is the old story of the Pharisee, who trusted in himself that he was righteous. "I thank thee, God, that I am not as the rest of men, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week; I give tithes of all that I get." Translated into the real language of his heart, it would read, "I congratulate thee, Lord, on the possession of one first-class Pharisee, whose righteousness adds glory to thy law, and whose condescension in serving thee deserves substantial recognition at thy hands." Too often such a Pharisee enters the church, feeling that he has conferred great honor upon

the body of Christ by becoming a member, and expecting all the other members to show him due respect as a superior in wealth, intelligence, social influence or political power. A fancied slight is sufficient to alienate him from the church and send him back into the world to nurse his wounded vanity and to become that most contemptible of all creatures, a *chronic grumbler*. His affections are henceforth centered upon self; his views of life are distorted by the cracked glass of conceit through which he looks; his estimate of mankind falls as his opinion of self rises; and he goes about the world with *both eyes* full of the *splinters* of hypocrisy, and saying to others, "Let me cast out the *mote* that is in thine eye!"

Of all the objects of man's trust, self is the least reliable. "If a man thinketh himself to be something, when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself." "Prove your own selves." He who will try his own heart and life by the Word of God and the example of Christ, will cease to disparage others and exalt self, and will cry out, with the penitent publican, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner!" It is sad to see man, in the full light of God's truth, and under the gracious influences of His love, "going about to establish their own righteousness, and not submitting unto the righteousness of God." Who can be satisfied, in the great day of the Lord, to be rigidly judged according to his own righteousness? Have we not all sinned, and come short of the glory of God? Do we not all need His grace to cover over our sinful hearts and lives? Be sure, O sinner, that your trust in self will bring you bitter disappointment. When the light of the eternal world begins to break upon your earthly night then will you find your trust

only a weak spider's web, too frail to hang a single hope upon. Then will you realize—too late, alas!—that “the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.” Too late then to weave other webs—to lay other plans for safety. Death knocks at your door, and will not be denied an entrance; so you must rise and let him in, an unbidden and unwelcome guest.

The spider sometime weaves his last web. He has *exhausted self*, and is henceforth helpless, and doomed to an early death. All *your* hopes, spun out of self, will perish one by one, and leave you at last without a place of refuge. There stands upon a certain sea-shore a house built of the fragments of many wrecks. The floors are made out of a ship's deck; the kitchen is an old ship's galley; the walls are the cabin-panels of wrecked packets and steamers. The whole structure is built of the broken remnants of better things. Such are many human lives. The floors of broken promises; the walls of violated commandments; the roof a leaky covering of self-righteousness; and *all* resting on the sand!

Move out! ere its roof and walls fall prone upon you. Build on the rock! that, when the storms shall come, they may find you in a habitation founded on eternal truth—“a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” Let your character be formed by the hand of God. He will build its walls of His righteousness; cement its stones with His infinite love; and cover it over with the wings of His providence. Then shalt thou be able to say of the wicked, “Their rock is not as our Rock;” for “their trust is a spider's web,” but our trust is “the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy.”

W. F. RICHARDSON.

(Selected).

JULY.

When the tangled cobweb pulls
The corn flower's blue cap awry,
And the lilies tall lean over the wall
To bow to the butterfly,
It is July.

When the heat like a mist veil floats,
And poppies flame in the rye,
And the silver note in the streamlet's throat
Has softened almost to a sigh,
It is July.

When the hours are so still that Time
Forgets them, and lets them lie
'Neath petals pink till the night stars wink
At the sunset in the sky,
It is July.

When each finger post by the way
Says that Slumbertown is nigh ;
When the grass is tall, and the roses fall,
And nobody wonders why,
It is July.

SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

TALE OF A PIONEER CHURCH.

CHAPTER VII.

CHAUNCEY FORWARD.

Mr. Forward and his labors deserve a much fuller notice than can be given here. As the leading man in the first Disciple eldership, as efficient pastor at home and successful evangelist abroad, he made more Disciple history in Somerset County than any other man that was ever in it.

He was born about five years before the close of the last century, at Old Granby, Connecticut. His mother was a pious Episcopalian—a minister's daughter—who imparted her turn of mind and heart to her son. About A. D. 1800 the family moved to Aurora, Portage County, Ohio. In the course of time Chauncey attended Jefferson College, at Cannonsburg, Washington County, Pennsylvania. Later on he studied law with his brother Walter, a leading lawyer of Pittsburgh and afterwards Secretary of the Treasury under Tyler. The conscientious thoroughness and method with which Chauncey did everything is attested by a manuscript law-dictionary, still in existence, drawn with a careful hand and embodying the gist of his early studies.

After having been creditably admitted to the Pittsburgh Bar, Chauncey Forward came to Somerset, in 1817, young, ambitious, and of model behavior. He rose so rapidly in the esteem of all, that he was chosen to, and served in, both branches of the State Legislature. In 1825 he filled a vacancy as Representative in Congress, and was twice thereafter returned to the same seat, serving till his resignation in 1831. In March of the last named year, he was appointed by Gov. Wolf to hold the offices pertaining to the several courts of Somerset: Prothonotary, Register, Recorder, Clerk of Orphans' Court, Quarter Sessions, Oyer and Terminer, etc., in which he acted till removed by Gov. Ritner, in 1836, when he resumed the practice of law. And those who knew him best and were abundantly able to judge, claimed that he had no superior in his profession, at least within the Keystone State.

The change from Washington to Somerset came at Mr. Forward's own request. He longed to be in position to do more for the Master than Congress made possible. Though there is evidence that he was by no means idle in his Master's business, yet he wrote to his wife a year before his resignation, "I am doing nothing for the glory of God or my own good." He accepted offices at Somerset only because they enabled him to preach the gospel without charge; which he did, not only here and throughout the county, but also in adjoining counties, and occasionally even in other States. Somewhere in the early part of the thirties he thus visited Aurora, Ohio, and led his sisters into the kingdom of God.

Of course his best efforts were devoted to the

Somerset church, but often his associate in office, Wm. H. Postlethwaite, attended to the home-service while he went abroad. Not seldom, especially in later years, was the home-service entrusted to wise and capable non-officials, but usually under the supervision of one of the elders. A few reports, taken from the *Millennial Harbinger*, will give a good idea of the growth of the gospel under his labors.

"Sister Graft, (Feb. 7, 1832,) amongst other good news from Somerset, states: We have comfortable meetings, and much reason to give honor, glory, and praises, to the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, for what He has done for us, and is doing daily. The first persons our brother Forward [late member of Congress] immersed were a lawyer and two young ladies. This fall he immersed another young lawyer, the most promising young man in town. He has the humility of a disciple, and promises to be a useful member of the church. This fall there have been twenty-seven persons baptized into the faith, and another last Lord's day. Bro. C. Forward exhibits the humility and zeal of a real follower of Him who humbled Himself and made Himself of no reputation for our sakes.' [In answer to the request of the brethren there, I will try and visit them in May or June next.—EDITOR.]" Vol. iii. p. 140.

"SOMERSET, PA., April 9, 1833.

"The kingdom of our heavenly Father is moving on in this region, from South to North, and from East to West. Although brother Forward has baptized but forty-four persons since January 30, for want of help, the authority of our King will be made known, notwithstanding all the efforts of the prince of darkness. Bro. Forward was compelled to go last Lord's day to Westmoreland County to preach to the Seceders and Presbyterians, the place I wrote you about last fall. The priest rode all the day before to caution his people against going to hear the Heretics or Campbellites, or he would session every one. A friend replied that he would soon have to fall to work, as there had been already fifty or sixty of his members out to hear the Word of the Lord, and that he saw nine persons baptized into Jesus Christ. There is no doubt a glorious work begun!"

The several churches organized by Mr. Forward used to come, both individually and collectively, to Somerset. It was called "going up to Jerusalem." There was such a gathering, lasting two or three days, in June, 1835, at which thirty-two persons were immersed. Forward's report of this meeting was lost in the *Harbinger* office. The next month he sent the following:

"SOMERSET, PA., July 10, 1835.

"Since I wrote you last, ten persons have made the good confession and were baptized into Christ. This makes the late increase of our membership here about thirty-seven. Forty have been baptized, but three, I think, were from other parts. Prospect of great accession still ahead. We are all filled with joy, and walking in the Spirit, as we trust, universally. We have a great desire to see our much esteemed Father Campbell.—C. FORWARD."

On October 15, 1835, Dr. P. G. Young wrote from Mt. Pleasant, Pennsylvania, and among other things says:

"The number immersed in Somerset County, including those at the protracted meeting in the spring, amounts at this time to more than a hundred. A number also have been immersed in the adjoining county, brought in principally through the instrumentality of brothers Forward and Lanphear. Since I engaged in the work, it being a month or six weeks, I have immersed twenty-three. The cause of truth has suffered much from the misrepresentations of a number of itinerant Baptist preachers, who are engaged in travelling through Westmoreland, Fayette, Somerset, Cambria, and Indiana counties, not to preach the gospel, but to warn people against what they call 'Campbellism.'"

"SOMERSET, PA., Dec. 5, 1835.

"I see brother Young has stated the number of baptized at about one hundred since our meeting in June. There have been about one hundred and forty, and we hope the number will be much increased. The prospects, I think, are favorable.—WM. H. POSTLETHWAITE."

The first church established by Mr. Forward was about four miles south-west of New Centerville (fourteen miles in the same direction from Somerset) and known as *Turkey-Foot*, or Spruce Creek. This was in the fall of 1831, or possibly not till the spring of 1832. Charter members were : Dr. Jonas Younkin and wife, John Prinkey and wife, Shaphat Dwire and wife, Jacob N. Hartzell and wife, Leonard Harbaugh and wife, Joseph Harbaugh, Steward Rowen and wife, Solomon Baldwin and wife, Harmon Husband and wife, John Graham and wife, Sallie Edwards and son and several daughters, together with several others. Dr. Jonas Younkin and Harmon Husband were the first elders. Both could preach pretty well. Forward visited them as often as he could, and so did Wm. H. Postlethwaite. Most of the evangelists that came to Somerset also took in Turkey-Foot. Under date of May 3d, 1836, Elijah Younkin wrote to the *Millennial Harbinger* as follows :

“The cause of God, like a swift-flowing stream, is hurrying on to cover the earth. The disciples in this place number about one hundred. The opposition from the sects is considerable, but is surpassed by the faithfulness of the Christians. Mr. Thomas, an itinerant Baptist preacher, made an attack on your Extra on Remission of Sins ; but he is fallen at the point of the Sword of the Spirit. The disciples in Somerset are walking in love and unity—the prevailing principles among Christians. May the Lord bless all His holy children.”

They met for awhile in a shabby log school-house on the Turkey-Foot road. Afterwards they built a log meeting-house, which is now occupied by the German Baptists (Dunkards). After some years Harmon Husband (father of David Husband, immersed by the author, and now preaching at Ashland, Nebraska), moved

to Illinois, leaving the church a hundred strong. But emigration thinned them rapidly, the reaper Death claimed his share, "the beggarly elements of the world" devoured others, and drink got the better of the Doctor, who then went to Iowa for a grave, and so, in the latter part of the fifties, the candlestick was removed. The light that goes out in this world is darkness forever!

An incident respecting Forward, which shows his intense interest in the unsearchable riches of Christ, must not here be omitted. On a Saturday, in company with the Huston brothers, Samuel and Chambers, he had gone to Turkey-Foot and preached at night in the house of Sister Sarah Edwards. In response to his earnest invitation six young persons confessed their faith in Jesus as the Messiah. Early Sunday morning a large crowd gathered at the baptismal stream to witness the rite that never grows old. By parental interference, common in those days, one young man had been prevented from joining the rest in outward submission to Christ. The baptism of the others over, like John the Baptist, Forward took his position on the bank of the flowing stream, stood in dripping garments and spoke to the multitude of the supreme authority of Christ and of man's great need of the Saviour. The man who had turned his back on the halls of Congress for wilderness-opportunities like this forgot the passage of time, and tenderly, lovingly, earnestly, talked on and on and on. The hour for the ten o'clock service at Kramer's school-house was fast approaching, but still Mr. Forward spoke of his dear Redeemer. Samuel Huston walked before the speaker, took out his watch and held it in the preacher's face. A mechanical nod was the only answer while the theme grew warmer on the speaker's

lips. At last Huston seized him by the arm and said, "Bro. Forward, you *must* come. They are waiting at the school-house ; finish there."

Though *Shade* (now *Hooversville*) lies eighteen miles north-east of Somerset, it was none too far to prevent Mr. Forward from paying it frequent visits, often "footing" it there on Lord's day mornings in time for forenoon service. The Macedonian cry from that quarter was raised by Ezra Dunham, who had been disciplined elsewhere, and Forward was not the man to hear it in vain. There, in the summer or fall of 1833, John Hollis, then of Jenner, assisting, Mr. Forward organized a church of ten or twelve members. John Birkebile, who afterwards moved to Missouri, and Samuel Hunter, who died in Iowa, were the first and long-efficient elders. Though remote from the Disciple center and the thoroughfare of travel, the church increased rapidly in numbers. The ministrations of their eldership were often reinforced by such traveling evangelists as came to Somerset, as well as later on by the settled ministers of Somerset and Johnstown. A few others, like Apollos Phinney and Wilfing, who can not be traced to Somerset, paid them occasional visits. Their only settled minister from abroad was Neal S. McCallum, now of Ebensburg, Indiana, who resided there and did monthly preaching for the two years ending with March, 1884, but served them occasionally for two years longer while residing at Berlin. Before him, at various times and in the order named, they had also monthly preaching by L. R. Norton, J. B. Pyatt, D. M. Kinter, James Darsie, Edward Bevins, E. L. Allen, and M. B. Ryan. Their first meeting-house, 30x40, was built in 1856, and though still usable, the growth of Hooversville, a mile away

and on the railroad, demanded a new house in that center. It was built by Neal S. McCallum, in 1883, and dedicated by the author on December 4th of that year. Since the summer of 1878 they have had a Sunday-school, numbering seventy-five scholars at its best, and superintended in succession by D. L. Birkebile, A. B. Clark, and N. L. Birkebile. The present elders are N. L. Birkebile and G. W. Clark.

We next find Bro. Forward reaching out in a westerly direction. *Scott's* or *Morrison's School-house*, commonly called *the Ridge*, or *Milford Church*, and now a few miles removed and known as *Laurel Hill* (post-office, Bakersville), is thus spoken of in a report sent to the *Millennial Harbinger*:

“SOMERSET COUNTY, Dec. 21st, 1838.

“The congregation which goes by the name of *Milford Church*, about eight miles west of Somerset [now thirteen miles northwest.—AUTHOR] was organized in the year 1834. upon the principles of the ancient gospel, and was gathered together principally by the labors of brothers Forward and Young. It numbers at this time *twenty-three*; seven or eight of the number formerly belonged to the Methodist church, being the most respectable of their members here, and one of them their class-leader. The mother and the mother-in-law of the above-mentioned persons and the Methodist preacher made a powerful effort to prevent them from obeying the gospel. Several weeks since, upon Lord's day, brother Yountkin spoke for us, and at the close of the meeting the old lady requested to be baptized, stating at the same time that she had been a praying woman for upwards of forty years, and a member of the Methodist church—but as the Lord required her to be baptized for the remission of her sins, she was resolved to obey Him.—GEORGE SCOTT.”

At that organization such Somerset brethren as Samuel Huston, Wm. H. Postlethwaite and others were present. By the laying on of hands, according to apostolic precedent, Wm. Scott was installed as elder, and George Scott and Daniel Wright were constituted

deacons. But as Wm. Scott was of a shrinking, diffident nature, his mantle soon fell on George Scott, who "gained to himself a good standing and great boldness in the faith which is in Christ Jesus." In addition to these men and their wives, the following names were among the early members: Jesse Moore and wife, Mark Ross and wife, William Morrison and wife, Joseph Morrison, John Morrison and wife and some of their children, the Joneses, Miller Stautenhaus, Moses Will and wife, and others.

The Somerset elders and traveling evangelists remembered this church in their ministry. The membership in its palmiest days bordered on one hundred. Difficulties, deaths, and liberal removals disorganized them in the neighborhood of 1860. A few years later there was a re-organization of the remaining forces at Laurel Hill, where they have a fair house, about thirty members, and a sad lack of godliness. A few funerals of the right persons would be of immense advantage to the cause. But, as some one has somewhere said, "It 'pears like as them as is not wanted here, is n't wanted yender."

The constant care of the home-church and the guidance of these three points, all without money and without price, added to his secular business, if we may call that secular which is followed with an eye single to the glory of God,—all this made Forward's life a busy one indeed. And yet he somehow found time to visit numerous other points in the county and to make comparatively frequent excursions into adjacent counties and even into other States!

After this survey of his labors we will be benefited by surprising the man in his privacy and getting a

glimpse of his inner nature. We are all the more excusable in this by reason of the fact that a few grumblers, who know not whereof they affirm, have said that our early preachers were mere iconoclasts and lacked in vital piety. A letter of Forward's, written with no thought of ever meeting the public eye, but in the free privacy of loving husband to beloved wife, is happily at hand to serve our purpose, though given with much reluctance by a devoted daughter :

"WASHINGTON CITY, December 31, 1830. }
Fast 10 o'clock, P. M. }

*"My Dear :—*I can not resist the inclination to write you a line before I sleep. The new year is just about to be born. I have just risen from my devotions where I had a refreshing season. Let us remember we are one year nearer to that awful eternity where we must experience weal or woe as our lives have been. Are we one year better prepared for the change, or have we not mis-spent much of that precious time which God gave for the most valuable of all purposes ? When I look back and contemplate the past, I feel self-condemned and hence have been for the whole evening cheerless and gloomy. To give some consolation by a removal of my great guilt in the sight of heaven I have just been praying. A sudden recollection that 'the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin' has made my heart bound with joy. What a glorious and blessed Mediator ! He will not break the bruised reed. Why is it that I can not always live in such nearness to Him ? My sins—my sins only prevent it. May He of His infinite mercy grant that during the year which is about beginning I may begin new resolutions to be always confirmed to His holy will. May He strengthen me to live a life of true holiness. May His wisdom illumine my soul and melt down my cold and lukewarm affections into genuine tenderness and love. As Jesus has now renewed peace and pardon to my soul, so may I in His strength continue to walk in newness of life. I have squandered the treasures committed to my charge ; may I improve them as a wise steward under the most blessed Master. What an unbounded fullness does Jesus possess ! How infinitely lovely His character ! Where is the blemish in His countenance ? Why should He not be esteemed as Chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely ? Why is it that I am so ungrateful and brutish as to sin against

the Lord of life and glory? Lord, save me from myself! Let me be altogether Thine.

“ ‘A Christian dwells like Uriel in the sun ;
Meridian evidence puts doubt to flight
 And ardent hope anticipates the skies ’

“ Ah! what would avail tears of regret for the past? Much. The miseries which have flowed from our past sins serve as an awful warning for the future. But what indeed would avail our regret for the past, unless we should most firmly resolve to redeem the time in the future? Nothing. For if past misfortunes have no effect upon our future course then indeed our case would be hopeless. Let us therefore redeem the time. Let us therefore cleave to Jesus with full purpose of heart. To know Him is life eternal. All sublunary things will soon vanish from our sight—the places which now know us shall shortly know us no more forever. Let us therefore prepare to meet our God.

Affectionately yours, etc.,

“ C. FORWARD.

“ Good night. May the Lord watch over your slumbers.”

From this glimpse within, let us turn to behold Mr. Forward as he appeared to other eyes.

Mary T. Graft, who wrote letters to everybody, addressed the following to the church on April 13, 1831:

“ Mr. Forward is one of the foremost characters in our country, and is, in my judgment, worthy of the office (the eldership) you honor him with; I am satisfied that it is wisdom’s voice in general, written before Him who sees in secret.”

David Younkin, now of Glade and formerly of the Ridge, whom Forward immersed over fifty-three years ago, writes:

“ That good man, had he lived, I have no doubt, would have revolutionized this whole country.”

James Darsie sends the following from his diary written at Somerset:

“ Bro. Forward was an able minister of the word, and a successful evangelist of the Gospel of Christ. As an orator he had no superior,

and as a preacher of righteousness he enjoyed the entire confidence of the whole community. He also was one of the elders of the church and a zealous and indefatigable laborer in the vineyard of the Lord. He died in 1839 and is buried in Somerset. His memory is sacredly cherished by the whole church, and his labors doubtless contributed to the permanency of the cause in Somerset and throughout the State."

If the lines of Amelia Webb ever applied to any man, they were true of Forward:

"Such language as his I may never recall,
But his theme is salvation, salvation to all;
And the souls of a thousand in ecstasy hung
On the manna-like sweetness that dropped from his tongue.

"Not alone on the ear his eloquence stole,
But enforced by each gesture it sank to the soul,
Till it seemed that an angel had brightened the sod,
And brought to each bosom a message from God."

This sketch is fittingly closed with the following obituary notices:

"SOMERSET, Oct. 16, 1839,

"I wrote you the third of this month that I expected that our dear brother Forward would leave this house of clay soon. So it was the will of our heavenly Father to take him from us, for we were not worthy of him. Yes, for our sins he was taken from us to a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, that he may rest from his labors and his works follow him. The mighty man is taken from us. The ninth of this month, at four o'clock in the morning, he departed. His heart appeared to be breaking for months past. During this time his preaching and exhortations, I hope, will never be forgotten by his poor friends and the disciples. I hope it is all for our good that the Lord has chastised us, and our God and King have all the glory. Amen.

"MARY T. GRAFT."

In the *Millennial Harbinger*, 1840, p. 47, is the following, copied from a Somerset paper, and commented on by Alexander Campbell:

"Died, in this borough, on Wednesday morning last, the 9th of October,* of inflammation of the stomach, the Hon. Chauncey Forward, aged about 46 years. The death of Mr. Forward is a public loss. No man was more highly and universally esteemed in the circle of his acquaintances. He has filled several important public trusts, to the entire satisfaction of his constituents. He represented the district several years in the House of Representatives, and in the Senate of this State, and five years in the Congress of the United States. He also performed the duties of Prothonotary, Register, Recorder, and Clerk of the several Courts of this county for several years, with an ability and accuracy that elicited universal praise. As an Attorney-at-Law, he stood at the head of one of the most able bars in the interior of Pennsylvania. In short, as an officer, a citizen, a gentleman, a husband, a father, and a friend, he had no superior in this part of the State. And what is best of all, he was a faithful and devoted Christian. Peace to his ashes!"

"The above," says Alexander Campbell, who knew him well, "is as unexaggerated and unvarnished an obituary notice as I recollect to have read for a long time. But if there can be anything better said of a man than that he was 'a faithful and devoted Christian,' I would say something better still. He was an intelligent, able, and successful preacher of the gospel of Christ as delivered to us in the scriptures of truth. He resigned his seat in Congress because he thought he could honor his Saviour better by staying at home, than by sitting in deliberation upon the temporalities of the nation; and at the sacrifice of both time and money, labored much in the work of the Lord. But, perhaps, there is nothing better that can be said of a man than that he was '*a faithful Christian*;' for a faithful Christian will use all his talents for the Lord in the best possible way. We have lost a good and great man; but our loss is temporal—his gain is eternal."

*The *Harbinger*, by mistake, says *November*.

CHAPTER VIII.

ELDERS AND DEACONS.

It is neither necessary, nor, for lack of space, possible, to give as full an account of every one that has figured in the official history of the Somerset church as has been given of Mr. Forward. All that can be attempted here is a succinct chronological statement, with a few brief notes, trusting to other connections such incidents as may be of special interest.

Elders.—As already stated, Chauncey Forward, who died October 9, 1839, and Wm. H. Postlethwaite, who resigned late in 1850, and died July 11, 1879, were chosen at the organization of the church in 1829. Samuel Huston, a most efficient and saintly man, who died March 17, 1856, followed Forward. J. J. Schell, still living, was elected in 1850, before Postlethwaite resigned, and, on account of the pressure of his private business, tendered his resignation October 14, 1869, which was accepted October 28th. Edward Bevins, who became an efficient evangelist, was chosen shortly after Schell, and resigned July 21, 1870, in order to pay more attention to evangelization; he died a triumphant death February 12, 1878, aged sixty-one years. L. R. Nor-

ton, who had previously evangelized with Somerset as a center, was chosen to the eldership upon his becoming a settled minister, in October, 1856; he moved away in November, 1858. Henry F. Schell and Peter Vogel were elected July 24, 1870. David Husband, who had served several years without ordination, had his election re-confirmed at the same time, and these three were ordained October 9, 1870. Vogel left September 25, 1871, David Husband resigned July 15, 1880, and Henry F. Schell still serves. W. H. Woolery was elected April 4, 1880, and left in September, 1882. Milton J. Pritts was chosen February 14, 1886, and is to be ordained the first or second Lord's day in July.

Deacons: Jacob Graft, chosen at the organization in 1829, served till his death, at ninety-eight, in November, 1868. Samuel Trent, Sr., was also chosen at the organization and left for Maryland in 1843 or '4. Wm. Philson, who became a deacon somewhere in the thirties, also left in 1843. Henry Schell (the father) moved to Somerset in 1841 and was made a deacon soon after; he died in April, 1857. Isaiah Little, chosen about 1851 or '2, moved to Ohio two or three years afterwards and preached for the Winebrennarians about Canton, but in the spring of 1886 cast his lot again with the Disciples, at Mansfield, Ohio. Henry F. Schell, having a year or two before served the Turkey-Foot congregation as deacon, on his return to Somerset in 1852 served them till his resignation in 1870. Azariah Dunham and John F. Kantner became deacons about 1860, and J. H. Pisel in 1868; all these resigned with H. F. Schell in 1870. Kantner died October 31,

1880, and was buried on the day that Garfield was elected President. A. T. Ankeny, Azariah Dunham and Urias Trent were elected July 24, 1870, and ordained October 9th of the same year. Ankeny moved to Minneapolis, Minnesota, in the spring of 1872, Dunham left for the West in 1873, and Trent joined the Dunkards in the spring of 1879. Philip E. Mowry and Josiah H. Pisel were ordained December 18, 1870. Of these Pisel still acts, but Mowry moved to Schellsburg, Bedford county, Pa., in the spring of 1874, and afterwards returned and died at Somerset. Wm. M. Schrock, L. C. Colborn, J. G. Ogle, J. M. Cook, and J. H. Kantner were elected deacons March 19, 1876; Ogle moved to Latrobe March 1, 1886, Schrock acts as church clerk, and Kantner, owing to precarious health, is excused; the others still serve. M. J. Pritts was chosen April 4, 1880, and served till elected elder. Dr. H. S. Kimmell entered the service early in 1883. The force was increased on February 14, 1886, by the election of John A. Lambert, F. B. Granger, Francis F. Herr, and Wm. H. Hochstettler.

Deaconesses: On March 19, 1876, the following eight sisters were put into this office: Mrs. A. J. Colborn, Mrs. Hettie P. Kimmell, Mrs. H. Ogle, (daughter of Chauncey Forward), Miss Belle Kimmell, Miss Matilda Postlethwaite, Miss Nellie Ankeny, and Miss Martha Knable. Of these Mrs. Hurst moved away in 1877 and is now in Johnstown, and Mrs. Kimmell went to Pittsburgh in February, 1882.

The deaconesses have not honored their office to the extent that it was originally intended. They still serve on baptismal occasions, but do not systematically, *as officers*, visit the sick and needy as was originally de-

signed and begun, nor take upon themselves formally such spiritual functions as the primitive church assigned to such officers. It is, however, the intention, at least on the part of the incumbent minister, to see that this department of church-work shall receive its full scriptural attention.

The deacons serve in two sections, in the matter of distributing the emblems on communion occasions, alternating every six months. They are not exclusively confined to the temporalities of the church, but meet in monthly business session with the elders, having a voice with them in the determination of spiritual questions, as the elders also have in the temporalities.

Before the days of settled ministers from abroad (as even now in an interim or in a temporary absence of the preacher) the elders were "pastors and teachers" in the full sense of the expression. They either preached themselves or frequently had competent deacons, or non-officials (of whom there were many) do it under their supervision. In earlier days their seat was not only in front, as now, but facing the congregation, that they might be bishops, *i. e.*, *overseers*, indeed in the very house of God. They administered baptism, performed marriages, visited the membership (especially when a seat was vacant on Lord's day), buried the dead, sent some of their number abroad to break the bread of life to feebler churches, and even held protracted meetings here and there. Much of this work is now largely delegated to the settled minister from abroad, who is, therefore, virtually *the* pastor, though not always formally set apart to the eldership or office of bishop.

When it is considered that always a large percent-

age, often the majority of the officers of this church, have been honorable and even conspicuous members of some of the learned professions, especially the legal, and that a number of the private members have at least a tolerable acquaintance with more languages than one, it can be readily seen that this church takes second rank in point of intelligence with no church among the Disciples, and is well capable of a history worth the telling.

OUR MEASURING LINE.

The merchant who uses a yard measure too short by ever so little is unhesitatingly pronounced dishonest. His goods do not hold out when taken home and laid off by the family yard-stick. Possibly he flatters himself that in process of time he has gained something which he owes to the deficient measure. But he has been unconsciously measuring his own life and character by the same short line. Some day he finds himself laid along-side of the world's standard-line of measurement, and is little less surprised than are his friends to discover that he falls far short—that there is not enough cloth in him to make an honorable man, even as the world counts honor. Neither can he remedy the defect, for in the nice eye of a coldly critical and fashionable age he might as well be too small as to be pieced out.

This is an exacting world and age. We are constantly measuring and being measured. Your dress-maker, your tailor or your shoemaker applies the line and takes down your figures, and your garment comes home a fit or not a fit, as your workman took accurate or inaccurate measurements and worked them out carefully or at random. None the less is the business man with whom you deal, the society in which you mingle—in short the world around you, taking down your intellectual and moral dimensions. From these data they are constructing your reputation, which is after all but the outer dress of your character, and it will fit

or not fit, as the measurements have been just or unjust, worked out correctly or indifferently. You are painfully aware that these garments which you never ordered, which, notwithstanding, you are bound to wear for a shorter or longer time, often set most ludicrously upon you. Some penurious little souls, with their little foot-rulers worn off at the corners, have constructed you a jacket much too short and in every way uncomfortable. You are no better pleased when some generous, whole-souled admirer thrusts upon your back a coat which hangs dangling about your shoulders and arms, and you can never hope to fill. Noble souls do not covet the great garments of their nobler relatives and friends. They prefer to appear in that which sets neatly and genteelly to the form nature has given them and the character they have acquired.

There are very few forms so perfect that the bust measure, for instance, being given, a suit can be made to fit in all respects. Still more rare are the characters so perfectly rounded, balanced and filled that from one given characteristic a reputation may be constructed just and applicable in every particular, even admitting that the maker thereof has rare skill in character-fitting and in estimating traits of human nature. Then how painful it is to see every unskilled cobbler presuming to give every man a just reputation from some peculiar trait he has seen and measured with his inexperienced eye! Most of us are just such presumptuous cobblers, and our neighbors are constantly subjected to mortification by our imposing our ungainly work upon them, and then pointing at them and calling the attention of every passer-by to their awkward situation. If in our imagination alone we clothed our fellow-mortals in unbecom-

ing habiliments, no harm might result ; but when we actually hang them upon Neighbor Johnson's shoulders and proclaim to the world that these are Neighbor Johnson's clothes, that they fit him and were made to his order, it is a matter of serious import. It becomes us, then, to studiously follow one of two courses of procedure—to see to it that our tools are of the best and most accurate kind and that we understand the use of them thoroughly well, or to refuse to have any part in fitting Neighbor Johnson's form or character.

Artists take perspective views, thus bringing vast mountains and extensive landscapes into the compass of a few square inches. We are so familiar with objects in nature that when we view the work on canvas we know how to make allowances for the reduction, and our minds intuitively adapt themselves to the artist's idea. Few persons know human nature so well, and yet we are prone to look at those around us with a perspective eye. Self is our little ruler, which held near our own eye, appears exceeding great, and compared with which, the world with its looming characters in the distance looks exceeding small. Some of us hold it so near the eye as to shut out the world, then we shut the other eye and say: "Where's the world? Where are the great conquerors, great rulers, great statesmen, orators, artists, musicians, and all the list of great men we hear so much about? Who and what is there here but the great *ego*—I? Truly the world is too small to make a good picture on canvas or a good essay in print. I should need a telescope to make anything out of it. If I could only paint a picture of myself, and get an article about myself and what I've done into the popular magazine of the day, then if the

world and its pigmies were only large enough to see and comprehend so great a work of art and so intellectual a composition, how it might bring them up here on my great ruler as I look across it ! ” It takes some of us a long time to learn the simple fact that many enterprising boys find out for themselves early in life—that a rusty old penny held near the eye may shut out landscapes miles and miles in extent. Self can never be a true and impartial standard. We never can know just where to hold it and how to estimate it. -

There are those who instead of trying to measure the world and all it contains by such a poor, little crooked, shrinking, half-inch affair, are constantly comparing themselves with the persons and things around them. The school-boy is never better pleased with his size and attainments than when he stands beside a smaller, inferior boy. He turns round and sees a tall, straight, self-reliant, intellectual fellow, and instantly his feeling of satisfaction vanishes. He has grown every way smaller.

Farmer B., as he rides past Neighbor Jones's, looks at his poor horse and cow, his shabby house, his rickety stable and his ragged children, and thanks the Lord that he is not like Neighbor Jones ; that his farm and stock are well kept ; that his children are well fed and clothed and sent to school ; in short, that he is well-to-do. He rides on better satisfied with himself than he was before, for has n't he just stood up beside a smaller man ?

“Men are only boys grown tall,
Hearts don't change much after all.”

An hour later he passes Mr. Smith's palatial resi-

dence and sees the family starting out with elegant equipage for a pleasure drive. He looks over the fields and sees large herds of fine imported stock, and he begins to wonder why the Lord has made things so unequal in this world, that some men should have their thousands to spend in luxuries, while others must plod and toil for a support. He is no longer the contented man we have just seen him, for he has compared himself with a bigger man.

The preacher of the gospel is liable to talk of "*his*" work and estimate it according to the world's system of comparison. If he draws greater audiences than other preachers, makes more converts and gets bigger notices in the papers, he is the biggest man of all, and his work is greatest of all. The workers around him in smaller places, at less pay, and making less noise in the world, are only little fellows and their work doesn't amount to much.

There is another great man over yonder in another city who is doing a pretty good business, and over here is another, but they are not doing it in the orthodox way and ought to be stopped. So the big preacher sometimes thinks. So Joshua thought when word was brought to Moses that Eldad and Medad were prophesying in the camp, and he said: "My Lord Moses, forbid them." Moses, with his truly great soul, was filled with a sense, not of his own superior importance, but of the majesty of God and of the work to be done for Him. He had not been comparing himself with his brethren and jealously striving to build up his own reputation as a prophet. Hear his answer: "Enviest thou for my sake? Would God that all the Lord's

people were prophets, and that the Lord would put his spirit upon them."

Paul says, of certain ones, that "They, measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves among themselves, are not wise." His comment may yet apply to many in all the different walks of life, but for no class of individuals is there any but the one perfect standard. The world has none, and can never attain to the full stature until measured by the Christian line, which is Christ. When we have learned to apply to our character his rule of measurement, and to compare our work with his work, we shall know how to estimate ourselves properly and to do justice to the character and works of our brother man.

CANDACE LHAMON.

(Selected).

THE CHRISTIAN CALLING.

The captive's oar may pause upon the galley,
The soldier sleep beneath his plumed crest,
And Peace may fold her wing o'er hill and valley,
But thou, O Christian ! must not take thy rest.

In meek obedience to thy heavenly Teacher,
Thy weary soul can find its only peace,
Seeking no aid from any human creature,
Looking to God alone for His release.

EDITORIAL.

CURRENT COMMENT.

THERE is so much of novelty in the horizon of our present stage of progress that we are prone to think "all things are become new" and that "old things are passed away"—aye, that we are "new creatures," but of Evolution rather than of God. We have the "New Chemistry," the "New Psychology," "New Theology," and *the* "New Education." So long as this appetite for novelty was confined to clothes and bric-a-brac, it seriously affected, perhaps, only the pocket-book and temper of *pater familias*. But the craze has fairly extended to matters of science and philosophy, religion and education. In matters of fashion respectable leadership is necessary, and in the craze of the "New Education," that necessity is delightfully met by Harvard College. This assures the movement honorable recognition and a fair trial. Any pathway of educational progress, however new and unfamiliar, is easy to follow, if only macropodal Harvard leads—and *of course it is safe*. As that last clause seems to be irony, let us smelt it down and investigate its somatology.

In the first place the results of an educational system are far too broad and permanent to be approxi-

mately measured within the walls of even Harvard College, or in the few years in which it is supposed to have been "tested." So when Prof. Palmer declares the advantages of the new system to be no longer "theoretic," but demonstrated in "a manlier type of character," and a "better scholarship," we may be pardoned for suspecting that he is giving us a bit of Harvardian empiricism, or at best provincialism, which is no better than that from any other source. His "type of character" is judged chiefly in its relation to a very narrow environment—the phalanstery of Harvard College. But what is the chief factor in this "manlier type of character"? Prof. Palmer points it out clearly. "The moral factor is put forward. The will is honored as of prime consequence." Just as if the great end even of individual life is to have one's own way. Does not Prof. Palmer know that the will may become a very *immoral* factor of character—nay, always becomes so unless carefully constrained and properly directed? What is the "chief factor" in the character of the pestiferous anarchist, but inordinate self-will—the "supreme individualism" which will tolerate no social "prescription"? Logically enough Harvard is compelled to grant the "elective" privilege in the matter of college life and conduct, as well as in the matter of studies, and the whole movement is a compromise with the spirit of the age that rises up against authority and prescription everywhere; and in religion and philosophy, as well as in politics, is not far from the deadline of anarchy. It is a poor time to preach the gospel of headiness. I knew a man who reared a family of sots and criminals upon the principle that boys would not develop if kept under parental restraint. They were

the "manliest" set of boys imaginable—that is, while in their teens they were proficient in chewing, drinking, swearing, fighting, and other "manly" accomplishments.

But how does Prof. Palmer determine the "better scholarship"? Simply by the class marks in Harvard College! Well, if scholarship consists in the skill with which a thing is done, without considering the nature of the thing or its application to practical ends, then the high-mark man is the scholar, whether his expertness be at juggling, wrestling, circus-riding, or gambling. He is a veritable master of an art if not "Master of Arts," and his claim to the title of "Professor," which so often scandalizes us monopolists of titles, is just. Does not Prof. Palmer see that he would make of the graduate simply the master of an art, instead of master of arts, and that his system affords no security that the art mastered shall be *useful*, especially in the broad application of that term, to humanity? The chief determining factor in its choice is not even the ultimate good, but the present inclination, of the student himself. This inclination is apt to fix upon some very immediate end—some desired thing near at hand, which contributes little to the student's success in after life, or to the good of society. Even in the "Old Education" it sometimes happened that the desire was to receive the highest mark, to be the "honor man." So the student when graduated was not "Bachelor of Arts," but master of the "art" of recitation. But the great practical world does not reckon recitation as one of its useful arts, so the "honor man" comes generally to grief. The whole marking system is a delusion to the faculty, and a snare to the student, and this confident

appeal to it by a learned educator is the most innocent thing perpetrated in all this voluminous discussion of the "New Education."

But what is this "New Education"? In the first place it is of the nature of a reformation, a rebound from the abuses of the "Old Education." All reformations, however, go to extremes. In getting away from old abuses we get as far away as possible, and so get out of all neighborhood. All revolutions involve a large percentage of fanaticism, which must ultimately be sloughed off, and there is no reason to believe that this educational revolution will be an exception. The abuses of the old system are many and intolerable enough, but the chief point of difference between the new and the old is as to who shall choose the studies; whether the faculty shall prescribe a rigid curriculum, or leave the student to choose his own line of studies within very wide limits of freedom. It is largely a theoretical point of difference; for in practice the new system is much better than its theory. Practically prescription operates in the new, but it is in the way of advice instead of command. Not only will the great majority of students act largely upon the advice of parents and teachers, but there are intellectual vogues and fashions which will determine the choice of studies as certainly and definitely as social fashions do the materials and styles of dress. So, the chief pretense of the "New Education," that it gives prominence to the will and educates the boy to choose, is vain; for so far as it cuts him off from "prescription," either in the form of authority or advice, it simply hands him over to the prevailing fashion. If the authorities at West Point should abolish a prescribed uniform for the cadets, it

•

would not amount to anything more than leaving them to the scarcely less rigid prescription of fashion.

The "New Education," therefore, is not so vicious as it pretends to be ; for even fashion, capricious as it is, and disregardful of comfort, health, or permanent fitness, is vastly better than the slovenliness and boorishness of the rustic ; and the intellectual vogue, though not above criticism, is better and safer than the crude notions and temporary fancies of the inexperienced boy. But, on the other hand, a prevailing fashion is always better than the quaint and obsolete fashions of our forefathers. This is the verdict of everybody but the foggy, and even he has not the courage of his whims, for he dresses and lives much as his neighbors do. In this respect the "New Education" is better than the "Old," for the old is simply enforcing by authority an ancient and ought-to-be obsolete fashion, while the New practically adopts the present vogue. Yet *what* a student studies is of vastly more importance than how he studies, or how he likes it ; and it has such a predominant influence in forming his character, and determining his welfare or illfare, and that of society, that it should not be left wholly to his individual choice under the guidance of prevailing fashion. Nevertheless the possible evils to be apprehended from the prevailing intellectual tendencies, even those which lead towards materialism, philistinism, and Darwinism, are less than the actual evils of the old system of prescription, with its antiquated *curricula*, which are not only musty, but *vicious*.

Many, especially clergymen, cling to "the Classics" as a supposed antidote to the profanity of modern science and literature. But if there is in them something much worse than the negative immorality of

irreverence, it would be better to proscribe than prescribe them. Yet any one who has taught Greek and Latin as much as the writer of this "Comment," knows that the classics are the very literature of violence and lust. Who can say how many of the cruel and bloody attempts to establish and perpetuate Cæsarism in modern Europe have been born of the influences of "classic" study? How many political conspiracies, plots, and revolutions have been conceived in the spirit of Catiline, engendered in the days when the boy was under the spell of the mock-heroic, and never afterward exorcised? How much of the bibulosity and lechery among cultured *men*, yet tolerated in polite society, is due to "classic" appetizers for "women and wine?" How else shall we account for the anachronic ruffianism and lawlessness which characterize and disgrace our colleges? It is a true instinct which selects a Greek letter as the badge and symbol of all manner of classic deviltry. Whatever there may be bad in modern science, it does not inflame roystering young fellows with an admiration for mighty Greek heroes, who dramatically call upon heaven and earth to witness their quarrel over the possession of a captive girl. The ascription of a "philhellenic spirit" is a doubtful compliment. Prescription in education can not long defend itself by taking its stand upon "the classics."

But the whole controversy between the "New Education" and the old hinges upon a principle, upon which all things organic and inorganic turn, and the question of studies is only a phase of its manifestation. It is the everlasting question of attraction and repulsion; sovereignty and freedom; centralization and localization; despotism and anarchy. It is the great

bottom question of all organization. There are two tendencies in the force that constitutes a solar system, an organism, or a nation ; the one securing unity, the other variety. Attraction would draw everything into the sun, and contract the whole mass of the system into a cold and motionless lump ; repulsion would drive world from world, and atom from atom, back to star mist. The cosmos depends on the coördination of these tendencies, and the triumph of either would destroy it. In the organization of society there is one tendency to draw men into the fixedness of centralization, a despotism without the definite, limited mobility which constitutes freedom ; while there is another tendency to break away from this control to the widest limits of personal freedom—to the “individualism” so much valued by the “New Educationist.” At one extreme is despotism, at the other anarchy. Between these extremes the pendulum of human government has swung back and forth in all historic time, and has never yet found the perpendicular of rest.

In our own government every great political issue has turned upon this principle. Whether it was the tariff, or slavery, or what, it was seen to rest ultimately on this question of centralization, or localization—central power *vs.* State Rights. Of the two great national parties, (which have existed from the first and must continue to exist till this principle has worked out its own adjustment,) whatever their names, or the special issues of the time, one has stood for centralization, and the other for localization ; one for a “Strong Government,” the other for “State Rights.” Each represents a tendency which if dominant and permanent would be ruinous. On the one hand the result

would be hopeless despotism, on the other equally hopeless anarchy. France has, within a century, swung very near to each of these extremes. The great problem of statesmanship in Europe and America is safely to steer the ship of state through the Messina Straits of party shore-lines, avoiding the Charybdis of all-devouring centralization on the one hand, and the Scylla of shattering localism on the other, out into the broad and peaceful Mediterranean of national destiny. That problem has never been solved, and even we are not safely through. But we are beginning to learn that each party only stands for a half-principle, and that if the partisan on either side could have his way, he would drive things to eternal smash—only by different routes. Illinois has put upon her great seal, "State Sovereignty, National Union," showing she has the idea that the proper adjustment and coördination of these two tendencies is the thing needed. But who shall give their proper combination? Who shall furnish the binomial theorem according to which these two terms shall be developed into the series of the n^{th} power of perpetual prosperity? There is not only room, but necessity, for the operation of both tendencies, and when in the end of national growth they shall be fully coördinated and harmonized, they will fill the social universe with the Urim and Thummim of Unity and Variety. At present, however, the centrifugal force, that which tends to localization, freedom, "individualism," is the aggressive and growing tendency, not only in Sociology, but in Philosophy, Theology, and now at last in Pedagogy.

To the educational system the agitation has come late. In this realm the old time authority, prescription,

despotism, long held undisputed sway. Our great educational institutions have been the paradise of conservatism, not only in the ideas of government, but of female education, scientific study, and almost all other practical matters. A controversy so long delayed is apt to be lively now that it is on, and the opportunity for the partisan to get in his work, or his word, is excellent. But let us keep cool enough to see that wisdom will not die with the "Old Educationist," nor with the "New Educationist," but that the desideratum is the coördination and harmonizing the two opposite tendencies which they represent. It is easy to point out evils which may be traced to the too exclusive dominance of the "Old," and it would be quite as easy to point out as great evils which would certainly follow the exclusive dominance of the "New." In the higher education alone, and after attaining the majority of political "individualism," should place and time be accorded to educational election; and in the College, which should hold on to the student till he is twenty at least, let prescription be the rule, while in the University (yet to be realized in America) let election be as untrammelled as possible. Thus we will ultimately conserve what is good in both, and secure a higher scholarship among specialists than yet attained (or apparently attainable) by our present system.

EVERY ray of light, though refracted and reflected—buffeted and cast off into dark and chilly space—a thousand times, "lone wandering but not lost" billions of miles from its natal spring; though caught and held a prisoner in the wooden cells of the oak, for a hundred years, till set free again on our hearthstone; though

coffined and buried a million years in the deep grave of the coalpit, until resurrected and caught up in a flaming chariot from the cheerful grate; though captured by the gypsy clouds and hurried about by errant winds till it wildly leaps to liberty in the lightning's track, if followed back along its zigzag way would lead at least to the sun.

Every thread of causation, though lost in the depths of unexplored seas; though hidden, like the string in the beads, as it runs through and binds together the countless objects of species and genera, if faithfully followed back, would surely lead to the One Great First Cause—the Fountain of Creative Energy. The three-fold cord of reason, consciousness, and conscience, though tangled and knotted from generation to generation; though stretched and strained across unfathomable chasms, has never been broken, and if retraced, would lead back to the great Center of Intellectual and Moral Power.

Every thread of real analogy upon which we may stumble is a ray of truth which leads back to the great center of truth. It is a single line of the great system of thought thoroughfares, which brings us to the grand central station where we can "change" lines for any desired point in the wide universe of truth. The universe of mind, and the universe of spirit, like the universe of matter is built upon a plan and pivoted upon a center; and when all these centers, like suns and systems in the physical universe, are harmonized and centered in *the* universe, what should we find in *that* center? Plainly the source and fountain of all the energy, the light, and life anywhere manifest—and what, or *Who*, can that be?

A Sun of Love ; a Sun of Truth ;
A Sun that warms earth's clod :—
To spirit, mind, or house of clay,
Each brings a glad and welcome day ;
Each calms a world of chaos-strife,
And quickens it to joyous life—
Blest Trinity of God.

IF there be a vegetable kingdom, we will not have far to seek for its king ; there will be found nothing to dispute the title of the tree. Nothing else could wear its crown, or claim its majesty. It is a thing for beauty and for glory ; capable of inspiring more than poetic fancy—even a reverent and worshipful spirit ; a living metaphor, lending itself gracefully to the noblest uses of song, or the higher uses of revelation. By the headwaters of the river of this mundane life, as it flashes and sparkles in Eden rivulet, yet untinged with blood, and unmixed with Marah, stands a *tree* of life ; and yonder on the plains of immortality, where it gushes in measureless volume from the throne of God, purified and sweet forever, on either side is the *Tree* of Life. Yet, after all, not beauty, nor fragrance, nor grateful shade is the chief mission of the tree.

What a world of more “ practical ” and economic uses are wrapped up in its bark—nay, so crowded that they cling to the very bark itself. How freely it gives of its tissues, its blood, and its heart, in fuel, in fiber, in furniture ; in shelter, in weapons, in medicine. Yet not any one, nor all of these combined, is the chief end of the tree ; but its chief end *is to produce fruit*. For this it germinates and grows, and battles with the storms in centuries of their campaigning. For this it spreads abroad its arms to the welcome embrace of the

Sun. But what is fruit? Simply the multiplication of itself, for every fruit is an infant tree. So with the disciple, the chief end is to bear much fruit; that is, to multiply his own saintly life. Herein is God glorified, that we bear much fruit. In this sense a corrupt tree can not bear good fruit—a bad life begets no righteous life. In this sense a good tree can not produce evil fruit—a holy life does not make another life unholy. Each after its kind.

“And your fruit shall abide.” He that multiplies his own good life in those about him, and especially in the young, sets going an influence that will go on after he has fallen on sleep. This is the immortality of the plant, and its priceless value. A corn of wheat, by this power to multiply itself—to bear fruit—is of more worth than all the gold in the mines. The sum of the Christian’s life, therefore, is not the various good things he may accomplish by himself, but the fruit he has borne, the disciples he has won by his own life. It is not his *great* mission to be an “ornament to the church,” nor to do so much of practical good, but by his beauty of character and good works to constrain others to glorify God. In this way your fruit shall abide. Look at Paul, and Luther, and Campbell.

Yet a tree grows long before it develops its fruit, and a man often wastes many years upon a cumberer of the ground before he finds its fruit to be evil. So with nations. We long cultivated the deadly Upas of slavery before we tasted of its bitter fruit. It was a pleasant tree at first; a goodly shade to our lazy bodies from the heat of the day of labor; but when its fruit had been fully tested and found to be evil, and that continually, there came forth a million choppers to cut it

down—and their axes looked strangely like swords. But so of every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit. What of the saloon? A generation ago men laughed at the idea that it would bear such deadly fruit. They who said so were prophets of evil, and were ridiculed or persecuted accordingly. But we are getting bitterer and bitterer fruit of it, and choppers in plenty are laying their axes at the root of it. Nor is there need of delay. Every great tree leaves its roots deep in the soil, a hindrance to after tillage for a long time. So of war, of slavery, and so it will be with drink. Let us hew it down in our day, and those who come after us will dig out the rotten stump and every root and fiber.

THE church of Christ has a great, and only partially accomplished mission *here*. It is the salt of *the earth*. Some think Christianity consists in getting ready and going off to heaven, and, as is customary in journeying, put off both to the last possible moment. Others have given up hope for the world entirely, and are constantly standing on "Jordan's stormy banks," looking away to the other shore; alternately singing "Hold the fort," and sighing, "Come quickly, Lord Jesus." Yet, Jesus needs us here. He prayed the Father not to take his disciples out of the world, but to keep them from evil. He did not come, as many seem to believe, to declare the world bankrupt and close out the business—to abandon it as a bad enterprise, as the French did Mexico. He came as the Captain of the world's salvation—the leader of its higher progress to glory and dominion. Read the second chapter of Hebrews, and you will find an outline of the "plan of the ages."

The church has been some eighteen centuries in this campaign of world-conquest ; a saving conquest, from the despotism and ruin of sin. Herein it is the salt of the earth—not of each convert, nor of the church, but of *the earth*. Well, what has been accomplished ? Much. The church first delivered the world, at the cost of millions of precious lives, and untold suffering, from the measureless, unspeakable cruelty of Roman despotism, and has been clearing the earth of its remnants ever since. When the barbarians poured in countless hordes from the forests of Northern Europe, and the ranks of civilization, panic-stricken, fled before them, abandoning the fields of a thousand years of progress to primitive savagery, and social chaos seemed at hand ; then the church arose in her strength and heroism and saved the world from the impending ruin. When the Mohammedans, those greedy locusts of lechery, swarmed from the deserts of the east, covering Northern Africa and Eastern and Western Europe, devouring every green thing that could give hope of harvest to the world, in bud or blossom, then the church arose in her strength and heroism and beat them back. The cross became the universal badge of the world's defenders. So the Captain of our salvation is leading on to the glorious conquest when the meek shall possess the earth. But there are many hard battles to be fought, many tides of sinful invasion to be met, many strongholds of sin to be pulled down, before that conquest is complete. Let every soldier be in ranks, and look to his badge. The crusades are not ended, and there is need of heroism.

Finally, God has a purpose personal and dear to himself in this mission and triumph of the church, namely,

to vindicate his wisdom in "the plan of the ages"—that "unto the principalities and powers in the heavenly places might be made known, through the church, the manifold wisdom of God." If the present state of the world, with its sins and sufferings, was all, it might be pronounced a failure. But it is the autumn, with its ripened fruit and harvest home, that vindicates the plan of the seasons, not the raw, chilly, doubtful spring; so it is to the autumn-time of the world, and to the ripened purposes of God, in that end of the seasons which he has reserved to his own keeping, that we must look for his vindication of his "plan of the ages." For this cherished purpose the church is God's chosen instrument.

IN THE WORKSHOPS.

THE original manuscript copy of "The Watch on the Rhine" has lately been found in Switzerland. The author, Max Schneckenburger, was a political refugee, and wrote his poems in the cemetery of a little Swiss town. The manuscript will be placed in the National Museum at Berlin.

THE popularity of Mr. Green's "History of the English People," and the cordial welcome accorded to the early volumes of Mr. McMaster's "History of the People of the United States," looks as if the readers of history were beginning to see in it something of interest besides kings and their quarrels, presidents and their doings.

NOT only is a great man a very ordinary person in the eyes of his valet, but he is also, evidently, a sad failure in the eyes of his children's dancing-master. The gentleman who teaches the art of the light fantastic to Tennyson's children, was once in conversation with the wife of the poet. He spoke of the honors which the Laureate had received, then added: "Ah, Madame, he may write fine poetry, but any one can see, with but half an eye, that his deportment was sadly neglected in his youth!"

THE SERIES of articles on "Popular Amusements" which was recently concluded in this magazine, is soon to be issued in book form from the press of the Standard Publishing Company.

A LITTLE EXCITEMENT has been occasioned recently by the charge made against the novel called "The Leavenworth Case," that its plot was taken from a story called "All for Her." Mrs. Rohlf, (formerly Miss Greene), the author of "The Leavenworth Case," thinks she should be exonerated from the suspicion of plagiarism, as she had never heard of "All for Her" until this charge was preferred.

THE FAMOUS POEM, "Curfew shall not Ring To-night," has an interesting history. It was written by Mrs. Rose Hartwick Thorpe, when she was a school-girl of sixteen. Her parents discouraged her literary ventures, and these spirited verses were written on her slate, while she appeared to be solving a problem in arithmetic. It is said that the first draft was finished in two hours, though the author afterwards

gave much time to the polishing of it. The poem has been one of the most popular of its kind in our language, has been translated into several other tongues, and has become a chief reliance of elocutionists, professional and amateur.

WE expect to present in the August number of the DISCIPLE a vigorous article from the pen of Prof. C. L. Loos, Jr., on "Literature in the Home." This is a practical question, and one to which too little attention is given, even in Christian homes. The parents who lament that their children have so little taste for good and wholesome reading, that they drink in really bad books as the drunkard swallows his liquor, or else subsist on the caramel diet of that which is merely sensational, have a heavy account to answer for. True, it is not easy to teach boys and girls to love good books and to shun bad ones. It is a strange thing, perhaps, but true nevertheless, that every result which is really worth achieving requires an effort in its attainment; but with the formation of a child's taste for real, pure literature, as with every other necessary thing, there is a way to achieve the good. There is nothing more inspiring to the boy who is taking his steps in book-reading than the sense of companionship. If some one whom he loves and admires is traveling the road with him, or has been over it before him and can prepare him to see its sights and enjoy its beauties, his interest will be increased a thousand fold. If the father can say to his son, "Yes indeed! 'Tom Brown' is a charming book. I remember how I liked it. Read it by all means!" if then he can talk over the incidents as they are passed, with school-boy enthusiasm, he will be pretty sure to

draw his son, by and by, into sympathy with him, and to be able to guide him about as he pleases in his future selections of reading. But we suspect that a good many fathers do not think about this until they find the boys deep in the forbidden ways, and with their tastes almost hopelessly vitiated. A boy's book is a boy's book to many parents until the grade reaches down to the yellow-covered variety, and then they are struck with a sudden horror. How did *their* children come to have such depraved tastes?

How grateful should be the man or woman who can look back on a childhood glorified by a parental sympathy with all its childish likings; where the best of the current juvenile literature was received and read by old and young alike, where the simpler strains of the masters of verse were repeated to the children, and the simpler stories of the masters of fiction were told to them; and where the Bible was read to them and by them, not in the way of an irksome task, but in reverence and love and cheer. Could any memory be more blessed than this? For such childhood there has been and is, as some of us know and can testify.

WHAT Paul said of spiritual gifts might be said, with almost equal truth, and, we trust, without irreverence, of literature. The familiar is better than the unknown tongue, especially when that which is unknown still purports to be English. To say commonplace things in an odd fashion, may, it is true, make for the person who says them a reputation of a certain sort. There may arise those who will pronounce him a second Emerson or a budding Carlyle, after that impressive style of comparison which Mr. Lowell has celebrated.

But the second Emerson, the budding Carlyle, will win for himself, through the whimsicalities of his speech, the cordial hatred of the very people whom he ought to help. Busy men and women who turn to books for relaxation from toil and for inspiration for future labor, have no time to spend in exploring for a verb which ought to be within speaking distance of its nominative, but which has been relegated to the other end of a sentence so complex that a reunion of the separated parts of speech can only be brought about after long and toilsome effort. The world's workers must, if they read books at all, read those which can be read with some ease and to some purpose. We remember that a wise man once said, in speaking of Lord Macaulay's style: "Whether Macaulay has taught me the art of being clear, my readers must judge; he has at least taught me the duty of trying to be clear." There is in this sentence a lesson which our second Emerson might profitably take to himself. To make one's work available in the largest possible degree to the greatest possible number, is a duty as well as an art.

Thank God for men and women of genius who are willing to use their genius for the good of the majority; thank God for men and women who make no pretensions to genius, but are willing to say things that the people need to hear, in such a way that the people can understand them; but deliver us from the would-be geniuses who seek to lay claim to greatness by means of their eccentricities,

POT-POURRI.

AT each step of progress new things come into view. These naturally attract so much attention that, if they constitute but a small percentage of all the existing features, the whole horizon seems to be new. Evidently we are under the spell of this delusion, because of the really long stride we have just taken in science, which brings so many novelties upon the scene, that it seems *all* things are so new that there is no room for the old. Yet from this higher standpoint, in our broader, clearer view of the realm of Nature, we are beginning to see that the old familiar features are vastly in the majority, and the vestiges of creative and providential power are plainer than ever.

INSTINCT never errs. To endow with reason is to expose to the liability of error, and its consequent ills. To endow with moral nature is to expose to the liability to sin, with its consequent curse. Herein is the whole philosophy of the "fall" of Adam.

IF that cosmic force lying behind the phenomena of Nature, which is the chief postulate of the Evolution Philosophy, does not contain intelligence, conscience, and conscious personality, then its products are higher than itself. Mr. Spencer has derived from it, and embodied in himself, more than it ever possessed. Agnosticism is not the essence of Spencer, though it may be of his philosophy; *he* is refreshingly and puzzlingly *gnostic*—even *autognostic*.

A CLEAN penny has more purchasing power of the real bread of human life than a dirty dollar; a penny spent for the good of man and the glory of God will bring more interest in the coming years than a dollar consumed on our lusts.

MUCH of the effort that is put forth in interpreting systems of philosophy, and making exposition of some man's metaphysics, is simply a bootless endeavor to see how things look to a man who has gotten clear out of the world.

IT may be true that altruism is only a form of selfishness, after all. It may be only egoism seeking its end in a roundabout way; but what harm comes of seeking one's own highest good, if one takes everybody along to enjoy it?

MONEY! *Money!!* MONEY!!! How mad are men for money! Yet it is that for which most precious things are sold, and can never be bought back. You may sell your integrity for a dollar, but a million could not buy it again. You may barter your chastity for a sovereign, but the revenues of all the sovereigns of earth can not repurchase it. You can sell your soul to the devil for a dime, but the world would not redeem it. Go into the market and offer to buy happiness, respect, and love. Those who do so are counted for fools and swindled with counterfeits by practiced sharpers. Gold can not buy a pennyweight of genuine happiness, a grain of respect, an atom of love, or an instant of life. That which has so much power to

damn and none to redeem should be handled with great care. Money is the devil's dynamite.

FROM her island couch in the summer seas,
Mid her royal guards of the tropic trees,
Uprose with the dawn the awakened breeze,

And clothed herself with a mantle of mist,
As a long farewell to the waves she kissed,
Though what she did not a wavelet wist.

Then from their faces she softly swept
The tears the disconsolate flowers had wept,
For very loneliness, while she slept,

And lading her garments with thick perfume,
A tribute of love from their realm of bloom,
She sped away to avert the doom

Of death, and the woe of wintry war,
Which hung o'er these northern lands afar,
Where now all living splendors are.

Was conquest ever so wisely planned?
Was war ever waged with such gentle hand?
Did victory ever so crown a land?

ARE WE not a little too hard on "gush"? Is it
not better to waste enthusiasm than to have be-
come incapable of feeling it?

THERE is a vast deal gained by taking the broadest
possible view. There are some persons to whom
human life seems a bright and pleasant road, because

they fix their eyes on its destination ; there are others who can think of nothing but the dust and the wear on shoe-leather, because they are always looking down at their feet.

THERE is no real loneliness for us when we feel the divine companionship. Do you suppose that John, on the Isle of Patmos, felt the bitterness of exile, when he looked into the face of Him on whose breast he had leaned, and for whose sake he suffered ? Something of the same forgetfulness of hardship must be gained by the missionaries of to-day ; for exile from the world for Christ often becomes, through the quickening of the spiritual nature, a closer companionship with Him.

IF I should die upon the morrow ;—
If this blurred record of my earthly life,
The story of its good and ill, its peace and strife,
Should close here, and an angel write "The End"
On its last page, would you, my long-known friend,
The volume close with bitter sorrow ?

And yet, why should you mourn at leaving
The tale half done ? Why should you shed a tear,
When all the good that has been written here
Is copied on a broad and stainless page,
Where not one word can e'er be dimmed by age ?
Should this be cause for pain and grieving ?

Nay, not by tears is love rewarded !
Let me, then, rather turn from self, and say,
If now the book were closed, and put away,

Could you then say, as honest words are said:
"I fain would write again one line I read
In the brief story here recorded"?

WE think that we have outgrown Mother Goose, and the queer logic of her queer children; we laugh when we remember the interest with which we used to regard the ridiculous old lady who wanted to sweep the cob-webs from the sky with a broom. But are we not all trying to clear the clouds, cob-web fashion, from the moral sky, with the besoms of our own notions and opinions? Every other man one meets just now is certain that he has found a plan by the use of which he can brush away the last vestiges of socialism; and each rides off triumphantly on his own particular broom-stick, and brushes away in happy ignorance of the futility of his efforts.

A CLIMBING morning-glory crept
The window lattice through;
Among its glossy leaves there slept
A bud, all gemmed with dew.

The sun outside the lattice smiled;
Its smile a message spoke;
And, by the light and warmth beguiled,
The tiny blossom woke.

It woke, and cheered us for awhile,
And then it slept once more;
And yet the sun still seemed to smile
As kindly as before.

I thought of how a human flower
Once made the morning bright,
And how, before the noon-tide hour,
It faded from our sight.

O little flower that bloomed and slept !
O kindly sun that smiled !
As Thou Thy frailest flowers hast kept,
Dear God, keep Thou Thy child !

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE Standard Publishing Company has just put forth a little volume of 160 pages, on "The Trials and Crucifixion of Christ." The author is A. P. Stout, of Indianapolis, who has also published "Journeys and Deeds of Jesus," and "Chronology of Christ's Life." These titles sufficiently indicate, what this volume abundantly shows, that the writer has made a special study of what we may call the objective life of Christ—what he said, and did, and suffered. The little book is evidently the product of a vast amount of patient research and untiring industry, and presents in compact form and original fashion much interesting information. While we might be disposed to question some of the positions taken with respect to minor details, we have no question of the value of the work, as a treasury of facts and explanations concerning the most important facts in history.

Two pages are given up to a condensed "Chronological Synopsis of the Trials and Crucifixion of Christ," in which each event is named in its order of occurrence, and the gospel, or gospels, in which it is found, is given. Full-page diagrams are given of Palace of Caiaphas, illustrative of Jesus before Annas, Sanhedrists, and of Peter's Denials; of the Council Chamber, illustrating the Saviour's Trial before the Sanhedrin; and four of Herod's Palace, representing various scenes in the progress of the trial of Jesus. About forty pages are devoted to a "Historical Appendix," which seems to furnish everything, biographical and otherwise, necessary to the full comprehension of the matters in hand.

A few pages at the last are occupied with a "Eulogy of Pontius Pilate," which is full of pathos and power, whatever we may think of the Roman governor. The book sells for one dollar, and is well worth the money—especially to preachers and Sunday-school teachers.

"THE OLD-PATH PULPIT" is a volume of "Original Doctrinal Sermons," by F. G. Allen, Editor of *The Apostolic Guide*. It is published by the Guide Publishing Co., Covington, Ky., and contains 300 pages. It is well printed, neatly bound, and sells for \$2. The book is *dedicated* "to all preachers of the gospel of Christ who love the 'Old Paths' and desire to walk in them." The preface is a little too much in the nature of an apology, and curiously winds up with a solemn commitment of the book to the "providential *protection*" of God. Yet the volume is not so very Cain-like that it should need a protection mark upon it; on

the contrary it seems to be of excellent spirit, and calculated to make friends, and even win enemies.

The collection comprises eighteen sermons, mainly on those doctrinal subjects which have occupied our attention so much for half a century. In dealing with these the author is clear, plain, and Scriptural; and has produced a body of sermons which may be read with especial profit by those who are unfamiliar with our doctrinal literature, or who have been confused by the sectarian errors of the day. The portrait which embellishes the front is said to be a good likeness, and represents a noble-looking man.

"KANT'S ETHICS," a little book just published, by President Porter, of Yale College, is not the easiest reading to be found, yet it is just that sort of reading which every professional man, at least, should indulge in. Besides the mental exercise, which profiteth much, the book furnishes an excellent synopsis not only of Kant's Ethics, but of the whole philosophical system of the great metaphysician. American readers will be glad to welcome an exposition of this celebrated, complex, and apparently contradictory philosophy, by one so competent and conscientious as President Porter. So well has he performed the task that, notwithstanding some obscure—almost Kantian—paragraphs, and a little vain repetition, the careful reader may grasp the fundamental principles of Kant's elaborate system, and fairly estimate their value.

According to Kant, neither the "Speculative Reason" nor the "Practical Reason," lays hold of real things. They perceive phenomena not *noumena*. They know neither mind nor matter in themselves. They

reach both the *ego* and the *non-ego* only by an inference. But the inference is the work of the "Practical Reason," not of the "Speculative." It is the function of the latter simply to give the "Categorical Imperative," to proclaim from the darkness of some Sinai the universal monologue, *Do duty*; taking no account of the presence or absence of subjects, but simply addressing the command, "To whom it may concern." It is the office of the "Practical Reason" to discover the subject of this "Categorical Imperative" and so arrive at the reality of the *ego*. "I ought, therefore I am," is the logic that vouches for the soul as a reality—a *noumenon*. Having made this discovery, Practical Reason, as master of ceremonies, introduces the subject "at court," not in person, of course, (for that is contrary to the etiquette of the exclusive despot Speculative Reason,) but by photograph, as it were. But no matter; the existence of the *ego* is recognized by the Speculative Reason, and its freedom is established by the same logic. "I ought, therefore I can," is the plea offered by the Practical Reason at the throne of the Categorical Imperator, which he graciously accepts, and so grants the freedom of the *ego*.

In this chief position Kant differs from the whole Intuitional School of psychologists, which is so popular just now, and is represented by so many learned and accomplished men. He differs from President Porter, who holds that the existence of the soul is a datum of consciousness, an *apriori* Intuition. President McCosh teaches the same doctrine. In his preface to Prof. Baldwin's translation of Ribot's "German Psychology of To-day," he says, "More specifically we know self as existing, as having being. We know

it as having being independent of our observation of it." Now if the Intuition School, thus ably represented, is correct; if we are conscious of the existence of the soul, if we thus know it as a *noumenon* how is it possible that there are many who deny its existence as such? Certainly a datum of human consciousness can not be a matter of controversy. Yet so brilliant a man as Frederick Harrison, and other able men, can argue, in apparent sincerity, that what we call the soul is simply a "Consensus of faculties;" that is, it is not a *noumenon* at all, but only a bundle of phenomena. Plainly the Intuitionists are wrong. What we are really conscious of is our perceptions, thoughts, and emotions, and the *ego* is an inference upon the basis of cause and effect, whether the basis is *a priori* or *a posteriori*. Much of this error is the result of the unwarranted handling of terms. Philosophers of this school make the term "consciousness" a very elastic thing, and readily inflate it for any height of metaphysical ballooning. They say that we are not only conscious of the impressions made upon us by external objects, but that we are conscious of the objects themselves.

In this matter Kant is right: we do not know things in themselves. We deal directly with phenomena, not *noumena*. But his philosophy here, as elsewhere, is the victim of allegory and analysis. His Speculative Reason and Practical Reason, though capitalized, and almost personified, can not be two kinds of Reason, but simply reason dealing with, or attempting to deal with, two things. In the first it seeks to deal with *noumena*, and nothing comes of it; in the second it deals with phenomena and so much comes of it that the reality of

the *noumena* is established. His analysis is so careless and artificial that he fails to get the parts all in place again in his synthesis. In his ethical scheme he finds no place for the emotions. It is all a matter of Intellect and Will ; or Will and Intellect. He recalls the boy who took the watch to pieces, and had many parts left out on every attempt to put it together again. Kant is peculiarly unfortunate in that in his synthesis he always leaves out (and seems ultimately to have lost) the mainspring of all morality—the Emotions.

The old philosopher realized this defect at last, and sought to remedy the defect by attaching the mainspring to the outside of the case, in very awkward fashion. While the desires were to have no place as a moral factor, and happiness as a motive would vitiate the action, and destroy the possibility of duty, still he admitted that the virtuous soul deserved happiness. The merited reward of holiness is happiness in its fullest sense, but inasmuch as holiness is the submission of the soul to the moral imperative without any contrary desire—without the friction of perversity, its realization requires a practically limitless time. Thus he establishes *Immortality*. A reward that requires eternity to earn is certainly far enough away not to interfere overmuch with present choice. Again, this demands a Dispenser of awards to virtue, but just what time he will have for this ceremony after the endless process of becoming holy is completed is not pointed out. Kant calls this awarder God ; though he robs him of all dignity except the bestowing of these rewards—that of paymaster. But even this God we can not hope to meet till the end of an immortal career. He does not, and can not walk with us. He is very far from every

one of us, and is no present help in any time of need.

Kant's system of Ethics is not only cold and colorless, but if fully accepted would lead one to abandon the world, and seek, in ascetic contemplation, to get away from the tumult and hindrance of the desires, as the best condition under which to hear distinctly the "Categorical Imperative," and to bring the soul into that complete subjection to it which is the holiness that merits reward. There is a larger element of Oriental mysticism in his philosophy than even his critics yet suspect.

THE CHILDREN'S HALLELUJAH! Have you heard it? It is beautiful to look upon, and even if one can not sing, it would be a delight to hold the neat little bright-leaved book in your hand and read the words; for it is full of real poetry. And it is nearly all home-made, and the happy pictures—the poetic figures I mean—are neither cheap chromos, nor yet hand-painted, but heart-painted. The title-page is a "joy forever," in two colors; and the musically inclined boy or girl will feel like working the jaw forever in the pleasure of the new music with which its nearly two hundred pages abound.

The first song is from the rhythmic pen of my editorial colleague, Jessie H. Brown, and is entitled "The Children's Hallelujah;" but whether it takes name from the book, or gives name to it, no one will stop to inquire; for he will be enthused to sing right on till he gets through the book. Among the galaxy of poets thus nobly leadered, are the familiar names of D. R. Lucas, Peter Vogel, H. R. Trickett, Grace Glenn, A. P. Cobb, Marie R. Butler, C. M. Fillmore, George F. Hall and Chas. Blanchard. The music is chiefly by J.

H. Rosecrans and the tuneful Fillmores, led off by the genial Jas. H. My old Iowa friend and brother, J. H. Painter, comes in with two pieces, made out and out, poetry and music, by himself. The sentiment and melody are as sweet and fragrant as the summer winds that wander over his beloved prairies, and *as healthful*.

There must be something magically musical, or musically magical, about those cabalistic initials, J. H. There is J. H. Fillmore-Rosecrans-Painter-Brown. They must stand for Joyfully Harmonical, or Jubilantly Hymnological, or words to that effect. "What's in a name?" Why, Shakespeare, much every way, but most musicwise. Well, this may be nonsense, but in sober truth here is the freshest, newest Sunday-school song-book out, and the best you ever saw—"The Children's Hallelujah," published by Fillmore Brothers, 185 Race St., Cin., O.

TRUE BEAUTY IS HEART DEEP.

Dost think her fair? The truant blushes play
On velvet cheeks, and tresses, sunlit, stray
Impatient of control, bewitching strewn
For fascination round the radiant zone.

Eyes deep, yet brimming full of passion's fire,
And lips whose dewy freshness wake desire,
Lend countless charms, but set the fancy free
To weaving spells of dangerous potency.

'T is not enough that every outward part
Is proudly perfect, if the stubborn heart
Yields not to love, or mercy's gentle tone,
But centers all in self, unblest, alone.

The passion-flowers of sin alone may bloom
Within the garden of the soul, and doom
It all to drouth, though flattery should rain
Unceasing showers on its arid plain.

Nor yet can beauty, nor surpassing grace,
Of form or manner, hide all outward trace
Of sinful currents, though they darkly roll
Their bitter waters through the inmost soul.

B. J. RADFORD.

129

IAN
25
1887

LITERATURE IN THE HOME.

It needs not that I should refer here and now to the importance of cultivating a taste for reading. The world admits that. "All the world reads." Solomon's most buoyant imagination could never have pictured such a deluge of reading matter as now overwhelms the civilized part of this globe. Since those primeval days of papyrus and birchbark and parchment there has been a progress beyond the conception of the wisest and most far-seeing prophet. It has been computed that we now have at least twenty-five thousand new books made every year. The library in the British Museum has one million, one hundred thousand volumes, and the Bibliotheke Nationale of Paris contains three million books. Every village has its steam printing press. Periodicals multiply, and the best turn out their second, third and fourth editions. Literature overflows and breaks through its ancient banks; it percolates through every stratum of society; it splashes over our thresholds, and the attempt to keep it out is like Mrs. Partington's attempt to sweep back ocean's wave with her broom; it meets us on the streets and on the lines of travel; it is forced upon us everywhere. This is the undeniable proof that "we are a reading people." This enormous supply would not exist were it not justified by an insatiable demand. The question is not, therefore, Shall literature be introduced into the house? It is there now. Neither is it necessary to speak of the

kind of literature that should be brought about our fire-sides. We are all agreed on that. No mind is so depraved as to argue that bad literature in the home is not vicious and corrupting. The real question is, How shall we create in our homes a demand for that which is good in literature? You all do know this, viz: That kind of literature which is demanded in a home is sure to get there. Given a taste acquired, surreptitiously or otherwise, and that taste will find wherewithal to feed itself, contend against as you may. If a taste for vicious literature is once formed, you may hurl against it all the anathemas in the vocabulary. You may place all the interdictions you can. You may prohibit it, and suppress it, forbid its crossing your threshold, spit upon it, rend it, burn it, get angry, shed tears over it, break your heart over it, and " 't will not down." Its ghost, its actual presence, will haunt you still. You will find it hidden in your daughter's private cabinet, in your son's trunk, behind the kitchen cupboard or under the barn floor. In the "wee sma' hours" while you are sleeping, your children will be hungrily reading, and at every convenient interval during the hours of daylight this conveniently bound poison will be produced and devoured. The inordinate, crazy, craving appetite is there and will be fed. How shall we prevent the formation of this desire, which leads to damnation? If children are taught to read they will read something, and they will acquire some sort of literary taste. The exceptions to this rule are few. Let no man comfort himself with the lazy conviction that his children care for no reading at all. I can barely conceive of a parent whose heart is so calloused as to take comfort from such an assurance.

The province of this paper is to impress the importance of commencing early to develop in a child's mind a taste for that which is good and pure in literature. Of course this work is primarily to be done at home; but (first) has the church nothing to do with it? I have spoken before of the close relationship between the work of the church and the home. The church's work is the saving of souls in the eternal hereafter; but this involves the perfection of a man's moral life in this world, and any factor which tends to the perfection of a moral life must be a legitimate means for the church's use. I suppose there still exist men who, like the fourteenth century commentator on Solomon's text, "Of making many books there is no end," etc., believes that the only books which Christians should read are "the bokis of hooli Scripture" and "other bokis that bene nedeful for the understanding of hooli Scripture." But this will not do for the Christianity of to-day, which has left the narrow confines of ritualistic limits, and goes out into the every day walks of life and finds there not all bad, but much that is good. There is a morality that is as old as the world, older than the Bible, a spontaneous outgrowth of humanity. "Patience, diligence, steadiness of purpose, and application, submission to authority, respect for superiors and the rights of others, cleanliness of person, good manners, self-control, truthfulness, honesty, etc., these have been cultivated and written about wherever man existed. They are not peculiar to Christianity, but to man. They are cultivated at home and in the street, in the public lecture, in business intercourse, in the court room, the jury box and the school-room. No one questions their usefulness. Catholics and Protestants,

Orthodox and Liberal, Jew and Agnostic, find themselves "here perfectly agreed." And that literature which would truthfully "hold the mirror up to nature, show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure," must be the exponent of this morality or forfeit its right to its name and place. This morality has been called secular, and the state is immensely concerned to secure through its cultivation a nation of peaceable, virtuous and law-abiding citizens. I suppose this sort of morality would exist if there were no church. It is really a part of the constitution of the universe. It will not save a man; it is not sufficient to bring about the perfection of morality in a community; but the church should foster it, and from this foundation build a man up to a knowledge of that higher and better code of morals which takes hold on his soul and saves him forever. Therefore let those who administer, teach and preach Christianity, whether in the pulpit or out of it; if they would be apostles of morality among the people, foster every means which shall tend to bring about this morality. Not the least among these is the love for the good and pure in literature.

The church also has need of a higher intelligence among the brethren, an intelligence that reaches higher than a simple knowledge of reading, writing and arithmetic. The way of righteousness is plain and easily comprehended. "A wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein." Nevertheless it is better for him not to be a fool. Intelligence is the handmaid of religion, and a mind full of active, sound thought is splendid soil wherein to sow the Word. Activity and soundness of thought in the minds of the brethren produce

activity and soundness of action among them. The pastor's work would be far less difficult if he had to deal with a flock the majority of whom were actuated by a wholesome, wide-awake love for the true, the beautiful and the good, as they had learned it from studying the thoughts of great and good men, those "great thoughts that stand like church spires among village cots."

I am not pleading for anything like pedantry among the brethren, nor for that sort of pseudo intelligence which makes a man conceited, nor for those vapid, shallow-pated self-righteous arguers who, having heard of the "Pierian spring," are too lazy to visit, much less drink deeply of, its vitalizing waters, yet do not hesitate to put on the air of great learning and talk oracularly, and cultivate a keen scent for an argument. The groundlings gap and stare and wonder at them. The Sunday-school teacher dreads to see one of them come into his class, and the preacher has a righteous horror of them. Often, too often, they succeed in neutralizing the good results of years of devotion to zealous work by their brethren. Let no such man or woman be trusted. I advocate the cultivation of a taste for the good and the pure in literature because of its bearing upon the life, happiness and success of the church, through the life, liberty and happiness of its members. It is hard for a minister to keep his sermons abreast with the front rank of the age's advancement, to write and speak with that purity of language and dignity of expression which intelligent critics demand, and at the same time suit that other class who are ever ready and willing and anxious to cry out against him for preaching over the heads of his audience. I

have heard sermons that "pictured out the nobleness of the speaker's soul and perfection of his thought" in good plain Anglo-Saxon, too, preached to audiences in which not more than three or four seemed to have any appreciation of the wonderful power of God's Word, so impressively uttered. After all, it is these bright, active, intelligent and willing workers that keep a church from being a "Hell of the Lukewarm." Therefore it is that the more its members read of that which is good and true the stronger the church will be.

This work should begin with the children at home. There is a time in the life of every child who has learned to read, when it is as easy for him to like a good book as a bad one. It is when he has just penetrated the mysteries of the printed page, and the newly acquired power is a delight to him, anything that he can read he will read gladly—he is sure to read something. Whether you take an interest in him or not, and in an astonishingly short time, he will have formed a taste for some sort of literature. This is inevitable. A cultivated taste is the sure result from the study of any literature, and the taste will be in kind with the literature studied. Impure taste results from the reading of impure literature; and a love and desire for that which is good comes from the reading of good books. When a child has learned to read he stands on the shore of an immeasurable ocean, whose waves constantly toss within his reach innumerable volumes of literature good and bad. Poverty is not in his way, for the poorest child can get them; two or three cents, at most a dime, will buy any one of them, and the good is just as cheap as the bad. Money and energy has been abundantly spent to make these volumes available. Experience has

taught me that just at this point it is as easy to develop a pure taste as an impure one. All that is necessary is to have the proper books within reach. Too frequently the home library offers him no books at all except such as he can not possibly appreciate, and this newly awakened appetite finds wherewith to feed itself in other pastures. Too many parents labor hard to ground their children well in the bread and butter studies, while they entirely neglect to see to it that they learn to love that which is true and beautiful and good. So the child is left to acquire whatever sort of library taste the fates may have in store for him ; if he happens upon the right way the parents take it as a matter of course ; if he goes the wrong road, they stop work long enough to say that " something ought to be done to put an end to the publication of so much vicious literature." They condemn the press, the post office and public library, and everything but themselves. Having rested quietly in the conviction that in this desperately utilitarian age there is no time to develop in the child's mind its latent taste for that which is good, they have simply allowed Satan free course to run and be glorified, and he has done it. The powers of darkness are active here as well as everywhere else. There are exceptions, but the average youthful mind tends toward a vitiated taste "as the sparks fly upward." Teach a boy to read and then turn him loose to wander at will in the wilderness of literature and it won't be long till he will like the "Pirate of the Blood Gulch" better than his dinner or the Bible, and his tastes, as shown by his actions, will be bull-dog pistols, bowie-knives, and highway robbery. His aspirations will be to be a blood-thirsty murderer and cow-

ardly thief like Jesse James, or a precocious, vicious, exaggeration of villainy and malice like Peck's Bad Boy. Examples are not wanting to illustrate the baneful effects of this vitiated literary taste. It has not been long since three boys, all under fifteen years of age, were arrested somewhere in Wisconsin for stealing, general villainy and arson, setting fire to valuable property belonging to the father of one of them. The oldest, who seemed to be the leader and worst, was asked by the judge what prompted him, the son of wealthy, respected and kind parents, to do such deeds. His reply was: "I am Peck's bad boy, I am, and don't you forget it." The other day when the actor who played Peck's Bad Boy in Cincinnati on Sunday was arrested, he was followed to the station-house by a large crowd of admiring and sympathizing boys. Impure taste means impure thought, impure heart, and impure life. There is no vice that can be compared with it in strength or in virulence. It can outlive and kill a thousand virtues; it can corrupt the most generous heart; it can madden the strongest intellect, and it is the most difficult to conquer. There are able men who use their literary talent for bad ends; vicious, violent men, who would shed abroad "the bitter waters of political strife," who delight in developing and encouraging sectional prejudice and hate, and the rancors and atrocities of faction. Their books make men unreasonable and discontented, make them cry out against God and man, give men "affections like a sick man's appetite," to desire most that which they should not have. This literature is the fruitful source of strikes, mobs and rebellions.

Then there is literature that is light and fashionable,

which begets society evils, youthful excess and imprudence, sensual indulgence, heartless dissipations, cruel seductions, selfish extravagance, and "all the glittering curses that blast the summit of human fortune with perpetual barrenness." All these have no effect on a healthy literary appetite; their venom is neutralized and does no harm. That which we call English Literature derives its title to the name only from the most delicate and refined morality. The most gifted poet could never draw out a tragic effect from an incident which admitted the smallest tendency to an immoral principle. It has been said that "a criticism of literature is generally a treatise on morality." You may place a vicious man in judgment over the reproduction of a drama or the reading of a literary work, and you will find that while vice controls his actions, it will not control his judgment. He will applaud that which is good and condemn that which is bad. The legitimate sphere of literature is the moral world, and the ideal beautiful of the moral world is a perfect virtue, hence there is a complete similarity between the impression which virtue makes and that sentiment which is produced by whatever is sublime in the productions of the finer arts. The contemplation of a masterpiece in statuary, a beautiful painting, or a lovely landscape, or the hearing of the harmony of music, transports us with an enthusiasm which is wonderfully similar to the admiration which we feel for a generous, heroic or virtuous deed. Abnormal, unnatural productions may surprise us into a momentary feeling of pleasure, but the genuine operations of the mind can only dwell on order, regularity and virtue. So the genuine, the masterpieces in literature, produce a kind of moral

emotion, which incites us to the performance of generous deeds. The writer, therefore, with the truest instinct, when choosing between different expressions, prefers that one which suggests the purest thought. His taste chooses between these expressions in the same manner as his mind ought to determine respecting the actions of life. Just as much, therefore, as you contribute toward the formation of a pure literary taste in the mind of a child, so much have you contributed toward making virtue in him a voluntary impulse, which impels him irresistibly along the path of rectitude. As a child, he will love right and do right urged on by this impulse in his blood, rather than by the fear of punishment; and as a man, he will be actuated by the same motive. Surely "this were a consummation devoutly to be wished."

A house without books has been called a "literary Sahara." We are a reading people, but there are many of these deserts. There will be furniture, pictures, ornaments, but no library. What wonder that the children are "intellectual starvelings." Mr. Beecher never spoke more wisely than when he said the following about books in the home: "We form judgments of men from little things about their houses, of which the owner perhaps little thinks. In earlier years, when traveling in the West, where taverns were scarce, and in some places unknown, and every settler's house was a place of entertainment, it was a matter of some importance and some experience to select wisely where you should put up; and we always looked for flowers. If there were no trees for shade, no patch of flowers in the yard, we were suspicious of the place. But no matter how rude the cabin, or rough the surroundings,

if we saw that the window held a little trough of flowers, and that some vines twined about strings let down from the eaves, we were confident that there was some taste and carefulness in the log cabin. In a new country, where people have to tug for a living, no one will take the trouble to raise flowers unless the love of them is pretty strong; and this taste blossoming out of a plain and uncultivated people, is itself a clump of harebells growing out of a cleft in the rock. We were seldom misled. A patch of flowers came to signify kind people, clean beds, and good bread. But in other states of society, other signs are more significant. Flowers about a rich man's house may signify only that he has a good gardener, or that he has refined neighbors and does what he sees them do. But men are not accustomed to buy *books* unless they want them. If on visiting the house of a man of slender means, we find that he contents himself with cheap carpets and very plain furniture in order that he may purchase books, he rises at once in our esteem. Books are not made for furniture, but there is nothing else that so beautifully furnishes a house. The plainest row of books that cloth or paper ever covered, is more significant of refinement than the most elaborately carved side-board. Give us a house furnished with books rather than furniture. Both, if you can, but books at any rate. To spend several days in a friend's house and hunger for something to read, while you are treading on costly carpets, and sitting on luxurious chairs, and sleeping upon down, is as if one were bribing your body for the sake of cheating your mind. Is it not pitiable to see a man growing rich augmenting the comforts of home and lavishing money on ostentatious upholstery, upon

the table, upon everything but what the soul needs? We know of many and many a rich man's house where it would not be safe to ask for the commonest English classic. A few garish annuals upon the table, a few pictorial monstrosities, together with the stock of religious books of his persuasion, and that is all; no poets, no biographies, no select fiction, no legendary lore, but the wall-paper cost three dollars a roll and the carpet cost four dollars a yard. Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A house without books is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books. It is a wrong to his family. He cheats them. Children learn to read by being in the presence of books. The love of knowledge comes with reading and grows upon it. And the love of knowledge in a young mind is almost a warrant against the inferior excitement of persons and vices. Let us pity those poor rich men who live barrenly in bookless houses. Let us congratulate the poor, that in our day books are so cheap. Among the earliest ambitions to be excited in clerks, workingmen, journeymen, and indeed among all that are struggling up in life from nothing to something, is that of owning and constantly adding to a library of good books. It is a man's duty to have books. A library is not a luxury, but a necessity."

I think I have said enough now to show that the true service of literature in a home is not simply to afford amusement for an idle hour, but that its end and aim should be the proper development of a true and high personal character, and the utilizing of one's own acquirements in the work of making other men better and nobler than they are. This should be impressed

earnestly upon parents, diligently inculcated in young minds, and made a prominent part of the home work. Much might be said about what books to read; the best time to read; how much to read; remembering what you read; what to skip; what books to own, etc., etc., but my paper is already too long;

C. L. L. JR.

PICTURED IN SUMMER.

Ye tall clouds of summer that rise in the distance,
Like snow-covered mountains of measureless height,
Ye seem to me often to tower unto heaven,
And stand with your brows in the regions of light.

And oft as I gaze on your far-distant summits—
No longer of earth-hues, but gleaming in white,
I fancy that angels are playing upon them
Where I might behold if I had but the sight.

Ah, fancy of boyhood! a man I still hold it—
It pictures so grandly a truth I believe:
*Heaven's glories are often in plain view, if only
Our dim eyes could see, what our Faith doth conceive.*

WM. A. KNIGHT.

JO GUZZLE'S MISSION.

In a wretched old house on a dirty street,
Where the odors were neither few nor sweet,
Where nature furnished her free cologne
And sensitive people passed with a groan,
Old Jo Guzzle had pitched his tent,
Or in plainer parlance came and went,
While his poor, old, heart-crushed, suffering wife
Earned the scant means for sustaining life ;
And by patiently toiling day by day,
Just kept the gaunt demon of want at bay.

Old Jo was ragged and lazy and mean
As any "dead-beat" you have ever seen ;
He was drunken and worthless and vile and low,
As the veriest wretch in the realms below ;
To the race of mortals a foul disgrace ;
While his muddled brains and his bloated face,
And his bloodshot eyes and his noisome breath,
Were enough to turn the stomach of death !

Some thought he might serve as a suitable sign
For some vendor of beer and native wine,
As a finished specimen of his wares,
Fit to exhibit at all the fairs,—
A master-piece of his curséd work,
Which the devil himself might view with a smirk,

As a sample fresh from the grog-seller's den
Of what he can make of the sons of men !

But the rummies, even, despised old Jo,
As he was bandied to and fro,—
With never a friend to go his bail,—
From his wretched home to the friendly jail.
Yet still he lived while the years swept by,
And though such a nuisance he would not die ;
And the earth grew sick that so foul a thing
Should breathe the breath of the gladsome spring,
Or pollute the air of the wintry night,
Or walk abroad in the golden light.

“ What is he good for ? ” the multitude said ;
“ Why should the city furnish him bread ?
If he were a decent, respectable dog—
If he were an ox, or a horse, or a hog—
Or that nameless beast with the wealth of ears,
He might then have claims among his *peers* ;
But meaner now than the beasts of earth,
O tell us, what is the poor wretch worth ? ”
But still the conundrum remained unguessed,
And still the city endured the pest.

But ours is a brilliant, inquisitive age,
And to clear up old mysteries is the rage ;
And at last the marvel has been revealed
And why Jo lived is no longer concealed ;
And be it mine in this simple rhyme
To blazon it high on the scroll of time,
That mortals no more may vainly guess
And grope in a mazy wilderness,

But all may see and feel and know
The mission of Guzzle here below.

We'd forgotten to tell you that poor old Jo
Had never learned either A or O,
And as for writing, 't was so complex
He only learned how to make an X;
But Jo had learned politics on the street,
From the statesmen who in the grog-shop meet.
He had learned the great laws which govern trade,
And how splendid fortunes are quickly made
By the merchant-princes who peddle beer,
With a gambling-hell attached in the rear.
He had learned the strength of his country's laws
By feeling full oft how the "halter draws;"
The worth of a freeman's vote he knew,
For his own he had bartered times not a few,
It was always good for a glass of beer,
And a "whisky straight" every other year.

But Jo's poor wife, when her life was bright,
In the golden day when her heart was light,
Before she was tied to this drunken fool,
Had been the pride of the village school;
And now in her pathway, weak and sad,
The only joy which the poor woman had
As along life's pathway she meekly trod,
Was to read the sweet words of the blessed God,
And to claim each promise which He has given
To His faithful ones of a home in heaven.

And so she toiled from year to year
Hoping often that heaven was near,

And that light through the murky clouds would break
And the blessed Lord would her spirit take.
Yet she lost no chance of doing good,
That the Master might say, "She hath done what she
could,"
When His eyes should read from the Book of Life
Each good deed done in this world of strife.

And this sad-hearted woman used to think
That the dens where they sold the drunkard's drink
Were gates of perdition—places fell—
Where men were fitted for homes in hell;
Where Satan sowed broad-cast the seeds of crime
That sheaves he might reap at the end of time.

You may think Jo's notions were crude at the best,
But he thought the glorious home of the blest
Was a land where the rivers were flowing with beer,
Where each one might drink and no lock-up fear;
Where brandy and wine filled the brooks and the rills,
And gin bubbled up from each spring in the hills;
Where whisky and rum were as free as the air,
And pipes and tobacco were everywhere.

With the portraits before us of staggering Jo
And his wife, I am sure I can everyone show
What he was good for, and why such as he
Should live in this land of the brave and the free:
You never might guess all the days of your life,
'Twas to speak, and to act, and to vote for his wife.

CORYDON E. FULLER.

[Christian Thought.]

THEN AND NOW; OR, THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY AND THE NINETEENTH.

[Delivered before the Summer School of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, at Asbury Park, N. J., July 24th, 1885, by Ransom Bethune Welch, D.D., LL.D., Auburn Theological Seminary.]

If "history is philosophy teaching by example," my subject comes quite within the range of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy. No present is wholly dis severed from the past or from the future. There are, however, periods where the lines are more direct and traceable; and, where the lessons are specially sure and serviceable—crises in the life and language and literature and laws and religion of a people—when the past is modified, and merged into a new and nobler future. Germinal periods are these, having the promise and the potency of all the time to come.

Such a period was the fourteenth century in its relation not only to the English people, then; but to the English-speaking millions, now. To-day, the English-speaking population of the globe numbers not less than one hundred millions. In the Eastern and the Western hemispheres they are found on every continent, massed, or moving into every zone from the Equator to the Pole.

"With the swing of conquest," as Gen. Grant aptly remarked, they are pushing their way, perhaps into popular and permanent leadership, under two

rival but friendly flags—"The Union Jack" and "The Star-spangled Banner"—both Christian; both Protestant. In the words of Mr. Gladstone's letter, dated Whitehall (London), October 4th, 1884: ". . . Mr. Barnam Zincke, no incompetent calculator, reckons that the English speaking peoples of the world an hundred years hence will probably count a thousand millions. What a prospect is that of these millions, certainly among the most manful and energetic in the world, occupying great continents and islands, in contact, by a vast commerce, with all mankind, and perhaps still united with kindly political association with some more hundreds of millions fitted for no mean destiny." Yet, five centuries ago (or, to be exact, at the beginning of the fourteenth century) the English language proper did not exist. At the close of the fourteenth century all England had not more than half the population of the State of New York to-day. Indeed, at the beginning of the fourteenth century there was no English nationality, no English Protestant Christianity, nor constitutional liberty. The life was Norman, Saxon, Danish, Briton—elements not unified, but in conflict. The language was a jargon. Feudalism domineered in society and, the State. Romanism domineered in the Church and the State. By the narrowest possible escape, the nationality and language and literature and liberty and religion were rescued from chaos and perversion.

This was the crisis, and this the fundamental question, then: How shall English Nationality together with its great concomitants, which I have mentioned, be wrought out?

The principle upon which they were produced then,

is the principle *now*, on which they are to be preserved and perpetuated.

The fourteenth century opened portentously for England. The emergency at home was great, and greater abroad. Factional strife everywhere prevailed. During the preceding century, baronial wars distracted the country. The debris of these wars well-nigh buried society.

At the age of sixteen Edward III. was called to rule over a country almost without a name, certainly without a nationality and without a national language. In the midst of domestic faction and internal chaos, foreign war was precipitated. I need not trace the strife of years, crowned at last by the splendid victories of Crecy and Poitiers. After all, England failed to subjugate France. It was well. For, if France had then been gained, England had been lost—then and now. Far more was gained then, for England and for us. On these foreign battle-fields, Norman and Saxon conquered their own hostility. The Norman nobility of England and the Saxon yeomanry, who had hitherto been hostile parties at home, but who fought with common purpose, and with common courage, side by side in France, learned henceforth to look upon each other with mutual good feeling and respect. As they withdrew from their foreign wars, it was to recognize at home a Nationality—an English Nationality.

This gain was worth all that it cost. This gain was, indeed, essential to England—to her very life and happiness; essential then and now; essential to her and to us.

The new life of English nationality needed a common language as a means of a more thorough unification. The national life intensified by the sympathy of success and peace—by the communion of thought and

feeling and purpose and hope through a common language—a language transformed and ennobled as a living speech embodying and expressing, and thus expanding the national life.

The demand and supply were consentaneous. The language, no longer Norman or Saxon, nor Norman and Saxon, coalesced in one—the new—the English language. The soldier and the citizen, the Saxon and the Norman joined even proudly to employ it as the language of victors—the language of the people.

I have not paused to point out the lessons. They are evident: a common nationality for our diverse population; a common life born of suffering and struggle, of success and peace; a common language—the English—the American language for all our people, thus to secure a more comprehensive and vigorous unification.

Another important lesson we may note just here. As then, from a lineage fourfold—Briton, Saxon, Dane and Norman—there sprang a composite nationality with a unified life and character, the stronger in proportion to the variety of elements thus combined and unified; so now, our nationality, not merely fourfold but ten times four, is developing a life and character which, by its multiplied elements in union, promises to surpass in vitality and vigor any nationality in the world. The principle, "In union there is strength," is certainly valid. The point to be guarded is, that the multiplied and varied elements, now, be thoroughly unified. In this way, and in this way alone can they be made to contribute permanently to our national life and vigor.

The language unified into the English about the middle of the fourteenth century was now ready for a

unified, an English literature. I have time not to trace but merely to indicate the remarkable development in this direction. The first book of English prose literature appeared in 1356; and yet before the year 1400—the year in which Geoffrey Chaucer died—English literature achieved the brilliant success of “The Canterbury Tales,” fixing at once the fame of Chaucer and of English literature. And to-day Tennyson, in his “Dream of Fair Women,” thus gratefully repeats the praise of

“Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
Preluded those melodious bursts, that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still.”

But with the lengthening distance of the centuries, Chaucer asserts his affinity not only with the poets of Elizabeth by his gallery of pictures, and with the Reformers by his portrait of “The Good Parson,” but with the thought and culture of our land and our time, uniting the day-dawn then with the noonday now, so that a New England poet, whom we doubly love, and lament that he will sing no more on earth (Longfellow), has with kindly cunning limned our poet’s likeness and thus also written lovingly his latest epitaph:

“He is the poet of the dawn, who wrote
The Canterbury Tales; and his old age
Made beautiful with song. And as I read,
I hear the crowing cock; I hear the note
Of lark and linnet; and from every page
Rise odors of ploughed field and flowery mead.”

We have glanced at the dawn of English literature in the fourteenth century, and marked its brightness. *Now*, no longer confined to its island home, its grow-

ing light shines on land and sea, with brightness as clear and broad on the American Republic as on the British Empire—here as there, a common language and a common literature.

Until the fourteenth century, the two dominant forces for England, as well as for the European continent, were Feudalism and Romanism. The Feudalism of the continent, introduced by the Norman conquest into England, had been extended and established. The type of continental Christianity had also been introduced by the Norman conquest of England. Seven crusades had come and gone, convulsing the entire world. Knighthood, serving itself first, playing false and fair with the people, loyally or licentiously toward the crown, had grown into colossal proportions. Feudalism held the country by military tenure as the property of the crown, which he leased or mortgaged as he listed. Knighthood had performed its mission for good, if it ever had any. It had entertained contempt for any soldiers but cavaliers. Enlisted in the crusades, it had already sacrificed five millions of people in its fanatical zeal to demonstrate the superiority of feudal civilization, and had learned nothing from the sacrifices and defeats. In the words of a writer in the *North American Review*, 1883, "Feudalism gave to the conqueror or king the ownership of the country, together with the ownership of the service of the people, both in time of peace and time of war. The entire country and the entire service, from the highest officer to the lowest serf, was farmed out or leased by the king upon stipulation of the strictest payment, all of which flowed into the royal exchequer. The Court of Exchequer was the court of supreme jurisdiction throughout the

entire realm, in every detail. Nothing in society or the state escaped it."

The ownership had been fully exercised from the time of the Conquest (1066). In the thirteenth century King John had actually mortgaged the whole country to the Pope of Rome as security for his feudal bond or promise to pay the Pope a thousand marks annually, in return for the Pope's sly personal favor to John in getting him out of a corner in which John had basely caught himself. This mortgage and this annual payment had been fully recognized up to the time of Edward III. (1350), after the French wars. What availed Magna Charta, which had been extorted from John at Runnymede? It had been anticipated and annulled by this mortgage on England given by John to the Pope. So the Pope understood it. So John understood it. What could the people do? Edward I. at the opening of the fourteenth century, allowed nothing to the Commons but to petition. To the bare suggestion of the House of Lords that the king remove a particularly obnoxious chancellor, he haughtily replied that "he would not remove even the meanest scullion of his kitchen at their request;" and this was good feudal logic, as the king very well knew.

Under Feudalism there was but a single right possible to the people—the right of resistance. This right must have been vigorously exercised during the fourteenth century. Before the close of that century, not only scullions and the highest officers of the feudal tyrant were removed; but the House of Commons was established as coördinate with the House of Lords, and before the close of the fourteenth century, these representatives of the people had become the

law-makers of the realm. "Twenty times Magna Charta had been confirmed." Two arrogant kings, traitors to liberty and law, had been deposed, according to Magna Charta, and executed. Then Feudalism, which had been deprived of its knightly spurs at Courtrai in 1302; and shot with crossbow, and with cannon heard in Europe in the fourteenth century—Feudalism was then doomed in England. Although the hydra was long in dying, yet the end was certain.

Three important principles of government were firmly settled: "The illegality of raising money without consent; the necessity that the two Houses should concur for alterations in the laws; and, the right of Commons to inquire into public abuses and impeach public counselors."

And further—at the close of this period—the very year that witnessed the brilliant English victory of Agincourt completed the constitutional triumph of the Commons, by this great law: "That henceforth nothing be enacted to be petitions of the Commons that be contrary to their asking, whereby they should be bound without their assent." This committed to the Commons the control of English legislation, which they hold to-day. It has been said that, by no lower hand than its own could Feudalism be overthrown. And old Monteil declared that it was as little capable of change as the castles with which it studded the land; and there were then eleven hundred of these castles in England.

Feudalism suborned knighthood in its service, and by its embrace it depraved the spirit of chivalry till it lapsed well-nigh into brigandage. "The middle ages foundered beneath the feudal vices, and Feudalism it-

self went down in blood." If Froissart's "Chronicles" are "The Epitaph of Feudalism," as they have been called, it is not because knightly spurs and lances were no match for cannon and gunpowder, for these Feudalism could readily have summoned into its service; but it was because Feudalism was smitten with death by the spirit of English independence. Henceforth monarchy in England was no longer absolute, but limited. No longer dared the king say, as Edward I. implied, and Louis of France asserted, "I am the State." The ablest lawyer in England, Sir John Fortescue, summing up the results secured in the fourteenth century, wrote thus in the early part of the fifteenth century: "In the body politic, the first essential thing is the intention of the people" (precisely as we now style it "the will of the people"). "A king," he says, "can not at his pleasure make any alterations in the laws of the land; for he is appointed to protect his subjects (people) in their lives, properties and laws. For this very purpose he has the delegation of power from the people." Here are the principles established in the fourteenth century essentially the same with those of John Locke in the seventeenth century, and of Samuel Adams and Thomas Jefferson in the eighteenth century, and of John Quincy Adams and William H. Seward in the nineteenth century. Fortescue then proceeds to contrast the boasted Roman law with the English law—the one, the work of absolute princes and tending altogether to the sacrifice of the individual; the other, the work of the common will, tending altogether to protect the person. He contrasts the Roman procedure, which is satisfied with two witnesses to condemn a man, with the new, English procedure in

law, with the jury and witnesses and the three permitted challenges and the admirable guarantees of justice which surround the sentence of twelve good and true men duly sworn.

So much was then gained for liberty and law that however long the hydra of Absolutism was in dying, government in England and America is not now, we trust shall never be, the feudal tyrant, but shall be the responsible trustee or representative of the people; in a word, "Government of the people, by the people, and for the people." The principles, then inwrought into constitutional and common law, are the very principles asserted by the colonies when they resisted taxation without representation, and threw the tea overboard in Boston harbor; when they formulated the colonial Bill of Rights; and when they wrote the Declaration of American Independence. Though these principles lingered long before fulfilment in our own land, yet they are living principles springing up with the English nationality and life in the fourteenth century, interpenetrating more and more the English language and literature and law till now they have become a great tree, and people under the whole heaven are coming here to rest under the shadow of its branches. Civil progress pursues the course of ethical ideas and moral obligations and personal rights. Thus Magna Charta became effective in the fourteenth century until it has, at length, overthrown English slavery and extended the English franchise; and the Declaration of Independence has become effective in the nineteenth century in establishing American franchise and removing American slavery.

We have traced, in rapid outline, the tyranny of

Feudalism. But this was inferior and subordinate to the tyranny of Romanism. This was the other great, dominant, tyrannical force against which the people had to contend.

Feudalism and Romanism were identified in interest and well-nigh in origin. They had been for centuries in mutual alliance interpenetrating society, the Church and the state; professedly protecting the rights of the people, really guarding the claim to their subjection. This league of tyranny confronted every advance of literature and law and worship.

Chaucer, with the Ithuriel spear of his satire, had pierced the high-blown follies of Feudalism and Romanism. But, together with him, in the foreground and foremost, appeared a new champion—Wiclif, the Christian harbinger and promoter of Reformation. Learned, as all admit, he was the foremost man of the foremost university in England. Prominent as he had justly become by the favor of the College, the Church and the State, he was above all an honest man, loyal to truth, to liberty and to humanity. When English freedom was asserting itself, and English right to life and property and representation was asserting itself, could the right of freedom to worship God and read His Word be ignored or denied? Yet, in this crowning question of the fourteenth century were garnered the living seeds of the Reformation. As was fitting, so in fact, "the Morning Star of the Reformation," then arose. It was not for such a man as Wiclif to see the Scriptures proscribed and forbidden by the Romish hierarchy, and offer no protest. And when his protest was first scorned, then condemned, then anathematized, it was not in Wiclif to desist and keep silence.

He reminded all of the primitive history of the Church in Britain, when it was not Roman but Christian; and still higher, he pointed to the sacred Scriptures as the rule of faith and life, and thus made his appeal direct to divine authority and to the first principles of our holy religion. At once, in this great conflict, the Bible, hitherto inaccessible to the people and unknown, must be translated and put within the reach of all.

But the Pope, holding the globe in his hand and armed with the two swords of spiritual and temporal sovereignty, would not suffer either priest or layman to offer the insult of impartial investigation, nor, especially, to employ in self-defense the Word of God. Wiclif was summoned before the Romish Convocation, February 16th, 1377. History has vividly sketched the scene.

A vast throng assembled at St. Paul's Cathedral to witness the trial of such a man for such a crime. All eyes were turned upon him, as Wiclif advanced slowly up the aisle until he stood before the tyrannical Bishop Courtenay who sat in the judgment seat. As Wiclif stood erect before them, his whitened locks, his thin tall figure, the sharply cut features, the clear, calm, penetrating eye, the firm-set lips and flowing beard, the thoughtful, earnest, dignified presence challenged the sympathy of many, the admiration of friends and foes. But Lord Henry Percy, Earl Marshall of England, and the Duke of Lancaster, son of the king, who had made way for Wiclif through the multitude of anxious spectators, stood beside him in the presence of the Papal Convocation. They respectfully requested the venerable prisoner to be seated. The tyrannical

Bishop from his seat of judgment arrogantly ordered Wiclif to stand. The Duke of Lancaster, and Earl Marshal insisted that he should sit during the trial. The tumult spread throughout the vast throng which Courtenay could not quell. The trial was suspended and was never resumed.

But, so far as it dared, the papal power continued its persecution; and, on the other hand, Wiclif renewed his diligence in the work to which God and humanity called him. But the crowning service which he rendered to the English language, to the English literature and to the English welfare was the translation of the Scriptures into the common tongue. To this great service he addressed himself with unfaltering devotion. In the meantime a bill was introduced into the House of Lords prohibiting the perusal of the English Bible by the laity. John of Gaunt, son of the king, rose in Parliament and declared indignantly: "The people of England will not be the dregs of all mankind, seeing all nations besides them have the Scriptures in their own tongues." The bill was defeated. Persecution did, indeed, continue. Wiclif was proscribed; but the Word of God was not bound; and for five succeeding centuries the English people have possessed an English Bible—an open English Bible. And now, as then, on both sides of the Atlantic, they hold this possession in freedom, together with freedom to worship God. Recently, one of our ablest American lawyers said: "I believe that this act, giving the Bible to laymen, was the germ of the peculiar liberty, civilization and progress which England and America most enjoy and illustrate."

We can the better understand how much of re-

ligious liberty was gained during the fourteenth century for England and for us, by knowing how the century opened religiously. Pope Boniface VIII. had, in 1300, decreed the subjection of every human being to the Roman See. Pope Urban V. (1365) demanded "the odious tribute" of a thousand marks (annually) from England (omitted now for several years), together with the due performance of feudal homage by King Edward III. But the conqueror of France, fresh from the victories of Crecy and Poitiers, demurred; and referred "the insolent exactions" to his Parliament. The Parliament returned a prompt refusal concluding thus: "If, therefore, the Pope shall attempt anything against the King by process or other matters in deed, the king with all his subjects shall, with all their force and power, resist the same." Bold words were these to fling back, then, defiantly to the Roman Pontiff. But Parliament was in earnest. The famous law was passed, called "The Statute of Provisors," designed to check and punish illegal provisions or reservations made by the court of Rome. This was followed by the still more famous "Statute of Præmunire," punishing with forfeiture and perpetual imprisonment all persons bringing papal orders or processes or other instruments against the King of England.

The public spirit reached a still higher expression when the Commons of England before the close of the century made the direct proposal that the king "should seize all the temporalities of the Romish Church and employ them as a fund for the exigencies of the state."

Thus, we have traced in outline this period of transition—of new departure: the *task* to be performed;

the *means* employed; the *ends* achieved; the *representative actors*.

The task was, if possible, to unify the various and discordant peoples into one commonwealth, animated by one common life, employing one common speech, adopting one common constitution, acknowledging one rule of faith and life.

The means were various—war and peace, patriotism and piety, law and literature, poetry and theology, devotion to freedom and devotion to faith.

In the end secured, the guiding principles lying far beneath the surface emerged into free constitutional government on the one hand, and free Protestant Christianity on the other.

Of the representative actors, in the fourteenth century, we have caught but a glimpse as they passed in the distance trailing clouds of glory, and disappeared. But the brilliant achievements remained. The living principles established then, shone on with undiminished luster, filling the whole horizon with an after-glow not of trailing clouds but of "bars and beams and coronals of living light," the glowing promise of the better future. With the brighter morrows the promise has been fulfilling. It is now fulfilling. The language multiplied is spreading to voice our literature and liberty and religion over every sea to every land. Men die but the truth survives. Leaders fall but the ranks close up, and these living principles with increasing vigor push on the advance, and "Men may come, and men may go; but these go on forever."

We are to emulate the high endeavor of those who have wrought for our good. We are to cherish and extend the national spirit, the living speech, purified

literature, enlarged liberty, Protestant Christianity, with an open Bible and freedom to worship God.

Finally, from this study of history we are especially to learn the philosophic lesson both of principle and process—of valid principle, viz.: the Scriptures and the Christ of Scripture ; and the valid process of verifying the principle, viz.: by holding the two together—the Scriptures as foretelling, revealing the Christ ; and the Christ as fulfilling, demonstrating the Scriptures. That is, we are not to give up, but to hold to the Bible as the rule of faith and life. We are to study it that we may find more and more of truth and life and fulness in it.

“This is the record, that God hath given unto us eternal life, and this life is in His Son.” With wonderful significance, Jesus said: “I am the Way, the Truth and the Life.” “Search the Scriptures . . . they testify of Me.”

BUHLE LAND.

(AUS DEM ENGLISCHEN.)

Ich bin im Land von Korn und Wein,
Und all' sein Reichthum ist ja mein ;
Hier scheint der Tag der Seligkeit,
Und ewig ist die Nacht zerstreut.

*O Buhle Land, süß' Buhle Land!
Auf deinen Hügel nehm' ich Stand.
Weit über See jetzt schaue ich,
Wo hütten sind bereit für mich,
Und sieh' den reichen Glorie-Strand,
Mein ewig Heim, du Himmelland.*

Mein Heiland kommt und geht mit mir,
Und süß' Gemeinschaft haben wir ;
Er führt mich zärtlich an der Hand,
Denn dies ist Himmels Uferland.

Ein Süssgeruch weht in der Luft,
Es ist der Himmelsbäume Duft.
Unwelkened blüht die Blume dort,
Der Lebensstrom fließt immerfort.

Ich höre in den zephyrn schon
Der Himmelsharfen süßen Ton,
Als stimmen Engelchörre fein
In das Erlösungslied hinein.

PETER VOGEL.
163

THE WHITE CHURCH.*

CHAPTER X.

AN UNUSUAL VISITOR.

Mr. Sarcott was not a stranger to the Conway cottage; he had been neighborly enough in the lifetime of Mr. Conway, but since his death the distance between the families had gradually widened. Moreover, Mr. Sarcott's wife had maintained a social connection with the Conways, which had lasted till her death. Mrs. Sarcott, like Mrs. Conway, had been religious, and the tie of Christian fellowship thus broken could not be renewed by the infidel husband. Possibly poverty may have played its part, for the Sarcotts were rich and the Conways poor. At any rate the visits of the Sarcott children to the home of the Conways gradually ceased. Anna Sarcott had gone away to school. She was nearer Eurilda's age than were Jennie and Nannie; and the sons of Mr. Sarcott, even had they remained at home, could have little in common with Jake, whom they remembered merely as a little boy.

It was no wonder, then, that Mr. Sarcott, as he drove homeward from Elder Tribbey's, found himself puzzled for an excuse to call at the Conway home.

* Copyright, 1885, by STANDARD PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Do not think, dear reader, that the tender sentiment of love had taken possession of Mr. Sarcott. He was far too selfish and scheming for that. He had known the widow in her more prosperous days; and scoff as he might at the faith that had sustained her in her troubles, yet he recognized the value of a character like hers in a household like his own. The tendencies of his children were painfully apparent, and now his love for gold,—aye, that was it, his love for gold—was about to lead him to put new temptations into their path. There was money in the saloon; more money in a new dancing hall—but his children—there was the rub. Yet he chuckled to think that he was equal to the occasion. He would make money with one hand and protect his children with the other. The widow's influence in his house should stand against the influences without. O foolish man! O selfish man! The words rang for a moment in his soul, but only for a moment; the tempter whispered "go on!" and the voice was hushed; and the cold wind blew from the east; and the night thickened; and the sound of the sleigh-bells was all that the great man heard.

It was fully dark when he arrived at the little cottage. Tying his horse, he approached the door—not without embarrassment, for he was still pondering an excuse for his unusual call. Jake came to the door, and was not a little surprised to see his employer. But Jake's surprise was slight compared with that of Eurilda and her mother. Mr. Sarcott saw at once the expression of their faces, and at once relieved the situation by exclaiming: "Don't be astonished to see an old neighbor, even if he is a little delinquent in his calls."

"Indeed it is an unusual thing to see you in our house, Mr. Sarcott," replied Mrs. Conway, recovering a little and setting a chair for him. "It seems that since Simon and your Mary are gone you have almost forgotten us."

"Oh, no, Amelia," answered Mr. Sarcott, addressing her as had been his custom in time past, "not so bad as that; I know I have not dropped in often—"

"You have not been here these three years," said Mrs. Conway, interrupting him.

"Indeed," returned Mr. Sarcott, "is it so long as that? Well, I have been busy; but then, Amelia, I have known every day how you and your children have been, and as for the mere matter of visiting, you know that my older children are not at home and Jennie and Nannie seldom go anywhere. Perhaps I should not have called now, but I thought that you, like everybody else, would be disturbed over the trouble in the store last night. Common calamities bring old friends together, you know."

"Oh, it was terrible!" replied the widow. "I am so thankful that Jacob was not there. Indeed, James, I am worried a great deal when I think of the temptations this world throws into the path of our children."

Unconsciously, indeed, had the widow, by this remark, given to Mr. Sarcott the opportunity he sought.

"Here is a go," said the wily man, inwardly. "If I can do nothing else I can play the Christian duty game on her. Maybe I can persuade her that she can fight Apollyon for two sets of pilgrims." Aloud he remarked: "Yes, Amelia; but if everybody were like you, our children would get along all right."

"Why, what do you mean, James?"

"Oh, your influence over children is good," rejoined Mr. Sarcott. "I often think that, seeing it is woman's duty to direct the training of children, it is a fine thing that they take to religion easier than men. I don't believe much in the communion of saints myself, but then I have no doubt that your Christianity helps to keep things even here on earth and probably turns your heads away from mischief."

"I am sorry, James," replied the widow, "that you have none of that faith which was so strong in your wife, especially when you have the care of two comparatively young children on your hands."

A less thoughtful man than Mr. Sarcott might have seized the opportunity at this point to bring matters to a crisis, but Mr. Sarcott was too cautious for this. He had satisfied himself that the widow's love for her own children, coupled with her sense of Christian duty, was the line along which he could best conduct his plans. "If I can keep Craggy Hill influences from reaching her," thought he, "I will make this matter successful." To the widow's remark he did not reply, but sat for a while looking thoughtfully into the bright coal fire.

Presently he spoke: "I suppose the brethren at Craggy Hill have about settled on the place of building, have they not?"

"Not yet," replied Mrs. Conway; "but I hope that they soon may, and that our village will no longer bear the reproach of being without a place of worship."

Mr. Sarcott smiled, but the widow neither noticed nor interpreted the smile. She continued: "I will be glad enough to attend chnrch when the house is

nearer, for Jake finds it a hard task for the old horse to go on the Lord's day beside working all the week."

"The old horse has not done much this cold weather," said Mr. Sarcott.

"No," said the widow, "and for that reason I have been able to attend church nearly every week; and it does me so much good," added she, after a pause.

Mr. Sarcott remained silent. "I suspected as much," thought he. "I must keep her away from Craggy Hill. The saints down there are no friends of mine."

"Well, Amelia," said the schemer aloud, "my principal business here to-night is to talk to you about your son."

A look of anxious inquiry crossed the widow's face, which Mr. Sarcott noticed.

"Oh, the boy has been in no trouble," said he quickly. "I am glad to say that he minds his own business and does not loaf about the village at night; I have another matter entirely that I wish to speak about." The anxious look did not leave Mrs. Conway's face, however, and Mr. Sarcott continued.

Both Jake and Eurilda had retired to the kitchen very soon after Mr. Sarcott's entrance, for neither of them could associate a visit from him with anything other than some business pertaining to the mortgage. To the widow alone Mr. Sarcott made known his plan.

"Amelia," said he, "you know that I have arranged to build a mill here at the village, and beside this I have another project in mind. Parties from Hanaford are of the opinion that a woolen factory here will be a paying investment, and we are about to organize a stock company for this purpose. Now, we are

going to open the subscription books in Hanaford next week, and I want to put Jake in charge of this business over there."

The widow's eyes opened wide with astonishment. "Why James, Jake is not ——"

"Jake is perfectly capable of doing the work I want done," said Mr. Sarcott, cutting short her remark; "besides, it will fit him for a work of greater responsibility in my mill. I tell you, Amelia, your boy has ability, and now, as a friend to his father, I am willing to bring him to the front. Of course this will take him away from home some, but with your daughter here you can contrive to get along until he returns."

Again the struggle between faith and necessity began in the widow's heart. Would not the temptations in a town like Hanaford be greater than any to which he had yet been exposed? She and Eurilda could get along, but to think of Jake absent among strangers!

But on the other hand there were the family circumstances. Without Jake's help, what could be done? The mortgage hung like a cloud over the little home, and of the small amount that Mr. Conway had left at his death there was but a trifle left. Bad as all this was, another thing troubled the widow far more. Was not Jake already drifting away from his intention of preaching the gospel? How would his first choice be affected by this new plan?

Mr. Sarcott observed the widow's silence, and guessing the cause, observed: "Jake can command more wages, of course, than he gets now; indeed I can afford to pay him well."

On the table lay a dress, the widow's best, which

she had been mending when Mr. Sarcott knocked. She glanced at it, and again a sense of her poverty came over her. She knew, too, that Eurilda's wardrobe was but scanty. How could she do otherwise than let Jake go? She looked around the room with an embarrassed look, as though she sought some one from whom she might ask advice.

"O James," said she at length, "I need more time to think of it. If I could only consult some of my friends."

"Who?" asked Mr. Sarcott, eying her sharply.

"Uncle Joe Sales has always been a friend to our family," answered the widow, innocently, "and he has been my best counselor since Simon died."

Mr. Sarcott bit his lip, but he repressed his anger, and replied calmly:

"Oh, as to that, Amelia, I do not know why a woman of your judgment can not manage her own affairs. Uncle Joe is a good old man in his way, no doubt, but then he would naturally be prejudiced against me. Your religionists are very narrow, say what you will. I was a friend to your husband, as you well know. I certainly am anxious to do his family a kindness. You may make a grave mistake in your judgment and fail in your duty toward your boy, if you prevent his seizing so good an opportunity."

Poor Mrs. Conway was confused. Reader, do not blame her if she yielded.

"Well," said she, with an air of abstraction, "perhaps it will be best, if Jake wants to go."

"Well, you can mention it to him in the morning," said Mr. Sarcott; "and now there is another matter. If Jake should go over to Hanaford, it will be too much

of a task for you and your daughter to take care of the old horse. One of Bob Loomis's horses is sick, and if the weather opens I will be a little short of teams on the railroad. You had better let me take the horse for Bob. It will save his feed and add to your income."

"But, James," said the widow earnestly, "I want the old horse. Eurilda and I would far rather manage him than lose the opportunity of attending church."

"You can go with Colby Haines," replied Mr. Sarcott. "He will be glad to take you."

"But," replied the widow, "Colby is so irregular since he moved to the village."

"Oh, well, his family all go to church every Sunday," rejoined Mr. Sarcott. And the widow yielded again. And Mr. Sarcott chuckled inwardly.

He left the house and entered the sleigh, which Jake had brought around from the friendly shelter of a shed.

The night was growing colder, and the bells tinkled merrily between the irregular gusts of wind that drove great patches of clouds across the moon. Mr. Sarcott was in high spirits.

Jake and Eurilda listened in great surprise to their mother's revelation after their visitor had gone.

"Good!" said Jake. "It will be just the thing, mother. I tell you I don't believe that Mr. Sarcott is half as bad a man as some people make him out."

"But, Jake," said Eurilda, and her face was even more troubled than her mother's, "I am afraid that if you do this you will give up your intention of preaching."

"Oh, dear," answered Jake petulantly, "suppose

I do, 'Rilda, can't I be good even if I don't preach? I should think, too, that in our circumstances the first thing to be looked at is to get our home into shape again."

"O Jake," said the girl, running up and throwing her hands around his neck, "it was father's wish, and one of his last, too, that you should preach the gospel. As to our home, have you forgotten the promises of God? O mother, do not give your final consent. I know we are poor, but God has never forsaken us yet, and He never will."

The dark hair of the girl, becoming unfastened, fell in long tresses on her shoulders, her eyes gleamed as if an inspiration were firing her heart, and she clung to Jake as though she feared that the evil impending over the household might take shape and carry him away. Mrs. Conway was not only astonished, but alarmed.

Jake loosened Eurilda's arms, and exclaimed: "Why, Eurilda Conway, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say, Jake," replied the girl, a little more calmly. "I know that if you do this you will not preach. You may think you will come back and follow out your old resolution, but I know you never will."

"How do you know it?" asked Jake, half frightened and half vexed.

"I can not use language to tell why," said Eurilda, "but I know you never will; and, O mother, you know, too, how father always wished it."

Mrs. Conway was deeply rebuked by this unlooked for outburst of faith on the part of Eurilda. She was ashamed at the weakness that so often betrayed her into compromising Jake's future, and now she

dared not own that she had absolutely given her consent to Mr. Sarcott's plan.

Before she became collected enough to speak, however, Eurilda recovered her own composure. The storm that had swept across her heart left no trace of cloud behind it. Slowly she gathered up her hair, fastened it and sat down before her mother.

"Mother," said she, fixing her dark eyes upon the sorely confused widow, "I have a plan that will perhaps help us out of our troubles —"

"Why, what in the world, 'Rilda," said Jake interrupting her, "has got into you? We are not so bad off yet. You talk as though you and ma were going to the poor-house and I to perdition," The clock struck ten just as Jake made this remark.

"Eurilda," said the mother, quietly, "we are all too confused and disturbed to talk longer upon this subject without seeking counsel from God. Let us have our evening prayer, and after we sleep we may be better fitted to act."

To Jake this was not agreeable.

"O mother," said he quickly, "you and 'Rilda always take everything so gravely. If you have promised Mr. Sarcott that I could go, you had better stick to your word; and as for my preaching, I don't see that I must necessarily give that up."

Yet Jake in his heart knew better than this. His past conduct in relation with Mike Follin was arising before him and becoming a barrier in his path to the pulpit. He knew that his late associations had rendered even a religious life distasteful, yet he did not know his danger. He sincerely thought that he could follow Mr. Sarcott's plan awhile and return again to

the path first marked out for him by his father. But the subject was dropped for the night, and the Conway family united in their usual devotions.

David, Mr. Sarcott's hostler, had finished putting away his master's horse, but he continued to grumble while he went his rounds to see that all was safe about the barn before retiring. It was midnight before he sought his lodge over the great stable. He was partially disrobed when he started at the sound of a horse's hoofs. Looking toward the road he saw a sleigh driven into the deep shadow of the house. A closely wrapped form descended from it. There was a hurried consultation with another form remaining in it, and then the first disappeared in the shadow. The sleigh drove away, and David opened his eyes with astonishment.

"Wall, Jinnie, yer purty well bundled up, but I'd know yer walk if I saw yer in Europe."

THE MAKERS OF HISTORY.

All nations are hero-worshippers. In every age the great man stands for the people. Now he is a demi-god and Achilles represents the army; now, a divinely appointed king, and Louis is the state. The great man is a fact, and must be accounted for. Is there within him some original power which expresses itself in great deeds? Is he mighty of himself? No. Before the great man makes, he must be made. While we would not deny the influence of strong character and marked individuality upon the thoughts, the feelings, the actions of men; while we would not reduce history to an "exact science," determined by the fixed laws of the masses; while we would not eliminate great individuals from the problem, yet we hold that the great figures of history represent the ideas, the character of the people of their own age, and embody the spirit of their nation's past. It is neither true that the opportunity makes the man nor that it finds him. Both opportunity and man are the results of the same cause—that law of progress which the people frame. History has its philosophy. Wars, deeds and men,—these are not the only facts. The forces behind them are no less real. To these hidden facts you can assign no day—they are perpetual. Such a fact is the unwritten history of the people,—the force whose result is the great man. If we take the fact alone, without inquiring into the forces which produced it, if we consider

the man only without reference to the past, we are blind to the spiritual part of life—we see nothing but cold, lifeless matter. Has the tree no dryad for us, the wind no voice, the stream no naiad? Is there no vital force behind the dead fact? Every object in nature, every event of life, every institution of society, is the expression of an idea. The thoughts, the desires, the purposes of to-day become factors which can not be eliminated from the character of to-morrow. So the beliefs, the deeds, the genius, the institutions of a people, are the inevitable legacy of its representative man. He is but a quotation from his antecedents, an exponent of his fellows. A man to be great, need not be creative. But he must be more than receptive,—he must be constructive,—a man of faculty as well as facts. The past has bequeathed to him its gold. He has only to give it the stamp of his individuality, and supply with it the need of his age. The truth he expresses is not his own,—it is the universal possession of the people. They are the makers of history; he is the historian.

The institutions of a people express the ideas of the many. One man does not give a nation its character. Hence, in order to change national character, in order to effect a reform, true and enduring, there are first necessary an education of the people in the new principles and a reform of mind. An intellectual revolution must precede an actual revolution, or the new edifice will have no foundation. The people must have faith in an institution, or it will fall. Each form of government is the expression of a nation's wish and sanction. Has theocracy prevailed? If so, it has been because the people believed in it. As soon as

they found that, in this form of government, authority was distinct from character, they desired a change. Is aristocracy recognized, and does the vassal serve his lord? We find the germ of the institution in the relation of companion and chief among the barbarians, and its necessity in the chaos of the age. When the great middle classes lost faith, feudalism fell. Has monarchy been dominant? Then the people believed a centralizing power necessary. It was only the faith of his subjects that hedged the king with divinity and clothed him with the purple of authority. When this support was withdrawn, the throne fell and the scepter was broken. Is democracy the accepted form of government? If so, it is because the people believe in the goodness, justice and advantage of such a union. When the constitution is no longer sacred to them, when it becomes merely a written document, powerless to command obedience, of necessity the nation dies. In order to the support of a government, there must be a unity among its citizens, a sympathy born of kindred blood, common tradition and language. No written constitution could hold together the heterogeneous elements of the Roman Empire. There was no unity between Germans and Romans, Italians and French. For the same reason is a political theocracy impossible. The perpetuity of our union depends upon the unity, the homogeneity of our people. Luther made the German Empire when he gave his race the model for a common language. (Opium and dynamite,—these foreign elements can not be amalgamated with the principles of our union).

National character, this product of the people, is what finds expression in the great man. A nation of

dignity, of heroism and rigid justice, is the necessary antecedent of a Cæsar. Behind every American lies the two thousand years' assertion of Saxon rights—a force which culminated in the Revolution. And it is this national character, this spirit of a people, which lives in its leader.

We can best prove this proposition by considering a few of those men who have helped to change the face of the world. In this investigation, we propose to show, not so much how these men affect the future, as how they are the product of the past, and represent their own age.

First let us consider in his capacity as leader of the Reformation, that modern Socrates in ruggedness and iconoclasm—Martin Luther. To understand both the Reformation and its hero, we must examine into the causes of the religious revolution. The Reformation was long in preparing. We do not believe it to have been due "to a certain malignant position of the stars which scattered the spirit of giddiness." It was the wish of the people, carried into execution by their representative.

From a moral power, in the fifth century, able to resist and convert barbarism, the church had degenerated into a worldly institution. The Pope is first a spiritual director; then a temporal ruler. Now, he is supreme; and, finally, infallible. The clergy and laity are separated; and theology is the exclusive possession of the priesthood. There is a denial of the rights of individual reason; an attempt to force belief. Religion becomes tradition; Christianity, dogmatism. The papacy grows corrupt. A desire to purify the church seizes the minds of the people. They have

theocracy, they want Christianity. They are weary of form and cry for spirit. There were reformers before the Reformation.

Philip the Fair demands that the laity be recognized. The conservative reformers, wedded to the church, but shocked by the licentiousness of the papacy, assemble in vain the Councils of Pisa, Constance and Basel, and became the unwilling forerunners of the Reformation. And outside of the church—when the Albigenses rejected saint and image worship, they were preparing the way for Luther. The “Poor men of Lyons” made more easy the turning of the Bible leaves. There is a movement in the lower orders of society against the luxury of the church. The people are clearing the path for the great man. And, again, there were the radical reformers, whose sowing Luther was to reap. When John Wyckliffe said, in the fourteenth century: “A papal bull has no validity, further than it is founded on the Holy Scriptures,” he prophesied Luther’s burning of the Pope’s bull in the sixteenth. When he translated the Bible for the people, “he builded better than he knew.” John Huss rejected the authority of the Council of Constance and took a step toward Protestantism. *He* was executed, but the Bohemian brethren lived. *He* was burned, but his voice was not choked by the smoke. Fire is no argument against truth. Nor must the name of Savonarola,—that one pure man in the foulness of Florence,—be omitted from the list of precursors. We find among the people, just before the Reformation, the growing consciousness of an inward life, distinct from authority, a tendency to demand a religion of the soul. The human mind has been laboring from

the eleventh to the sixteenth century, and at last freedom is born. To come to the Reformation itself, we find that it is the greatest event in an age of greatness, a greatness at once ecclesiastical, political, philosophical and literary; an epoch of invention and discovery; the time of the revival of learning. An intellectual revolution precedes a spiritual one. To remind you of this brilliant period in history, we have but to mention the names of Dante, Columbus, Moore, and Erasmus,—that theologian who was John the Baptist to the Christian, Luther. In Germany this revival of learning manifested itself in a desire to examine the Bible, under the influences of which awakening, the Elector Frederic of Saxony founded the University of Wittenburg—the cradle of the Reformation.

After such a preparation, and in such an age, then, we find Luther, a German in the midst of Germans whose enslaved consciences begged for freedom. With his tenderness of heart, Luther pitied them. The people were ready for a reformer, and to them, not to doctors, Luther preached. The Germans are a spiritual people. Their religion must be that of the heart. Too long they had been imprisoned in the cell of tradition and form. It was Luther's work to deliver them. Fortunate day when Luther took into his hands that Latin Bible from the library of Erfurt! more blessed hour when the monk ceased his vigils and believed: "The just shall live by faith." The pilgrims came to Wittenburg for indulgences,—they took back the truth of the ninety-five theses. The shouts of the people at the burning of the papal bull was the thankful voice of an emancipated world.

What was the secret of Luther's power? It was in

his sturdy, Saxon nature. He was the man of his people. He yielded to their spirit and at the same time directed it. His greatest gift was their greatest need ; he gave them the Bible and made it speak their German. In his master mind was the universal genius of the Germans ; in his breast he felt the throbbing of his nation's heart. " He is one of those great historical figures in which whole nations recognize their own type."

Turning from Germany to Greece, a Plato is impossible, except in Athens. This philosopher of philosophers expresses the highest intellectual life of his country. Greece—the land of poetry, art, oratory, philosophy and freedom—her representative is Plato. A Homer, a Sophocles, a Phidias, a Socrates, are essential to a country that shall produce a Plato. Not only is " Plato philosophy, and philosophy Plato ;" there is a charm, a very poetry to his expressions, a grace peculiarly Greek ; a dramatic character to his writing, expressive of his nation's genius. It was the peculiar privilege of a son of Greece to see the relation between earthly beauty and heavenly truth ; to exalt the mind and defy the faculties ; to make the very planets sing the praises of the goddess of music. Who but a Greek could have originated Plato's idea of the soul?—that part of man which, in the purity of its divine nature, longs for its home, the ideal world, where it may join the great world-soul, and unfettered by the flesh, love knowledge and the beautiful. Plato is a synthesis of philosophers. In him we find Pythagoras, Zeno, Heraclitus and Anaxagoras, each one of whom in his turn had been seeking for the same thing—the one original permanent principle in nature. This prin-

ciple Plato found in his "idea." But there is one man whose teaching seems to have made Plato the philosopher he was. I mean that pagan missionary, that philosopher of every day life—Socrates. Of his bare-footed master, the aristocratic disciple was not ashamed. Plato is full of the ethical, practical philosophy of him who was the first to look from nature to human nature for the key to knowledge. Plato is a reflector of Greek ideas. Now, he reminds us of Homer in his description of hades; here, we see the Grecian conception of the state; there is the Greek idea of culture, of love, or of beauty. Plato is the fit representative of a city, of a people who made such a product possible. Great philosophers have succeeded him in other nations—thinking men, logical and profound; but none of them has made philosophy so delightful,—has been a poet-philosopher. There was something in the broad humanity, the fresh thought, the plastic language, the graceful expression of the Greek people, which can not now be approached. And it is Plato whom we must thank for a faultless and complete description of Greek life and spirit, a perfect picture of the world's spring-time.

Let us turn now to a representative of our own time,—to the greatest statesman of the age,—to a man of the most marvelous personality. I refer to William Gladstone. To know Gladstone as a statesman, one must understand the history of the English people. To understand English history, one must appreciate Saxon character—a character founded on the individuality of the barbarian of the northern forests,—a character manifested in Henry's Charter, in the Great Charter, in the Petition of Right and the Bill of Rights,

—a character that demands first parliaments and then democracies. It is of this Saxon spirit that Gladstone is the representative. With a true English respect for what is established, and an education prejudicing him in favor of aristocratic tradition, he began his political career as a Tory. But Gladstone was destined to represent his age, to be the leader of the people. As Macaulay said of him: "He tried to be a man of the tenth century; but he found that he was unable to resist the influence of the nineteenth." What is it but the spirit of reform of his time that has carried him along in spite of education and prejudice? A great man must keep pace with his age. As a Conservative, Gladstone was critical; as a Liberal, he is creative. Indefatigable in energy, tireless in effort, constant in labor, he has done more in improving the condition of the English people than any other man of his century. Gladstone has been a great man for fifty-five years. His maiden speech in the House of Commons in 1832 was the prophecy of his brilliant career. His first work as Premier in 1849 was for the Irish. At the age of seventy-seven, he stands before a Parliament of the people,—those to whom he has given the ballot, and those whom he has educated,—stands before them, and begs them to follow his teaching; implores them to carry on the work of reform to which he has given his life. They refuse. But the battle is not lost. The *champion* of truth is defeated, but truth is not vanquished. Gladstone would be the saviour of Ireland; and as such he will be received when the clouds of the present are dispersed, and the clear light of history reveals the truth. Of the final triumphs of Gladstone's principles, we can say no more than he said years ago

to the Tories: "You can not fight against the future. Time is on our side. The great social forces which move onward in their might and majesty, and which the tumult of our debates does not for a moment impede or disturb—these great social forces are against you. They are marshalled on our side; and the banner which we now carry in this fight, though perhaps at some moment it may droop near our sinking heads, yet it soon again will float in the eye of Heaven, and will be borne by the firm hands of the united people of the three kingdoms, perhaps not to an easy, but a certain and a not far distant victory."

LILLIE R. MOORE.

FOR ONE MORE DAY.

If I were told that I must die to-morrow,
That the next sun
Which sinks, should bear me past all fear and sorrow
For any one,
All the fight fought, all the short journey through,
What should I do ?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
But just go on ;
Doing my work, nor seek to change or alter
Aught that has gone ;
But rise and move and love and smile and pray
For one more day.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.



D R Lucas

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF DANIEL ROBERTSON LUCAS.

D. R. Lucas was born January 14, 1840, in Boone county, Ill., residing till his twelfth year in the country. He took up his abode at Belvidere for the next six years, graduating at the Kishwaukie Academy in 1858, after four years' attendance. While residing here he also read law for some time in the office of Gen. Stephen A. Hurlbert.

In February, 1858, he became a member of the Baptist Church, and when, in October of that year, he removed with his parents to Westville, Ind., he became a member of the Baptist Church there, and was soon after licensed to preach. In 1859 he came in contact, and some conflict, with the Disciples, and the result was such a change of views as led to his uniting with them, since which time he has been one of the prominent and leading preachers among us.

In 1860, while attending the Indiana Normal Institute, at Burnettsville, he preached for the church at that place. In April, 1861, he located at Oxford, and labored for the church one year, when he enlisted, and by Governor Morton was commissioned Lieutenant of Co. C, 99th Indiana Volunteer Infantry. In October of that year he was appointed Chaplain of the regiment, being only twenty-two years old. He served in this capacity two years, during which time he was with his regiment at Holly Springs, Vicksburg, Mission Ridge, Chattanooga, Knoxville, and part of the Atlanta campaign. He held two meetings with his regiment, and baptized about fifty soldiers. In 1864 he resigned on account of his health, but served till the end of the war in the Provost Marshal's Department, Eighth Indiana District. In September, 1865, he returned to Oxford, where he founded the *Burton Tribune*, and spent five years in editing, preaching, and practicing law, finding time to patriotically serve as postmaster two years.

In 1870 he sold out his business and entered upon evangelistic work which lasted six years, during which time he made his home at Jacksonville, Concord, and Clayton, Ill., in succession. In these years he held more than thirty protracted meetings, in several of which the converts were more than one hundred each. At his great tent-meeting at Petersburg, Ill., there were one hundred and sixty

conversions, and a prosperous church was organized, which is still prospering after more than ten years. The number which he has persuaded to accept Christ mounts up into the thousands, and he is still young, in the very prime of vigorous manhood. From 1876 to 1881 he was pastor of the church at Des Moines, Iowa, during which time the church was greatly built up. The next two years were spent in helping to organize and start Drake University, during one of which he preached for the church in Omaha, Neb. In 1883 he returned to Des Moines, where he still resides, editing the *Oracle*, and preaching for the East Des Moines church.

He was married Nov. 24, 1861, at Lafayette, Ind., to Mary E., daughter of Elder John Longley, of sainted memory. She and five children still living, make up a happy household, among whom he is ever glad to welcome his friends.

Bro. Lucas has had many public debates, published one music book, "Apostolic Hymns and Songs," containing about sixty original songs, and has contributed as many more to other publications. He is the author of "Paul Darst; or, the Conflict of Love and Infidelity," and has been in labors abundant for many years. In the long and heated campaign which has resulted in the firm establishment of Prohibition in the great commonwealth of Iowa, no one man contributed more to its triumph than D. R. Lucas. He is a genial, companionable man, who loves God, his fellow man, his family, his brethren and friends, and gets the "manifold more" out of life as surely as any man we know.

CHRISTIAN SELF-RESPECT AND PRIDE.

A SERMON.

Acts xxi. 39.

This text is a statement made by Paul at the time of one of those remarkable incidents of which there were so many in his life, and was the introduction to a sermon. It was indeed a strange place and peculiar surroundings for a sermon. The preacher was in chains; the pulpit, the stairs of the Roman court, with soldiers for deacons, murderous outcries for psalms and an excited populace for a congregation. The chief captain had charged Paul with being a murderer, when with the dignity of self-respect he responded, "I am a man, a Jew of Tarsus, a citizen of no mean city." He had no cause to blush for shame, but in a spirit of manly pride announced who and what he was. "I am a man, a Jew of Tarsus, a citizen of no mean city." "I will have you to understand that I could not be guilty of a mean action, for it would be unworthy of me and my native city." From this incident and statement let us draw some practical lessons for the half hour assigned to this sermon. The Saviour drew his lessons from the flowers, the birds, the scenes of Palestine, and it is ours to draw our lessons from the life and teachings of Jesus and his apostles.

1. *It is right for us to have pride in ourselves.* Christ asks us to be men and not slaves, to be ourselves and

not somebody else. He elevates personal dignity and responsibility. "Quit you like men" is the apostolic exhortation. If we are men we can not afford to dishonor ourselves by being anything else. The answer of Hazael to Elisha, when told of the evil things he would do if he became king of Syria, is a grand one and worthy to be a Christian's motto: "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?"

If we are tempted to do wrong, our pride in ourselves, in view of the degradation to which yielding would subject us, should be a sufficient reason for resistance. In 1778 Lord Carlisle and General Johnston, British commissioners, offered Gen. Reed ten thousand pounds sterling if he would use his influence in favor of peace among the rebellious American colonists. His reply was in the memorable words: "I am a small man, I have little influence, but you tell your master, King George, that small as I am England is not rich enough to buy me." This is the true ground; to sell his principles was to sell himself. "No man can serve two masters." He must therefore make his choice, and it is this that makes or mars his personality. All men have nearly the same brain-power, but all men are not alike in the greatness of self-decision, and it is this that makes men great.

If we do wrong, our pride in ourselves should prompt us to confess the wrong. To acknowledge an error is one of the grandest proofs of personal power. One of the greatest sayings of Frederick the Great was his dispatch to the queen, "I have lost a battle, and it was my own fault." To assume the responsibility of an action, to freely acknowledge failure, is the test of character.

Henry III. said to Bernard de Palissy, the Huguenot potter, "I shall be compelled to give you up to your enemies unless you change your religion," to which Palissy replied: "A king to say, I am compelled, I pity you." The potter was greater than the king, for he could not be compelled to do a wrong, to abandon his self-respect.

2. *It is right for a man to have pride in his family.* "Marriage is honorable in all" is the divine decision. The relationship growing out of it is one of the most sacred in human life. A man has no business to go where he would not take his wife. The poor man who was troubled to know what men would do for a loafing place if the saloons were abolished, had no pride in his family, and it would be well enough for him to be compelled to stay with his wife awhile. He would be a better man. The man who will not care for and protect his family can never be a Christian, and in all contests between the home and the saloon or any other institution or social custom that antagonizes the home, the Christian must be on the side of the home, or he will show that he has no pride in his home; no respect for his family.

Our sympathies have always been with the old Quaker, who, educated in the theory of non-resistance, was tempted by the villain who abused his wife and family. He offered him something to eat first, and then something to drink, but the offender peremptorily declined both, and went on with his abuse. The old Quaker finally said: "Thee can abuse me as much as thee likes, but thee must leave my family alone. I have made thee a peace offering and thou hast refused it; I have made thee a drink offering and thou hast refused

that; now I will give thee a *heave* offering," and he kicked him out of the house. And he did right. Jesus took a scourge of cords and drove the villains out of his Father's house.

3. *It is right for us to have pride in our friends.* As a rule the man who has no friends does not deserve any. The shepherd youth, David, made a friend of Jonathan, the son of the king. The man who is proud of his friendships has a great element of nobility in his character. We have always admired the way John wrote of himself as "the disciple whom Jesus loved." The sacred ties of friendship, knit by the entwining force of love, are a treasure that enriches and enlarges the soul.

Lord Brooke had an appreciation of it when he requested them to put on his tomb, "Here lies the friend of Sir Philip Sidney," and the request shows there was something noble about each of these men besides the titles that they wore.

In the church one of the most marvelous things is the ties of friendship that spring up. If there is no love like the love of Jesus known in the tide of time, so there are no friends like the friends of Jesus.

"You may talk of the friendships of youth and of age,
And select for your comrades the noble and sage,
But the friends that most cheer me, on life's rugged road,
Are the friends of my Master, the children of God."

When Talleyrand was fleeing from France he reached England, and learning there was an American stopping at the hotel, he sought his acquaintance and requested that he give him a letter of introduction to some friend in America. The American said, with the most pa-

thetic sadness, "I have no friend in all America!" "No friend?" said Talleyrand, "and who are you?" "My name is Benedict Arnold," and he turned away to hide his emotion. All his gold and his former good name could not purchase him a friend in America. Well might he say: "Happy is the man who is true to his friendships."

4. *It is right for us to have pride in our country.* Paul said: "I am a Jew of Tarsus, a city in Cilicia, a citizen of no mean city." Human government is authorized and ordained by the Lord for the "punishment of them that do evil and for the protection of them that do well." Patriotism, the love of country, is a virtue, and it should be cherished and exemplified by every Christian. The psalms of David are full of the sentiment of gratitude to God for what He had done for the nation of Israel. A nation's history is a nation's pride and bond of union. The blood quickens in the pulse of the coldest man, when he reads the story of the men who have honored the country of their birth, not in the time of war alone, but in the time of peace as well. Should we go over the list of statesmen, soldiers, poets, preachers, philosophers, historians, scientists, inventors, it would do the Christian heart good to feel that in the future history of the world, Longfellow will be as well known as Lincoln, and that side by side will go down to posterity the names of Grant and Garfield, Webster and Whittier, Agassiz and Morse, Sherman and Campbell, Bancroft and Bryant, Sheridan and Holland, and the great host of others that time would fail us to name. The true Christian cultivates the spirit that enables him to sing:

“ My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing ;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.”

5. *It is right for us to be proud that we are Christians.* Paul says : “ Our citizenship is in heaven,” and if so why should we not take pride in it? To be a child of the eternal King is that of which we should not be ashamed. There is too much apology on the part of Christians for their faith and hope in God.

When I was a lad I went to a class-meeting with my grandfather. He tremblingly arose and said : “ It is a great cross for me to stand up and testify to my faith in Jesus, but I feel that I must take up my cross and say a few words for His cause.” After saying a few things he sat down as if he had passed through a trying ordeal. Not long after, he took me to a political meeting, where there was a great crowd of people. They called on him to say something. He rose with a great deal of earnestness and said : “ I am proud to stand up and say a few words in honor of the hero of Lundy's Lane and of Mexico, General Scott ! ” and he went on with a most eloquent tribute to his favorite candidate. On the way home I asked him : “ Which has done the most for you, General Scott or Jesus ? ” He asked, “ Why ? ” “ Because you say you are proud to speak for General Scott, but it is a great cross for you to speak for Jesus.” He looked at me in a strange way and said : “ You will find out when you are older, my son.” I am older now by more than thirty years, and still the question is an unsolved one, Why

a man should be more ashamed of his religion than his politics. You may pronounce your eulogies on all the great men of earth, and still the Christian can say, "My Leader and Commander, Jesus, is greater than they all."

"Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee,
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glory shines through endless days.

Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend—
No! when I blush, be this my shame
That I no more revere his name."

If Plato could rejoice that he was "a man and not a beast, a Grecian and not a barbarian, a philosopher and not a fool," why should I not be proud that "I am a man created in the image of God, a Christian and not a heathen, a friend of Jesus and not a sceptic"?

If we are Christians, what are our possessions? We have an advocate with the Father, and if any man sins he may be forgiven; we have a Mediator between God and man, one who knows the thoughts and feelings of both; we have a High Priest made by the oath of God, after the order of Melchisedec; we have a Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world; we have a Saviour who is able to save even to the uttermost; we have a good Shepherd, who gave his life for the sheep; we have a King that shall reign until he has put all enemies under his feet; we have a triumphant Redeemer, one who holds the keys of death and the grave, who rules in the armies of heaven and in the nations of earth. We can truly say:

“Possessing Christ, I all possess—
 Wisdom, and strength, and righteousness,
 And holiness complete ;
 Bold in his name, I dare draw nigh,
 Before the Ruler of the sky,
 And all his justice meet.

“There is no path to heavenly bliss,
 To solid joy or lasting peace
 But Christ, th’ appointed road ;
 O may we tread the sacred way,
 By faith rejoice, and praise, and pray,
 Till we sit down with God.”

D. R. LUCAS.

(Selected.)

ALL 'S WELL.

The day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep,
 My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine !
 Father, forgive my trespasses, and keep
 This little life of mine.

With loving kindness curtain Thou my head,
 And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet ;
 Thy pardon be the pillow for my head :
 So shall my rest be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,
 No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake !
All 's Well, whichever side the grave for me
 The morning light may break.

HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.



· MARY · OGLE ·

TALE OF A PIONEER CHURCH.

CHAPTER IX.

THE THREE MARYS.

The reader has already seen much of those holy women, the three Marys, and doubtless desires a closer acquaintance. Excepting Mary Morrison, who, however, did a brief good work elsewhere, they lived long after the culminating events of 1829, and wrought noble things for the Lord. Three cruel fires have, however, swept the best portion of the town; one on October 16, 1833, starting at night in the house of Joshua F. Cox, and laying over thirty dwellings in ashes; another and larger one on May 9th, 1872; and on May 4, 1877, that destroyed about \$175,000 worth of property, to say nothing of invaluable private treasures, mementos and documents. Not a church record escaped, not a single file of the town publications was saved. Here was a loss to our history that can never be repaired, and a weakening of financial strength that has sadly crippled our growth in the State. Only such documents as happened to be outside of the burnt district or had found their way to other portions of the commonwealth, are available; and these only in part, for some are not recognized by the holders at their true

value, or are in indifferent hands. What might have been an easy task is thus made difficult and meager in results.

And first we must take a general view of the three Marys, then individualize.

Dr. Wm. Shadrach, ordained to the Baptist ministry in the latter part of 1828, and who, in his eighty-third year, still ministers to that people with the vigor of a man of sixty, recently dictated to the writer as follows :

"I was profoundly interested in those three pious ladies, on my first visit to Somerset, on learning of their fidelity in keeping up the visibility of the church, and in maintaining, in the face of many discouragements, their testimony to the truth as they believed that they had been taught of God. For three years they had kept up their devotional exercises without any male assistance, supporting the religious life of the church. I think that they never wavered under any circumstances. I was newly ordained to the ministry, and found them so zealous that I was strongly drawn to them."

Judge F. M. Kimmell, of Chambersburg, Pa., writes thus, under date of August 11, 1883 :

"Conspicuous in the church in its origin were the three Marys: Mary Ogle, Mary Graft, and Mary Morrison. The folks at Somerset can tell you what they did for the cause—their self-sacrificing devotion to the church, how they sustained it in the beginning, almost unaided, until by the influence of their excellent example and their zeal, it began to grow and expand until it finally embraced the best elements and the most intelligent in the town and vicinity. The three Marys were nobly good. They were well fitted for the work they performed; all of them bright, intelligent and cultured persons, of blameless life. They 'lived respected and died beloved' by all. I wish I had time to gather up the fragments of their history, for much of it is lost, and soon the lapse of time will blot the facts from the memory of the living. God be praised that the Historian of the eternal world has stored away all, so as never to be forgotten."

Over two years later the Judge wrote again, and as follows :

"The three Marys were aged sisters when I knew them. Their work began long before my time. The church was strong in 1836 [the time of the Judge's coming to the place], embracing the most intelligent people of the town and vicinity. Mary Morrison resided at Johnstown, and I saw her only a few times; and then her mind was greatly impaired. Mary Graft and Mary Ogle lived and died in Somerset, and were always active in church affairs. I think they loved the church as women love children, because they considered it as their own. Mother, or as we called her, Aunty Graft, was an ardent, thorough-going sister, and gave her time and means to the Lord. But the finest intellect was Grandmother Ogle. She had an acute mind, read the Scriptures understandingly, remembered them well, had an unerring judgment. She was a born controversialist, was ever ready for the fight for the truth, and was a formidable competitor. It was pleasant to hear these two sisters, in their great age, tell of their trials and difficulties in old times, how they retrenched in their family expenses for the cause. For many years they sustained the church alone and nearly unaided. I never met their equal. They reminded me of the other Marys, who, when the brethren fled away from the crucifixion, would not flee, but witnessed it *afar off*, and then hastening to the tomb, and finding it empty, ran with the glad news that the Lord had risen indeed. There is no end to the good that women can do when they give themselves, soul, body, and spirit, to the work."

Elder James Darsie, who also knew these women, among other things which are a repetition of the foregoing, writes :

"They were possessed of a strong faith and were largely endued with the grace of continuance. They maintained the organization for a long time alone, and kept the ordinances without a male member in the church."

The books that people read, like the company they keep, mould their lives. Before individualizing, therefore, it would be of interest to take a look into the libra-

ries of the Marys. Unfortunately, however, those destructive fires have made this largely impossible. To say nothing of the standard historians and poets, and always placing the Bible first and chief, it is known that the following titles were among the number of their books and are presumably a fair index to the rest: J. Taylor's "Life of our Blessed Lord, etc;" John Rippon's "Selection of Hymns;" James P. Wilson's "Lectures on some of the Parables and Historical Passages of the New Testament;" John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress;" Harvey's "Meditations;" Baxter's "Saints' Rest" and "Call to the Unconverted;" Amos Blanchard's "Book of Martyrs;" Hester Ann Rogers' "Experience and Spiritual Letters;" Sarah Grubb's "Life and Religious Labors;" and George Burder's sixty-five "Village Sermons." To this must be added such current religious publications as *The Christian Baptist* and *Millennial Harbinger*.

Mention was made, in an earlier chapter, of the "Village Sermons" and the use these women made of those two volumes. Since then, Volume II. has fallen into the writer's hands; and did space permit, it would be interesting to make large extracts from that work in which there is so little to condemn and so much to approve. As, however, it is of English origin and helps to answer the question

"Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he hath grown so great?"

a few brief extracts must be given.

"In our reception of this Scripture doctrine [that of the Trinity] we are not bound to adopt the mode of expression used or enforced by

any particular divine or churches. Some good men, in their attempts to explain the doctrine, have rather perplexed it. Some good men have said, that "the Father is the fountain of Deity"—that "He communicated His whole essence to His Son"—that "the Son is eternally begotten of the Father," and that He is "very God of very God." As these expressions are only private interpretations of Bible truth, we are at liberty to admit or reject them, as they appear to be scriptural or not."

"We do not affirm that the *three* are *one*, in the same sense that they are *three*. We say they are *three*, *in person*; *one*, *in essence*."

"And the Lord said: 'My spirit shall not always strive with men,' that is, by the good counsels and faithful warnings of Noah and others."

"By faith we mean 'a belief of the truth,' especially of the testimony of God concerning His Son Jesus Christ."

"It is the office of Christian faith, to take God at His word."

"Faith begins in an *assent*, a cordial assent, to the truth of the Gospel. The believer sets his seal to it that it is true. Faith proceeds to *affiance* or *trust* in Christ."

"Repentance is a tear dropped from the eye of faith."

"Peter answered, 'Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God.' This was a good answer, and He (Jesus) greatly commended it; . . . and having mentioned His name, takes occasion to speak of this confession He made, this article of faith, as the rock, or foundation, on which the whole New Testament Church shall be built."

"What is *baptism* but a declaration of our misery by sin, our need of Christ as a purifier, and a badge of our belonging to Him? We are 'baptized unto Christ,' we are 'buried and risen with Christ,' we 'put on Christ.'"

"No man has a grain of religion till he sees the need, and feels the want, of the pardon of his sins."

"The destruction of our sins is compared to the crucifixion of Christ, not only because it is like it, but because it proceeds from it. . . . Crucifixion is a *violent* and *painful* death: and so is the death of sin. . . . Jesus compares it to cutting off a right hand, or plucking out a right eye, but he says this is better than going to hell with two hands or two eyes."

"We pity the ravings of a man in a fever, who fancies himself in health; such is the dangerous condition of sinners."

"It has been often and justly observed, 'We have but *one* such instance [as the conversion of the "thief"] in all the Bible; one sin-

ner converted at the hour of death, that we may hope; and *but* one, that we may fear.' And suppose it had once happened that a person had leaped down from a lofty precipice without losing his life, would it be prudent for ten thousand other people to run the risk, and leap down after him?"

Mary Morrison, the youngest of the three Marys, was born in Berlin, then Bedford, now Somerset county, Pa., about the year 1780. She was the only daughter in the family. Her father's name was George Schwartz, and, as his name indicates, of German nationality. The family was of the Lutheran faith. Berlin, in fact, to this day pays yearly a Spanish milled dollar on every lot as perpetual ground-rent to the Lutheran and Reformed churches—a custom also once settled by deed on a part of Somerset, but since obliterated by buying off the heirs.

Mary's marriage to Abraham Morrison, an able lawyer, a prominent citizen, and a bachelor some twenty or thirty years her senior, brought her to Somerset. Mr. Morrison belonged to no church, though he called himself a Presbyterian. He was, however, immersed after the death of his wife, rather from remorse, it is thought, than from genuine repentance; for his bearings towards his wife lacked in the pleasant and tender elements, and a second marriage revealed to him the fact that not all women have the patience of angels.

Mary Morrison was of medium stature, as between the other Marys, stout of body, and dressed in various colors. She had dark hair, soft black eyes, the mildest, gentlest voice, "an excellent thing in a woman," and sang most sweetly, as is perfectly remembered by those who were children in her day.

The marked prominence of her loveliness of character and mildness of disposition gained for her the name of "the Dove." Never having been blessed with children of her own, her bearing was motherly and tender to those of other households, especially to the children of the Lord. She and Mary Ogle would even cut up such bed-clothes as they could spare, and turn them into garments for the children of the poor. Her six fine Gage plum trees, on the lot where Pisel's grocery now stands, were known by taste to many a mouth. Her husband, however, did not share in her benevolent enterprises. Once, in a fit of anger, while she was at church on a Lord's day, he cut them down with all their ripened burden. Without complaint, she meekly harvested the crop, thankful that it was so accessible, and liberally remembered her sisters in Christ.

Of her labors in behalf of the Somerset church, nothing further need be said than has already appeared in earlier chapters or will be mentioned in connection with the other Marys, with whom she had joined both heart and hand in every enterprise for Christ and humanity.

Early in the thirties her husband chose Johnstown, Pennsylvania, for the field of his legal operations, and so parted her from her well-loved Zion. Nothing daunted by this deprivation, she set herself at work to provide a religious home of her kind and faith in that place. The first convert was a Roman Catholic lady by the name of Cooper, a very estimable woman, whose husband was an inventor of car machinery, and was baptized either with her or shortly thereafter, and in the course of time even preached some. A merchant tailor by the name of Levan also early cast his lot

with them, and afterwards himself held occasional meetings. For a reaper of her sowing, Mary Morrison naturally looked to her recent pastor, Chauncey Forward, who was not slow in responding. His first meeting was begun in the Methodist meeting-house, an old shell, which was soon denied for further use. Next the Lutheran house was briefly occupied, with the same result. Then some old place was secured till the brethren put up a hasty structure, which soon caved in at the top. Money was scarce, but love for the Master was abundant and strong, so they finally got a comfortable house, which a few years ago was supplanted by the present fine and commodious two-storied brick in which Bro. W. L. Hayden dispenses the bread of life to growing congregations and with increasing success. The communion cups presented by Mary Morrison continued in use till about two years ago.

Mary Morrison was little inclined to the use of the pen, preferring to communicate her thoughts and lessons by the living voice. More as a memento than for any special value, the only letter of hers known to the writer is here given:

“JOHNSTOWN, June 28, 1833.

“Mr. Morrison is sending John to Somerset. He says he may go to the vineyard, but I think the church should see that he is taken care of. I am not very well. No more at present. I should like to hear from the members. My love to all my Christian friends.

“MARY MORRISON.”

The later years of Mary Morrison were burdened with the care of her mother and brother, whose minds had weakened. Indeed, she herself finally passed into such a mental gloom, but never, through it all, lost her native mildness of spirit. Her end was like the

setting sun that darts golden rays through the veiling clouds. Somewhere in the neighborhood of 1850 the Lord crowned her toil-filled years with rest in heaven's peace. 'T is thus His saints go home.

Mary Ogle was born shortly after the Declaration of Independence, namely, September 6, 1776, near the present Schellsburg, Bedford county, Pennsylvania, and of Welch Presbyterian parents by the name of Williams. She was a farmer's daughter, and had two sisters and three brothers, all older than herself. Ephraim was immersed at Schellsburg shortly before his death, along with the Schells, by Dr. P. G. Young. Hannah married a Berry, and moved to Zanesville, Ohio, where she obeyed the Saviour. Sally married a Fletcher, and was baptized in the Baptist Church, at Mount Pleasant, Pennsylvania. The history of Mary's conversion has already been detailed.

In personal appearance she was the smallest of the three Marys, being about three or four inches over five feet in height, of delicate frame, raven hair, dark-brown eyes easily mistaken for black, and lovely features. She was always well dressed and according to the prevailing fashion, never in the lead to attract attention, and never in the rear to invite criticism. The accompanying picture, made from a photograph taken from an oil painting, necessarily falls short of the expression, grace and beauty of the original. It represents her at the age of thirty-four, and with her favorite secular author, Moore's poems, in hand.

Her childhood-recollections were clear as to parts of winters passed in Bedford Fort for fear of Indians, and as to occasional hasty flights at other times to the same refuge. The bloody murder, in 1777, of the Tull

family, father, mother and nine daughters, near where Schellsburg now stands, which deed was first discovered by her father, was of course beyond her personal memory ; but such stories, often told, had a tendency to early maturity of mind and self-dependency.

She was early married to Gen. Alexander Ogle, a native of Maryland, and some eleven years her senior. They first lived at Stoyestown, where their first two children were born and where he kept a tavern and a store. Afterwards he moved to Somerset to pursue the same occupation, till he went to the Legislature. His Somerset lot stood on the lot now occupied by Boyd's drug-store. In those days the tavern-keeper was the great man of the community. With him the stage-driver stopped, and around his fire-place the leading men of the community gathered of evenings, and on other important occasions, to exchange the local news and hear the coachman's "foreign" intelligence and wonderful adventures. It was thought not only harmless but just the thing to enliven the occasion, by turns, with the "cheery" glass. It is the deep-seated memory of those "grand old times" that to this day lends the licensing of drink an undefined dignity and ascribes its work of ruin rather to individual degeneracy and weakness than to the intrinsic demon-character of the traffic. Grave judges on the bench, whose personal or traditional memories are rooted in those days, still construe the better law under this unconscious bias, and under its mystic spell the older physicians write prescriptions. But, thanks to the advent of railroads and a rising generation that "knew not Joseph," a better day is approaching its noon.

General Ogle was a man of such commanding pres-

ence that the announcement of his name was sufficient to quell any quarrel on the street. It was this quality, coupled with certain fitness, that made him Brigadier-general of Militia, then Major-general; also nine years Prothonotary, repeatedly a member of the State Legislature, once State Senator, and once Representative in Congress, where he designated his constituency as "The Frosty Sons of Thunder," a title they relish to this day. The convivial habits contracted by his manner of life stood in the way of his ever bowing to the Saviour, though in theory he espoused the faith of his noble wife. His generous hospitality was free to all ministers of the gospel. He lighted the church fires, rang the bell, provided communion wine, assisted the poor, and even wrote incisive controversial articles in favor of his wife's tenets. So well did he understand the requirements of the gospel that he wrote, "Dip a fox ten times and he is a fox still." When he died, in 1832, his several farms and other properties had one by one fallen a sacrifice to suretyship and personal habits.

It was under circumstances like these, certainly not the most favorable, that Mary Ogle did her splendid work. But two of her children lived to maturity. Her oldest son, Alexander, who became the husband of "Aunt Charlotte," trod in the footprints of his father, whilst he youngest, Charles, preferred the ways of his mother.

Mary Ogle, as well as the other Marys, was not bound by any narrow sectarianism, though unswerving in convictions. When these women had no religious services of their own to hinder, they embraced every opportunity to worship with the denominations about them. Such persons as they could not induce to see

through their eyes, they preferred to see in other churches rather than have them be no worshipers at all. This feeling led them to do many a generous thing, however unreciprocated it might be. The Presbyterians, for example, were weak. So when Mr. Ross with his wife, child, and his wife's sister, Eliza York, came to minister unto them, he was invited to make his home free of all charge during his entire stay in Somerset, first with Mary Morrison and then with Mary Ogle. His successor, Mr. Frontes, a single man, lived on the same terms with Mary Graft. Yet once, when Elders Wheeler and Estep were expected here over Lord's day, Rev. Ross rode to Jenner on Saturday, without any appointment there, and did not return till those Baptist ministers were gone. On his return he asked Mary Ogle, "What were those men here for to preach to *my* people?" "I did not know that they were your people," was the reply. "Yes," said he, "all Somerset is mine." It is but fair to add that this occurred before the formal organization of the Baptist Church, though after the "Society" had gone into full operation.

Such was the devotion of these women that, in order to be able to save money and other means for the Lord, they retrenched in all their family expenses and did their housework without any domestic help. And that a large share of the day might be given to house labor, they usually did their washing and ironing after night, the delicate Mary Ogle not excepted.

Mary Ogle was not only the prime mover and chief spirit in all that was done by these memorable women, but with conscientious carefulness she matured all plans well before submitting them to the others, first

approaching Mary Morrison and then Mary Graft. Her soundness of judgment and activeness of zeal stayed with her to the time of her death, at the age of eighty-seven years and three months. In the words of her favorite Moore, she said to her soul—

“The sacred pages of God’s own book
Shall be the spring, the eternal brook
In whose holy mirror, night and day,
Thou ’lt study Heaven’s reflected ray.”

Her constant prayer was—

“Oh, teach me to love Thee, to feel what Thou art,
Till, filled with the one sacred image, my heart
Shall all other passions disown;
Like some pure temple, that shines apart,
Reserved for Thy worship alone.

“In joy and in sorrow, through praise and through blame,
Thus still let me, living and dying the same,
In Thy service bloom and decay—
Like some lone altar, whose votive flame
In holiness wasteth away.”

Her gentleness of disposition and meekness of spirit rejoiced to see brethren in the lead, when the reorganization of 1829 was effected, just as John said of the Master, “He must increase, but I must decrease.” Nevertheless she worked as diligently as ever, but, as suited her best, in a more retired way. She continued to be an angel of mercy in time of physical need, a true guide to the spiritually blind, and God’s raven to many a famishing soul. Men like Wm. H. Schell find their earliest desires to “preach the word” rooted in her loving counsels. Maxwell’s lines constituted her favorite hymn:

“How shall I my Saviour set forth?
 How shall I His beauties declare?
 O how shall I speak of His worth,
 Or what His chief dignities are?”

Next to this, she delighted in the psalm of Watts—

“My Spirit looks to God alone;
 My rock and refuge is His throne;
 In all my fears, in all my straits,
 My soul for His salvation waits.”

So afraid was she of making an undue display of herself that in her later days she committed all her accessible writings to the flames. When chided by her friends for the act, she replied, “May be some day I might have a feeling of self-glorification like Mrs. —, and I do not want to have it.” The only letter of hers known to the writer to be in existence, aside from the two already quoted, is the following one of early date, addressed to Mrs. Ann Rhees, of Philadelphia:

SOMERSET, Oct. 15, 1814.

“It seems an age since I wrote or heard from my dear Mrs. Rhees. All I can do at so great a distance, is to read over your letters, which afford me much pleasure. My situation at present is something similar to the Israelites at the river of Babylon. They wept when they thought on their beloved city; so it is with me when I think on the Christian friends in Philadelphia. But I can not say that they are always tears of sorrow, but rather, as St. Paul expresses it, as sorrowful, yet rejoicing. I have been much comforted in reading my Bible, and also a passage in Cowper's poems gave me particular consolation in reading it. The lines run thus:

“Ah, be not sad, although thy lot be cast
 Far from the flock, and in a boundless waste I
 No shepherd's tents within thy view appear,
 But the Chief Shepherd even there is near;
 Thy tender sorrows and thy plaintive strain
 Flow in a foreign land, but not in vain;

Thy tears all issue from a source divine,
 And every drop bespeaks a Saviour thine—
 So once in Gideon's fleece the dews were found,
 And drought on all the drooping herbs around.'

"But I am under renewed obligations to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for the hope He has given us of the spread of the gospel in this place. There have been two large meetings of the Methodists here lately. We also have had preaching in our new church by ministers of different denominations. The people have paid a degree of respect and reverence for the two Fast-days proclaimed by the Governor. They sent for Mr. Steel, who is a preacher, and an amiable man, and we had a meeting.

"I know that it will give you pleasure to hear that Dr. Estep was in Somerset; and he tarried with us from Saturday to Monday; preached on Sabbath morning from Rom. xiii. 13, 14, and afternoon from Amos vii. 2, last clause, wherein he beautifully illustrated the Scripture and shewed that although Jacob was small he should arise by the God of his salvation, directing our ideas to the small beginning of Israel, an exile from his father's house, as it were, and shewing that his prosperity and deliverance in every time of trouble proceeded from the omnipotent arm of the Lord. He would call forth our recollection to the small beginning of the church at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost and how it prospered in the face of every persecution and opposition; and the idea was to be applied to every individual member of the Church—that we should, however small, arise by the God of our salvation.

"Oh, my friend! Thankful ought we to be for this encouragement. May we not ask with the Psalmist, What shall we render to our God for all His kindness shewn? Or, what can we render to Him, seeing we have naught but what we have received from His bountiful hand,

" 'Come then, expressive silence, muse His praise.'

"I feel thankful for Mrs. Hallman's letter, and so are all the friends here for the good news it contained. I would have written to her, but am waiting for something better to communicate than I have at present.

"Remember me affectionately to her, and tell her not to forget to write to her friend on the mountains. I have a thousand things to say to my dear friends, such as: how is Dr. H., and Dr. S., and Mrs. Birch, Mr. and Mrs. Mealen, and Mrs. Reane [Keane?], and all the friends? But I fear I shall weary you.

"Please to remember me to your good mother and dear children, and permit me to subscribe myself,

"Affectionately yours,

"MARY OGLE."

Mary Ogle's constant theme was "the blessed Master." His second coming was the inspiration of her life. For this she yearned as a loving child for the arms of its mother. Her highest ambition was first to be ready herself, and, secondly, to have all about her ready for His glorious advent. She watched each shining cloud as the possible chariot of her Lord, and craved the privilege of meeting Him in the air. If die she must, she wished it to be at church, on the Lord's day, and at communion. Up to within three weeks of the end she sat regularly in the sanctuary, and then lay down to go to Him who had not come to her.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

ROYAL REFORMERS.—JEHOSHAPHAT.

Jehoshaphat, as a reformer, had a decided advantage over his father Asa, in that he had only to perfect a work already successfully begun. His education and his environment were highly favorable to the perfecting of a reformation, the chief obstacles to which had already been removed. But it is an evidence of the inveteracy of evil habits, and especially of established wicked usages, that much of the work of Asa had to be repeated by Jehoshaphat and succeeding reformers. Thus we read (II. Chron. xiv. 3, 5) that Asa took away the high places and the sun images; yet we are informed (chap. xv. 17) that "the high places were not taken away out of Israel." And so Jehoshaphat had to renew the war against the high places (chap. xvii. 6); yet we are told (chap. xx. 33) that "the high places were not taken away." In the subsequent reign of Hezekiah, we learn that the high places were thrown down, and the altars out of all Judah and Benjamin, in Ephraim also and Manasseh, until they had utterly destroyed them all (chap. xxxi. 1). Surely we have reached the consummation of this reformation now? No: turn to chap. xxxiv. 3-6, and you will find that the war against the high places was renewed by Josiah! Cavilers parade these texts as involving contradiction, and therefore falsehood, and point to them triumphantly

as evidences that the Old Testament records are untrustworthy, and therefore uninspired. But this is a very shallow sophistry. These various passages simply unfold a truth of great practical value : that deeply rooted sins and usages are not easily extirpated ; that, make war against them as you may, even to gaining a victory that seems to be complete and final, the deep and many-branching roots of these evils have been but partially destroyed, and will send forth new shoots, and reappear above the surface in a new and vigorous growth. We have something analogous to this in the history of Temperance reformations. Again and again it has been proclaimed that Prohibition has triumphed in Maine ; and as often it has been followed by the announcement that " the high places are not taken away "—that drinking and drunkenness abound. The same is true concerning Kansas. And more recently, the glad news of the triumph of Prohibition in Atlanta, Georgia, has been followed by the sad tidings that Prohibition does not prohibit. But these are not *contradictions*. Some of the statements may be, and doubtless are, the exaggerations of interested parties ; yet, on the whole, it is but a repetition of the Old Testament history : the high places were destroyed, yet they were *not* destroyed. Victory after victory was succeeded by defeat after defeat. And this teaches us a great lesson as to the inveteracy of evil habits, and the exceeding difficulty of rooting them out. We must never be so sanguine of complete success as to cease our efforts in any work of moral or religious reform ; nor must we become so discouraged by defeat, that we can not begin anew the work of reformation. The battle against wrong never ends.

Jehoshaphat was wise in this: he saw that the work of reformation under his father did not reach to the root of the evils that cursed the nation; it was merely or mainly an *external* change, while the *fountains* of iniquity still remained in full flow. Asa had sought to dry up the *streams*, but left the *fountains* still flowing. Jehoshaphat therefore determined on an advance movement. He saw that the people were profoundly ignorant of the law of Jehovah, and were consequently an easy prey to superstition. They were ignorant of the glorious history of their own nation, and consequently were destitute of that enlightened patriotism without which there could be no enthusiastic devotion to their own laws and institutions. He accordingly arranged a system of general instruction—of national education. Under the direction of five of the princes of the land, he sent forth priests and Levites “to teach in the cities of Judah.” “And they taught in Judah, having the book of the law of Jehovah with them: and they went about through all the cities of Judah, and taught among the people” (II. Chron. xvii. 7–10). Here are the germs of a system of national education—a system far in advance of our boasted system of public schools; for, in our pride and self-sufficiency, we are banishing the Bible from our public schools, and tabooing in large degree all moral and religious instruction, relying on merely intellectual culture to produce and foster the intelligence and virtue which are the two great pillars of the temple of liberty—although it is rapidly becoming evident that we are thus leaning vainly on a broken reed; while Jehoshaphat saw that moral and religious culture was essential to a true patriotism, and therefore was careful to have the people “taught in the book of the law of Jehovah.” We are

not forgetful of the fact that the government of Judah was a theocracy, and that Jehoshaphat could therefore properly insist on a popular education in the law of the Lord which, in our Republic, in theory divorced from religion, and made up of all sorts of people, where the irreligious and atheistic and Jewish and pagan elements are potent, is impracticable. We see and acknowledge the difference ; yet we record our conviction, in the face of this tremendous difficulty, that *by some means*—if not by the action of the State, then by the missionary zeal and voluntary efforts of the Church, our population must be morally and religiously educated, or our glorious Republic will perish. Its interests can not be conserved by the godless culture of our public schools. Intellectual culture—*head* education—may and does consist with moral obliquity and degradation, and depraved hearts are only armed with additional power for evil by what is now popularly styled education. Such education furnishes claws to the tiger and talons to the eagle, for a work of destruction. We must see to this in time, or our free institutions are destined to become a prey to untamed passions and unchastened and unsanctified ambitions.

Of the salutary results of the system of popular moral and religious instruction introduced by Jehoshaphat, we have this testimony : “ And the fear of the Lord fell upon all the kingdoms of the lands that were round about Judah, so that they made no war against Jehoshaphat ” (II. Chron. xvii. 10). Partial and temporary as was this popular education—for, in the great scarcity of books, the instruction was oral and largely perishable—an *educated* people was more dreaded by hostile nations and tribes, than an *armed* people. The

light from the schools of Judah struck terror into the benighted and superstitious tribes and kings round about them. *Brain*-power is superior to mere muscular force, and *heart*-power is greater than all. An enlightened faith in Jehovah, and an intelligent patriotism, made Judah more terrible than an army with banners. Hence, even the haughty and scornful Philistines bowed before Jehoshaphat with presents to conciliate him, and the lawless Arabs came with tribute to purchase his favor (II. Chron. xvii. 11)—splendid testimonials to the superiority—the invincibility—of an enlightened people.

So intent was Jehoshaphat on this work of education, that he went a second time over the whole land, “from Beer-sheba to the hill-country of Ephraim,” renewing the course of instruction and winning the people to an intelligent devotion to the service of Jehovah (II. Chron. xix. 4). Had this educational movement been wrought into permanency, it might have been the salvation of Judah; but Jehoshaphat’s successor, Jehoram, by his marriage with the daughter of Jezebel, was ensnared into idolatrous ways, and the work of the pious father was undone by the impious son.

Another reformatory movement of the wise and good Jehoshaphat was the purgation of the civil and ecclesiastical courts, and the reestablishment of a just administration of law (II. Chron. xix. 5–11). The corruption of courts of justice is one of the signs of a nation’s decadence. It is one of the evil signs of the times in our own land. The delays in bringing criminals to trial; the packing of juries; the infamous tricks resorted to by reckless criminal lawyers to defeat the aims of justice; the consequent failure of juries to convict the guilty; the guilty higgling of the judges of su-

perior courts, in appeals after conviction—reversing the decisions of justice in the cases of notorious criminals by a resort to the most trifling technicalities—in virtue of which criminals of the deepest dye, released on bail, walk the streets of our cities for years—a menace to the peace and security of society; and the final defeat of justice in the acquittal of such guilty wretches after the lapse of years has allowed their crimes to pass into forgetfulness and the righteous indignation of the public has spent itself; all this has given license to lawlessness and crime, and brought our courts into contempt. It was after the public patience had been worn out by a repetition of these iniquities in our so-called courts of justice, and at their culmination in a verdict of manslaughter in the case of a self-confessed murderer, whose deliberate act of murder solely for the sake of gain was universally known, that the public indignation of Cincinnati gave birth to a fearful riot, resulting in the burning of the court-house with its invaluable records, and in the loss of sixty lives, and the wounding and maiming of two hundred persons. It is notorious that, in view of the extreme uncertainty of righteous decisions in our criminal courts, Lynch law is frequently resorted to, with a silent acquiescence and approval even on the part of the virtuous and law-abiding. A painful commentary on the corrupt condition of our courts is found in the fact of a general outburst of admiration on the part of the press and the people when an exceptional instance of the administration of prompt and full justice occurs—admirable because it is rare! It has come to this, that an honest discharge of duty has to be celebrated because of its exceptional character! No nation is secure when its laws have fallen into

contempt and the voice of its courts is a mockery in the ears of the people.

Judah had been sorely afflicted through the corruption of its courts. What was said by Zephaniah some time later, was true even in the reign of Jehoshaphat: "Her princes in the midst of her are roaring lions; her judges are evening wolves; they leave nothing till the morrow" (Zeph. iii. 3). Jehoshaphat undertook a reorganization of the courts. Judges of civil and criminal cases were appointed to sit in all the fenced cities of Judah, "city by city," as these were the centers of population. A solemn charge was given to these judges, which it would be well for all the judges in our land to commit to memory and repeat every morning: "Consider what ye do: for ye judge not for man, but for Jehovah; and He is with you in the judgment. Now therefore let the fear of Jehovah be upon you: take heed and do it: for there is no iniquity with Jehovah our God, nor respect of persons, nor taking of gifts" (II. Chron. xix. 6, 7).^{*} An ecclesiastical court was established in Jerusalem, composed of skilled Levites, priests, and heads of houses, with the high-priest as presiding officer, to hear all appeals that might come up from local courts; while "the prince of the house of Judah" was the head of all the civil and criminal courts. Thus did the king seek, by an upright administration of justice and a scheme of popular education, to overcome the tendencies to apostasy and train up a generation of intelligent, law-loving subjects, armed and steeled against the seductions of idolatry.

In all this Jehoshaphat was rewarded with peace and prosperity. The awe of him was upon the surrounding

^{*} See also Ps. lxxxii.

tribes and nations, so that, free from wars, he gave himself to strengthening his kingdom, and he "had riches and honor in abundance." If idolatrous foes threatened the security of his kingdom, as when the Moabites, Ammonites and Meunim combined to attack him, he was rewarded with a bloodless victory over their multitudinous armies (II. Chron. xx). Never since the time of the revolt of the ten tribes, had Judah been lifted to such strength, or commanded such respect among the nations.

It is painful to mar so beautiful a picture; yet it were false and mischievous to leave it unmarred. The truth must be spoken. If it be saddening, it is yet wise, to learn how every human work is marred by imperfections and soiled by sins; otherwise we should ever be inflated by a false self-sufficiency, and fail of watchfulness against the dangers that beset us even in our best endeavors after righteousness.

Strange to say, Jehoshaphat, with all his unaffected devotion to the honor of Jehovah, became the intimate friend and devoted ally of the infamous Ahab (II. Chron. xviii.). This is a deeply interesting history, as illustrating the subtle play of *policy* in State affairs, against the stern demands of *righteousness*. We can not suppose Jehoshaphat to have had the least sympathy with the idolatrous court of Ahab and Jezebel, so far as religion and morals were concerned. This is evident from the honor bestowed on him by Elisha even after the death of Ahab, when Jehoram was king, and Jehoshaphat joined his forces with those of Jehoram to fight against Moab. Jehoram sought unto Elisha for counsel in a time of extremity. It is one of the few instances in which the gentle Elisha was stirred to indignation. "What have I

to do with thee? get thee to the prophets of thy father, and the prophets of thy mother." But the sight of Jehoshaphat subdued him. "As the Lord of hosts liveth, before whom I stand, surely, were it not that I regard the presence of Jehoshaphat, the king of Judah, I would not look toward thee nor see thee" (II. Ki. iii. 9-19). For Jehoshaphat's sake, he opened to the allied kings the way of deliverance. It is thus evident that, notwithstanding Jehoshaphat's folly in entering into this alliance with the house of Ahab, Elisha respected him as a good man and a righteous king, having no fellowship with the iniquities of the house of Omri. How, then, did so good and pure a man become entangled in such an unholy alliance? Just as honorable men among politicians and statesmen have, in hundreds of instances, in modern as well as in ancient times, been similarly ensnared—by the plausible and captivating pleadings of *policy*.

The rival kingdoms of Judah and Israel had largely consumed each other in raids and wars. Even Jehoshaphat began his reign by fortifying himself against the neighboring kingdom (II. Chron. xvii. 1, 2). But he saw that while the two kingdoms had been preying on each other for sixty years, the kingdom of Syria—their common foe—and the tribes on their eastern frontier, had been growing into power, and would soon subdue them both. It became, therefore, his *policy* to cultivate peace with Israel, and make common cause with Ahab against these powerful enemies. It was an honorable ambition, to put an end to suicidal strifes among the twelve tribes, and unite their forces against a common enemy. But Jehoshaphat did not pause to consider that policy is only warrantable *within the*

limits of truth and righteousness; and that, outside of these limits, he ought to throw policy to the winds, and put his trust in Jehovah, who had always been his refuge and strength against all odds. Is it not strange, that after all the lessons taught us in our experience of the perfect safety of those who cling to Jehovah's law, we should be perpetually reaching out after human expedients and policies which ever prove but broken reeds that pierce and wound them that lean upon them, and forsaking the fountain of living waters for broken cisterns that can hold no water? It is surely a humiliating evidence of the ingratitude and faithlessness of the human heart. Yet this is the perpetual tendency in Church and State. Doubtless considerations of policy, within the limits we have mentioned, are often weighty, and it would be folly to disregard them; but when we push these considerations beyond these limits, and adopt expedients and policies at war with truth and righteousness, divorcing either Church or State politics from the law of God, we venture on forbidden ground, and are sure to pluck down a curse on our own heads. Jehoshaphat, deceived by the plausible character of his scheme for peace, was content to be blind to the fatal results of his unauthorized and unrighteous compromise. He shut his eyes against all the abominations of the court of Ahab, and even when the bold and honest Micaiah gave warning against the proposed advance of the allied forces against Ramoth-gilead, he closed his ears against the warning, and went out with Ahab to battle. Once ensnared in schemes of policy, we are apt to go from bad to worse. After the disgraceful defeat at Ramoth-gilead, the prophet Jehu met Jehoshaphat on his way

back to Jerusalem with words of stern reproof. "Shouldest thou help the wicked, and love them that hate Jehovah? for this thing wrath is upon thee from Jehovah." Yet, although the case was thus plainly put before him as one of moral dereliction, he clung to his peace-policy, and, to make it secure, went so far as to marry his son Jehoram, heir to the throne, to the daughter of the fierce, haughty, cruel, devotee of Baal, the infamous Jezebel (II. Chron xxi. 6). We have already seen, in our sketches of Ahab, Jezebel, Athaliah, Jehoram, Jehoiada, and Maachah, the results of this unhallowed marriage. The lamp of David was burned down to its socket. The succession to the throne hung by a single thread. Jerusalem and the land of Judah were steeped in idolatry. All the interests of the kingdom of David were fearfully imperilled. And all this as the legitimate result of that deceitful *policy*, on which Jehoshaphat prided himself. All his work of reformation was ruined by the very policy which he imagined would permanently establish it. And, notwithstanding the rebukes of Jehu, he persisted in this policy with Ahab's successors, Joram and Ahaziah, uniting with the former in wars, and with the latter in commercial enterprises (II. Chron. xx. 35-37), until a fresh rebuke from the prophet Eliezer, and a fresh disaster from the hand of God, put an end to the unholy and calamitous alliance.

The lesson here taught is of immense value, if we will but heed it. Our very successes engender temptations that may land us in disastrous failure. One may work faithfully and bravely for many years in building up a good character, and then wreck it by some act of folly. Also, he may engage in some public work of

reformation, and pursue it faithfully and successfully until it is about to culminate in complete success, and then, under the spell of some captivating delusion, or through the blinding power of some cunning sophistry, betray it to destruction. And the tempter, in these cases, is apt to assume the form of an angel of light. The surrender of *principle* is very likely to be accomplished by the bewitching temptations of *policy*—by the promise of achieving some great good through yielding just a little of one's uncompromising hostility to falsehood and wrong. There is never a time when we are in such peril as when we are on the verge of a great success; for then all the powers of evil are taxed to their utmost to bewitch or bewilder or corrupt us through some splendid and cunning sophistry, and to deceive us into some false step from which we may never recover. We need to be perpetually on our guard against the wiles of Satan. We are disposed to regard the wisdom for which an apostle teaches us to pray (Jas. i. 5) as just that spiritual wisdom that will enable us to detect and overcome these subtle temptations to a surrender of all we have gained in the battle of life. Jehoshaphat, by one false step, in behalf of what he honestly regarded as a most praiseworthy purpose, brought more trouble and evil on Judah than could be compensated by all the wise and righteous acts of his entire life. Let us watch and pray, that we enter not into temptation. Especially let us be on our guard against the glittering sophistries of *policy*, and wed ourselves rather to *duty*, however stern and forbidding her aspect may sometimes be.

Jehoshaphat entered on his reign when he was 35 years old—the beginning of a noble prime of manhood

—and reigned 25 years. In view of his antecedents and his environment, his should have been a glorious reign; and, indeed, it was the most glorious of all the reigns of the kings of Judah from the time of Solomon. It would have been immensely more glorious, but for the one infatuation which led him into an unseemly and stubborn alliance with an apostate throne, which involved him in ruinous snares. Heaven save us from entangling alliances with the world, the flesh, and the devil. But as there was no intentional departure from right, and as, all life long, he resisted temptation and personally adhered to the law of Jehovah, he was honored in life and in death by the nation, and by Jehovah, who, while He mournfully chastened him for his errors, still blessed him to the last as an honest and faithful servant.

ISAAC ERRETT.

MY WAITING LORD.

Behold, the Saviour stands
Outside my wayward heart,
And knocks with bleeding hands;
Shall He again depart?

Waiting He stands without—
This heart so full of sin,
This mind so dark with doubt,
He can make light within.

That voice to human woe
Is tuned by love divine;
Its accents sweetly flow,
Asking this heart of mine.

Enter, my Saviour, King,
And fill, oh, fill this heart;
Thy peace within it bring,
And nevermore depart.

JAY PRIESTLY.

EDITORIAL.

CURRENT COMMENT.

THERE are but two agencies capable of supplying the means, and enforcing the necessary control, for the proper and adequate education of our youth. These are the State and the Church. This is specially true of the higher education, and the question here is between State Institutions and Denominational Institutions. It is more than a question, it is a contest—a struggle for existence in which, in the long run, the fittest must survive. Collegiate education must at last be the work of the State, or of the Church ; a matter of politics or of religion. There are no other organizations, nor are there likely to be, general enough, or democratic enough, to furnish facilities for the higher education of the people. It is then worth while to inquire into the character and tendencies of State and Denominational schools. We very well understand the intolerable evils of a State religion, and that in every instance in which the experiment has been tried the Church has become not only religionless, but a corrupt and dangerous instrument ; but are we prepared to believe analogous things of a State education ? Many of us have felt for a long time that education at our State institutions was defective ; that if it was not irre-

ligious it was, at least, unreligious, and lacking even in necessary moral quality ; but aside from the question of religion there is quite enough of depravity in our system of higher education by the State to condemn the whole scheme. The *Popular Science Monthly* will not be suspected of any undue religious bias, and what it may say against State education can not be attributed to a desire to "boom" its only competitor, Denominational education. In the April number this philosophic magazine says, editorially, "The superintendency of schools of the State of New York has become a football of partisan faction among the politicians of the New York Legislature. The former superintendent resigned some weeks ago, to take a more profitable office, and the temporary incumbent of the place will vacate the office in April, to be succeeded by whomsoever the Legislature appoints. A crowd of applicants of all sorts are after the place, lobbying and intriguing in Albany by all means that are necessary to secure "success" in the scramble for a desirable position. That a competent man will be appointed under the circumstances is virtually impossible, for no thoroughly competent and self-respecting man would enter the lists of competition under the circumstances. The appointee will win because he or his friends can beat all competition in the questionable arts by which politicians are influenced, and the result will be legitimate—a natural outcome of the system by which the instruction of the young has been brought under political, and therefore, of course, under partisan control.." Again, with reference to the "Blair Bill" which proposed to divide seventy-seven million dollars among the States as an educational fund, the *Monthly* says, "The scheme pro-

ceeds upon the peculiarly American assumption that anything can be done with money, and that the Central Government has only to scatter millions enough and all the people will be educated. But the assumption is false; there are things which no amount of money can do, while the evils of its lavish distribution are not only palpable and certain, but may result in the absolute defeat of the object intended."

In these quotations are set forth two evils not only existing but rapidly growing in our system of State education, namely, the lavish use of money, and the political corruption and intrigues which always attend it. State institutions can have imposing buildings, extensive libraries, expensive apparatus, and well-paid faculties, and make a triumphant show in comparison with impecunious and struggling denominational schools, but there are two things which they are incapable of doing. One is to save their management from corrupt political methods, and the other is to do the educational work for which they were designed. M. de Candolle says, "The idea of constructing expensive buildings for universities, laboratories, etc., is now much in vogue. Such munificence furthers some works and gives means of greater precision in experiments, but it discourages isolated investigators who have not the same resources, while researches at home are usually the best thought out and the most original." Haeckel remarks, "I need only refer to the small and miserable institutes and the meager resources with which Baer, Schleiden, Johannes Müller, Liebig, Virchow and Gegenbauer, have not only each advanced their special science most extensively, but have actually created new spheres for them. Compare with these the colossal

expenditures and the luxurious apparatus in the grand institutes of Cambridge, Leipsic, and other so-called great universities—what have they produced in proportion to their means?"

Not only are these ponderous and pretentious State institutions inefficient and dangerous in their tendency, but they force an unfair and unequal competition with private liberality and enterprise. Speaking of the work of our National Scientific Bureau, Prof. Agassiz says, "much of the matter which is published in official bulletins would be published by private individuals or societies if the Government did not lay hold of it, while on the other hand, much of the stuff which the Government prints would not be printed by private individuals or societies, *even if they had the necessary funds.*" Prof. Youmans, speaking as a scientific man, of the effect the Government patronage and direction upon the progress of science, says, "The worst feature is that hinted at by Mr. Herbert when he opportunely reminds us of Buckle's conclusion as to the effects wrought in France by Louis the XIV th's patronage of science and art; individual thought and private enterprise were repressed, science and literature were put into bondage and reduced to a state of abject servility. It is the evil, however ridiculous the idea may appear to some, with which we are threatened here."

Other competent witnesses might be introduced in plenty to the fact that State Patronage and control is as paralyzing and corrupting to science as it is to religion, and that it discourages and destroys that voluntary and liberal spirit which is the glory of modern civilization, and the very condition of self-government. But if State management is thus baneful in religion and

science it must be in education in general. These facts give a great advantage to the enemies (and their name is legion) of our public schools. Political abuse and corrupt methods are becoming all too common in this field. Mr. John B. Peaslee has lately been removed from the Superintendency of schools of Cincinnati, a position which he had filled with singular ability, fidelity, and success for many years. There was no shadow nor suggestion of a reason for his removal, except that he was a Democrat and the Board was Republican. The leading Republican organ of the city ceased its hypocritical cry to the National administration for "Civil Service Reform" long enough to approve this flagrant piece of spoil-grabbing, and catching its breath again bawled lustily and loudly as ever for reform. Superintendent Hinsdale, a man of unquestioned ability, incorruptible integrity, untiring industry and large experience has been dismissed from a splendid and unprecedented work in the Cleveland schools, through the influence of a despicable band of petty ward politicians. Such abuses, coöperating with certain prejudices and hostile interests, really threaten the overthrow of our public school system.

All these considerations forbid any hope that the State can or will succeed in the domain of the higher education; or the opinion that it is desirable that it should, seeing the harm it would do to spontaneous and voluntary enterprise. But if we can not depend upon the State, can we depend upon the Church? This question really comprises two:—(1) Can Denominational schools successfully occupy the field? (2) Is it desirable that they should?

With respect to the first, Denominational schools

seem to hold this territory by the right of superior fitness ; they appeal to the law of " the survival of the fittest." America was providentially reserved as a great experimental field, into which, at the proper time, should be turned the ideas, and systems, and forms, and creeds of the world, in one grand struggle for existence, under the fairest possible conditions.

Denominational schools began the " struggle for existence " with Non-Sectarian schools, upon about equal terms. Of the 21 universities and colleges organized in the United States before the beginning of this century, 10 were denominational, while 11 were non-sectarian. While the 11 non-sectarian institutions have grown to 62, the 10 denominational have become 221. So Denominational schools are the better adapted to free institutions and liberal ideas. But, does this fitness and adaptability decrease as we advance in civilization and culture? Statistics show that it does not.

As to the *value* of educational work of these schools, their growth and success are *prima facie* evidence, at least, that the work is good. The test of a tree is its fruit. Let us judge of these institutions by the same rule. No one will deny that they have trained thousands and thousands of men and women, who, in strength and culture, in fidelity and usefulness, in purpose and spirit, are not one whit inferior to the best trained in other institutions. Their fruit, in flavor and quality, is unexcelled.

The question of their ability to occupy this field being settled in the affirmative, we ask what are the tendencies of such schools—the indirect results, which must decide the question of their desirability? They educate the people in liberality; teach them to be pub-

lic-spirited, and voluntarily bear burdens for the good of all. Whoever voluntarily undertakes to do whatever the State must compel others to do, whether it be fighting the enemy, or bearing financial burdens, is a public benefactor. The work of Denominational schools, therefore, is valuable, because they collect and expend vast sums of money in the very work which the State would be compelled to do at a great expense and trouble; and because they thus stimulate others to the same enterprises. Nor can there be doubt that this spirit springs from the *religious* element—the common source of all our public charities, including the non-sectarian schools. Even Girard was *provoked* by this element, if not to *love*, at least to the *good work* of building a great college.

They furnish, through their religious side also, the only aggressive element in American education—the missionary element of Christian civilization. The Denominational School has been the pioneer of European enlightenment. All over the western world the religious schoolmaster carried the cross in advance of the soldier's musket or the woodman's ax. He christened our lakes, and mountains, and rivers, and settlements with sainted names which bear testimony to the fact that he led the march of civilization everywhere. In obedience to the same impulse our Denominational Schools are pushing their work and building colleges in the most distant and benighted parts of the earth. Here, at least, in uninviting heathendom, they find a place which no competitors are likely to dispute, and where, as pioneers of American ideas and culture, they are of incalculable value.

Again, these institutions exert a purifying influence

upon literature, science and art. Christianity is the salt of the earth, and its saving power has been as manifest in the past, and is as much needed now, in the intellectual as in the social world. If it condemns the license and impurity of pagan society, it equally condemns the license and impurity of pagan art and literature. If it exposes the superstitions of heathen worship, it also exposes the superstitions of heathen philosophy. There has been much improvement in all these, but there is still great need of such strong and conscientious censorship as this pure and temperate religion can exercise through our colleges and universities. Furthermore, Denominational Schools introduce a necessary element into education. Two forces are necessary to every form or system. They are attraction and repulsion, and are complementary of each other. It is to the harmonious adjustment of these that our solar system owes its order and uniformity. The same is true of the intellectual universe; but here attraction is faith, and repulsion skepticism. Without skepticism we should have the intellectual despotism and mental enslavement of the Dark Ages; without faith the vagaries and follies of intellectual anarchy. But partisanship never takes whole views. With the political partisan everything depends on State rights, or everything on centralization of power; so the educational partisan would banish faith from the schools, and give education over to the present strong current of skepticism, or he would banish skepticism, and hand education over to an unquestioning and unreasoning faith. To do either would be fatal.

These institutions should be sustained and encouraged in their work, because denominational energies and

ambitions can not be more safely employed. The best way to keep men or churches out of mischief is to keep them at work. The workshop is the great sanitarium, morally, as well as physically. The most hopeful tendency of the age is to put all things to useful employment. The Roman partisan could eloquently say, "*Labor omnia vincit*," but he knew very little of its meaning. In his day, labor had made but small conquest, and still wore the garb of a menial. But she is fast getting the upper hand now, and grants no exemption—knows no privileged characters. Christ said, "My father worketh hitherto, and I work," and why should not his followers work also? They were commanded to teach the nations, and let them teach. Would you turn the denominations out of this useful employment, and send them back to their old pastimes of quarreling, persecuting, beheading and burning?

Education is setting in motion and directing life-currents which shall cut their own channels through the strata of human nature. These currents acquire force as the channels become deep and narrow. Men become mighty by damming up other outlets and sending their life-currents through the narrow flume of a single profession. The narrowness of a single purpose explains the marvelous excellence of Demosthenes or Raphael, the power of Paul or Luther. Denominational Schools are indispensable since they turn the forces of heart and brain into the narrow channels of duty, and help our civilization to finish its course and keep the faith.

Seeing that these things are so, it is the duty and the high privilege of every member of a denomination to see to it that the schools of his denomination are not only well endowed, but well *patronized*. Have not only

the courage but the *liberality* of your convictions. The choice is between the costly and corruptly managed State Colleges, where religion and morality are at a discount, and education is becoming neglected, and the economically managed, moral, healthful, painstaking Denominational Colleges. Remember, too, that institutions for higher education will continue and multiply, and the money must be furnished by the people. If the church does not voluntarily occupy the ground, and use its influence and its votes to discontinue these extravagant abortions called State Colleges, they will be recklessly established, if for no other purpose than to furnish politicians and adventurers with salaries and "jobs." But it is evident that Denominational schools are in our civilization to stay, and the "Denominations," including the Catholics, are not only devising, but *doing*, great and liberal things for their youth, and for the public. What are *we* doing? Many of *our* Colleges, which have proved their mettle in diligence, economy, and culture, are perishing for funds and patronage, when both are within easy reach, but for the barbed-wire fence of covetousness; which is not only stingy but sting-y.

ON the morning of June 16, in the year (good or bad as it may turn out) 1886, a train pulled out from the Grand Central Depot, Cin., Ohio. It is called "Central" Depot because it is situated at one edge of the city, and it is called "Grand" because it squats near the "Grand" Hotel. The hotel is called grand because it spreads near where the Grand Central Depot squats. It—the train—had on board, among other things, an observing observer, and as we sped up the

chromoesque Valley of Mill Creek, the said observer was charmed by the gorgeous nemoral panorama, for he was an enthusiastic nemophilist. After a time the brakeman rushed in (he is called brakeman because he breaks his voice to flinders trying to break your tympanum) while the train was making its greatest possible clatter by running over the frogs (they are called frogs because they are so noisy) and bellowed forth from his rubiginous larynx, "*Chaglootin, Ghamlutun*;" after a time, another time, he rushed in again and shouted, just as the train was making its most uproarious uproar, "*Danagdetun*;" after another time, the third, he came again, just at the noisy juncture as before, and howled, shrieked, or yelled, "*Spinglefodospgifod*." While the puzzled observer aforesaid was trying to make out what it all meant, and while the train was slowing up and the noise was slowing down, the conductor (he is called conductor because he is charged with all manner of information and you can tap him at any point of the line and get all you want) happened along and *happened* to say, in good plain United States, "*Springfield, Springfield!*" Oh! That's it, is it? and that fellow, when he yelled "*Chaglootin*," really meant "Hamilton;" and "*Danagdetun*" was for "Dayton, Dayton." It was a comfort to find it out, but for any information to passengers as to where they should get off he might as well have kept his stomatic orifice hermetically, or even *him*-metically, sealed.

What a marvelous world is that on the inside of that railway coach—that coach which *you* always get into. It is forever changing, yet forever the same: illogically, like the metaphysics-class jack-knife, preserving its identity through all the losing and renewing

of parts, which makes it different every few hundred miles. Yet it clings to its identity and its entirety as long as the wheels cling to the rails, by some mysterious hydra-power of renewing each part as fast as it is removed. The perennial fool who needs to be told that "this is not the smoking car" is always on hand. There is the stolid, indifferent passenger, who seems to have started for eternity and doesn't care whether he gets there before it is over or not. Over there is the nervous, fidgety man who is in a state of perspiring anxiety, concern, foreboding, solicitude, uneasiness, disquietude, restlessness and alarm lest the train should upset, or something happen. He asks the conductor every time he comes along, and everybody else in his absence, what is the name of the last place; what the name of the next place, and how far it is. In distrust of all, and wildly apprehensive of missing his destination, he pops out at each station and inquires of somebody on the platform; carefully selecting one who does not seem to be in collusion with the railroad either as employé or passenger. There is the esthetical lady with the bird cage, said cage always wrapt in the same old piece of torn newspaper; and the fat man, who falls to nodding and spreads all over the seat, shaking like a mass of jelly. Just as he seems about to roll off and spread all over the floor he momentarily wakes and pulls himself together, and takes a drink from a flat bottle. There is the distinguished-looking cosmopolite, who seems at a loss to know how he came to 'light on the cosmos among such a plain-looking, plebeian crowd; and the tired-looking woman, with her chubby brood holding perpetual basket picnic; and the red-faced thirsty man, who is everlastingly after a drink,

tilting and persecuting the antique kickshaw which stands in the corner, mistaking it for a waterpot. It is an ancient hydraulicon, put into the brakeman's care with instructions to "keep dry." There, too, is the man that knows everybody along the whole line of the journey. He is so hearty, genial, handsome and refreshing; greets everybody that gets on with such cordiality, and passing from end to end of the coach, so quickly recognizes and delights all, that you are surprised and grieved that he does not know you. Right behind you is the silly girl, vociferously dressed, who always busies herself with a cheap novel, till the unfailing moustached, big-ringed, check-suited bummer comes round and engages her in conversation. She invites him to a seat, talks a string of vanity, folly, and slush, and winds up by giving him—a total stranger—her address and inviting him to call. Right before you is the patent-right fiend, with two or three satchels open, showing to an honest, unsophisticated man, many unique and valuable articles never seen anywhere else than on that train.

There is the ubiquitous loud fellow, who talks with such artillery-like explosiveness that everybody must listen. He never quits talking or traveling and I begin to think will never die. Here is a face on which are already gathering the sad lines of homesickness, which shall grow plainer as the tears of separation dry off; and there, on that countenance, glows the light of blissful expectancy, which perceptibly brightens as the rolling wheels devour the distance from home. Yonder is the familiar double unit on its wedding tour, apparently conscious that if it is really one it should occupy but half a seat. Finally there *you* are, a necessary part of the magical microcosm, and you wonder who takes *your*

place, and plays *your* part on the ever-shifting, ever-same stage. It will surely be filled when you leave, and the mysterious "double" will disappear when you come again; for the strange coach-world must keep its identity.

THE church has proven itself to be "the salt of the earth;" has saved it from despotism, barbarism, and social chaos. It is also "the light of the world," the only true and authorized source of spiritual knowledge. This is taught in many places and in many ways. "Ye are the light of the world;" "that now might be made known by the church the manifold wisdom of God;" "which is the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth;" "seeing it is God, that said, 'Light shall shine out of darkness,' who shined in our hearts to give the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

But how are we the *source* of this light? It must be in some modified sense; for John declares that Jesus is "the true light, which lighteth every man coming into the world." *He* is the Sun of Righteousness. But its light shone in the moral darkness of this world without being comprehended; or, "apprehended," as the new version puts it. Let us turn to nature for help. The sun is the source of light for our system; yet, if we should rise into the upper air at midday, we would be in the midst of darkness and cold, though in the midst of light. Here light is shining in darkness which apprehends it not. Experiment shows that light passing through *perfectly pure* atmosphere gives no sign of its presence. As it approaches the earth the countless millions of objects, from motes to mountains, be-

come centers of radiation, and the light is scattered everywhere into a blaze of glory and warmth. How black and chill would the world be without these intermediate objects! Our light would be turned into darkness. In this sense, as intermediate centers of dispersion, are we the light of the world. Paul says, in the text, "God shines into our hearts, in the face—person—of Jesus Christ, to give the knowledge of the glory of God." Christ then, is the source of spiritual light, and disciples are the tiny motes to bear it abroad and disperse it everywhere through the shadow and chill of the world's moral atmosphere. So they are the light of the world. Let them be scattered far and wide as the dust in the air. When they settled down too quietly at Jerusalem, and the light was beginning to turn to darkness, God sent a whirlwind of persecution which whisked them everywhere and set the world ablaze. Christendom needs a full-grown tornado just now, and there are indications that it is coming.

But light is not simply the whiteness that flashes upon us untinged from the face of the moon, or the breast of the virgin snow. It is cunningly compound and complex. It paints the flowers and dyes the drapery of clouds; it tints the plumage of the birds, and the cheeks of the maiden; it sets the secret springs which open buds and flutter wings, and drive on nature's ceaseless round of life. O wondrous light! But still more wonderful that light which paints the prophet's dream; that gilds the proverb of the sage; that guides the tireless wing of thought through ages so vast, that the life of the sun is but a meteor in contrast; that leaps from loving eyes, and glows in faithful hearts, and gleams on mercy's brow; that, flashing through the

ceaseless shower of human tears, lights up the blackest clouds of sin and sorrow with the bow of promise. This light is born of the Sun of Righteousness.

Sunlight has three parts, brightness, heat, and chemical power. Robbed of either element it has no power to cause growth. So of spiritual light. It has the brightness of intellect, the warmth of heart, and the power of will. Some seem to think the first is all there is of it, and limit religion to philosophy. The pulpit is learned, logical, philosophical; sending forth a glimmer of phosphorescence, which, though bright and fascinating, causes no growth. Let the pulpit be bright; let the disciple be intelligent, but this is not all of it. Let there go with it the warmth of love. Some seem to think that *warmth* is all there is of religion. This is largely the idea of modern revivalism. But all heat and no light—all emotion and no intelligence, is no better than all light and no heat. Others suppose religion to be all in the will-power of a correct life—morality. Yet it may be very cold and very stolid. No, the light which shall brighten, and warm and purify the world must contain *all* the elements. Let your light shine among men by sound teaching, by loving deeds, by the power of a righteous life, and men seeing your good works will accept your wise precepts.

Light is easily so refracted as to give untrue and even hideous outlines. An imperfect pane distorts the whole landscape, an ill-shaped mirror renders the loveliest countenance grotesque, or even forbidding. How harsh and frightful does the theological lens of Calvinism make the loving face of the Father! How weak and characterless does the lens of Universalism render

it! But prisms are more tempting and amusing than lenses. The light of truth may be so polarized by those carefully contrived theological prisms, called creeds, as to be only half-truth. It is often decomposed into all manner of party-colored spectra, rainbow theologies, beautiful but evanescent. Let us see life, and duty, and God, in the clear unbroken light of Bible truth, and let us transmit it through our own pure hearts, unhindered and uncolored. For the light and warmth of truth, as it beams in the person of Jesus Christ, the world depends upon the radiating centers of sanctified hearts. Is yours one?

THE Great Annual Educational Exposition has just closed. From four hundred colleges and universities, and from High Schools without number, a great army of youth has gone forth trained and equipped for — *What?* To *give*; or to *get*? Is the parting word of *Alma Mater*, "Freely you have received; freely give," or is it not rather, "Now you are prepared to get: get money, get honor, get office. If any prize is to be gotten any where, *Get There*. This is success." But this was intended for a philosopheme, not a preachment.

Comparative programology will show that among the thousands of essays and orations there is a decided growth in the variety of subjects. We congratulate a patronizing and long-suffering public on this fact. We used to assemble year after year to hear all the old changes rung on political and patriotic themes. Ambitious youth would ramble boastfully over the whole world, and part of the British Empire; would traverse all the fields of history, only to return to impress us

with our own greatness, whilst they wiped off the sweat with the Star Spangled Banner. Boys thought a college was a political incubator, where Congressional and Presidential eggs were hatched. Now we are having questions of philosophy, of domestic, social, and practical life, and consequently less spread-eagle and buncombe rhetoric. Some undertake subjects beyond their present abilities and attainments; others, regarding this as presumption and vanity, choose trite and commonplace themes. The former are wiser. We shall gain strength by wrestling with a giant though we may not come off victor. An hour's work on a hard problem though it be left unsolved counts more for mental growth and discipline than a day's work in solving easy problems. Choose a great and lofty theme, then stretch and tiptoe all you can.

IN THE WORKSHOPS.

THE University of Edinburgh has conferred the degree of LL. D. on Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

EDWIN PERCY WHIPPLE, the essayist, died at his home in Boston recently, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. He first became known in literature through an essay on Macaulay, which was published in the *Boston Miscellany* in 1843, and which attracted general attention. His essays have been a feature of lit-

erary magazines since that time, and have been gathered into volumes under the titles of "Essays and Reviews," "Literature and Life," "Success and its Conditions," and "Character and Characteristic Men."

WE publish, in this number, a German rendering of the familiar hymn, "Beulah Land." It is from the pen of Peter Vogel, whose "Tale of a Pioneer Church" is attracting such general and well deserved interest.

WE republish this month from the pages of *Christian Thought*, one of the lectures delivered before the American Institute of Christian Philosophy. The sessions of this Institute for the present season will be held in Key-East, N. J., beginning August 17. Among the lecturers will be Drs. Whiton, Patton, Deems, Hastings, Rankin, Welch and Lee, and Profs. Blodgett and Bowne.

THE Summer novels are upon us, and it is amusing to observe to what an extent they reflect, not merely the age, but the year—we had almost said the month—in which they are written. There are the cosmopolitan novels which are so fashionable just now, where Europeans and Americans are thrown together in such a way as to show off all the national peculiarities, and to avenge America, so far as possible, for the wrongs done to it by Henry James and his "Daisy Miller;" there are society novels without number, and in infinite variety; and, above all, there are novels on the labor question, in which charming young ladies, burly brick-layers and intelligent but revengeful Nihilists set-

tle the strife between capitalist and working man with celerity and satisfaction—to themselves and the novelists. The modern novel is indeed, “a novel with a purpose.” It pays to have a purpose, as both publishers and authors know. And yet, strange as it seems to contemplate the fact, in spite of all this supply of fiction, the “great American novel” is still unwritten.

THE memorial window placed in the new Episcopal church at Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, to the memory of Bayard Taylor, has for one of its designs a scroll lying against a background of starry sky. Across the scroll are the familiar words from Mr. Taylor's “Bedouin Song”—the most familiar, doubtless, of anything he has written:

“Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the judgment book unfold.”

On the lower part of the window is the inscription: “In Memoriam, Bayard Taylor; joyous poet; loyal comrade; patient and generous brother in toil and song. Born in Kennett, Penn'a, Jan. 11th, 1825. Died in Berlin, Germany, Dec. 19th, 1878.” This is a suggestive inscription. Few literary men have had more and truer friends among the members of their own profession than did Bayard Taylor. Even since his death, kindly friends have done their utmost to secure for him that for which he sought with such strange persistence—the immortality of the poet. But literary friendships do not make literary immortality, and it is probable that Mr. Taylor will be remembered as an ex-

ample of laboriousness and versatility, rather than of great genius.

George William Curtis says of him: "He was a simple, honorable, upright man, with a lofty literary ambition, and the most unwearied devotion to literary work."

NO one can read a poem of the heart without wondering in how far it is an expression of the author's own experience. There must always be a difference of opinion as to how much of his inner life the poet may reveal in his verses; yet it is doubtful if he can reach very far down into other hearts unless he is reaching out from his own. That writer was not far wrong who said of a poem which was said to have a passage in the poet's life for its inspiration: "If I had written it, would I have put my name to it? And if my sister had written it, would I have wished her to put her name to it? Yes! to the first question, yes! to the second, and *yes!* still, even though the poem contained a thousandfold more of heart-history than it does. He who is willing to write at all should be willing to give of his best and inmost."

We all know how truly Longfellow wrote from his own gentle heart, and how tenderly he touched the hearts and lives of others. This is especially true of his poems of sorrow. There is no despair in them. They are not the utterance of a passionate soul, but of one habitually calm and sustained—one that knows what it is to "suffer and be strong." The circumstances under which some of these poems were written may possess an interest for our readers. Mr. Longfellow's first wife, the daughter of Judge Potter, died

in Amsterdam, while her husband was occupied there with the study of Dutch literature. This loss affected the young poet deeply, and his grief is reflected in his "Footprints of Angels," where he pictures his wife as

"The Being Beauteous
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven."

The story of "The Reaper and the Flowers"—a poem which has been a window heavenward to so many mother-hearts—is best told in this passage from the author's journal: "December 6, 1838.—A beautiful, holy morning within me. I was softly excited, I know not why; and wrote with peace in my heart, and not without tears in my eyes, 'The Reaper and the Flowers: A Psalm of Death.' I have had an idea of this kind in my mind for a long time, without finding any expression for it. This morning it seemed to crystallize all at once, without any effort of my own." The exquisite poem of "Resignation" was written after the death of his little daughter Fanny, when everything reminded him of the one dead lamb of his own flock.

POT-POURRI.

A PARAGRAPH is the place where the author escapes from the tangled thicket of thought a

moment, to take breath and recover from bewilderment before plunging in again. Beginning a paragraph is often only going back to "taw" after a failure, to try it over again. It is well to write, preach and even to live in paragraphs—*short* ones.

OF the trophies that you cherish,
Of the triumphs you have won,
Which more sweet or slow to perish—
What of all things would you rather,
As life's evening shadows gather—
Than the thought of work well done?

Yet for you the shadow-finger
On the dial-disc of time
Will not backward go, nor linger,
That your battles may be fought out,
That your life-work may be wrought out.
Be it howsoe'er sublime.

Set this purpose, then, before you,
Spite of lust in flesh and eye,
That, before the night comes o'er you,
Whilst yet hand with heart is willing,
You shall push to all fulfilling
Some endeavor grandly high.

This the holiest endeavor,
This the noblest sacrifice,
Looking to the present never
For some instant satisfaction—
This is prophecy is action,
This the fame that never dies.

“**L**ABOR OMNIA VINCIT.” With the Roman philosopher this could have been nothing more than the recognition of a tendency, an abstract statement of possibilities. The politicians of Rome probably used it as a rhetorical lariat to capture the wild and wary working-men; but *in eodem tempore Labor non multum vicerat*. In modern times, however, being honored and encouraged by Christianity, she is setting about her conquest in earnest, and is pressing into subjection and service mental as well as physical forces. Philosophy, Science & Co., used to deal, leisurely and lazily, in ready-made and second-hand theologies and traditions, threadbare proverbs and fine-twined ancient linen of metaphysical subtleties. They have closed out the whole lot to the ragman chronicler, to be ground up and wrought into the fabric of history, and have gone into the manufacture of engines, watches, reapers, sewing machines, telegraphs, etc. etc. Art used to idle about royal palaces, delicately clad and dainty-fingered, daubing a little canvas or chipping a little marble now and then as a relief from *ennui*; but now has put on mechanic’s garb, and with soiled face and calloused fingers is foreman of the whole factory of P. S. & Co. Eloquence, to be in fashion, has laid aside the soft raiment of the king’s houses, and girding himself in camel’s hair and leather, has gone abroad into the wilderness of sin and folly calling men to repentance. Poetry no longer plays Sancho Panza for crazy knights and chivalous ruffians, but has harnessed his donkey, called Pegasus, to a cart, or a plow, to help on with the world’s work. Labor is conquering all things.

O'ER a wild and watery waste, so vast
That keenest eye from masthead high,
In the magic air of morning fair,—
Which brings the ends of earth so nigh
That we hear the chimes of distant climes,
And see the strands of far off lands,—
Could naught have seen but the watery sheen,
Queen Night her mantle of black had cast ;
And the wind outflung, with rebellious wail,
From his brazen tongue, her cloud-woven veil,
So fiercely mad at the menial task,
That he savagely sought all her gems to mask,
And he doubled and crumpled the filmy screen,
Till not a star in her crown was seen.
Then he lashed the sleeping waves in spite,
Till they rose at length in their maniac strength,
With roar and riot and senseless rage,
To the Wind's wild chase : and spit in his face ;
And the veil of Night, in that servile fright
And frenzy, that takes up the battle gage
In blindest fury, and recks for none,
They dragged and drenched at the foot of her throne.
O Mariner, such is the sea of life,
And such is the storm of its passion-strife,
And the shadow of death is a starless night—
O Mariner, how shall we go aright ?

AS field flowers overgrow the meadow, so love may
overgrow the poor, common soil of human nature,
until it blossoms with a beauty almost divine.

I DO not know where lies the place
In which unshadowed glories shine ;

I do not know what angel face
Will first look into mine.

But He who made the universe
Will in it find a place for me,
When death is rifled of its curse,
And life is full and free.

THE other day, in passing a tenement house, I saw a little girl preparing her younger sister for an "outing." The latter was hardly more than a baby. Her dimpled face was covered with soot, and her little gingham frock looked as if it might have entirely forgotten the wash-tub, in its long absence from that kindly rejuvenator; but these minor matters seemed to have been overlooked by the elder sister, whose entire attention was absorbed in the task of fastening a pair of gilt bracelets about the baby's dirty wrists. The whole scene was a sadly suggestive illustration of the saying which has been credited to one of the Wise Men of Boston: "Give us the luxuries of life, and we will dispense with its necessities."

THERE are some people who can reach up to the altar of sacrifice only through a weary effort that leaves them with aching arms and bruised hands; there are others who have grown to such high spiritual manhood and womanhood, so nearly up to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ that they can easily and joyfully lay their offerings on the altar every day.

IF we could learn, from day to day,
To grasp the fine ideal,
To take it with us on our way,
And make it true and real;
If thoughts that touch us at our best
Would stay with us forever,
How they would give their holy zest
To everyday endeavor!

THERE are few persons who have kept their records
so clean that, in turning the leaves of the past,
they come to no pages which they do not hasten to
pass, glad to forget, if they can, what is written
on them.

THOU city by a northern lake,
Hast thou a little space for me?
I sing thy graces for His sake
Who gave such graces unto thee.

The boats that come, the boats that go,
The boats that meet within thy port,
Thy praises carry to and fro,
And pay their tribute in thy court.

God made thee fair, and men have wrought
To make thee fairer still; and so
The scenes with nature's beauties fraught
A thousand added beauties show.

Thou city that I love so well,
What title shall I call thee by?
What single word my love will tell?—
Ye tuneful breezes, make reply!

One name the tuneful breezes bear
Across Lake Erie's tossing foam ;
That title, well-loved city, wear :
The precious name of "home, sweet home!"

BOOK REVIEWS.

IF not the most complicated and difficult, certainly the most pressing problem of our time is the social one. Something seems to be dangerously out of fix in our ponderous social machinery, and many are apparently adopting the motto, *whatever is is wrong*. From present indications things are likely to become worse before they are better. In such serious malady of the body politic, as in the case of the body physical, diagnosis is of the first importance. Let us first try to find out *what* the matter is. This is no time for the quack who knows nothing of disease or remedy, nor for the experimenter, who attempts a cure without knowing the ailment. Let us have light. Where ignorance is bliss, it may be folly to be wise ; but where it is disease and death—?

One of the most sincere and successful attempts to throw light upon this dark problem is the work of Dr. A. J. F. Behrends, of Brooklyn, who "was induced to undertake the studies, of which this volume is the fruit, by accepting an invitation from the Faculty of the Theological Seminary to prepare a series of lectures on the Social Problems of our time." He spent a year in

preparation, which he seems to have used diligently, and has given us as "the fruit" an excellent volume of some three hundred pages, which he has named "Socialism and Christianity." By reading this little book, preachers, merchants, manufacturers, educators, lawyers, and even politicians might find out some things which they ought to know but do not. The volume is a valuable contribution to the literature on this subject.

But the learned Doctor does not content himself with diagnosis, but prescribes the remedy for all these hurtful and painful ills, namely, Christianity. He defines this to be "The Religion of the Kingdom of God on earth, secured by the regeneration of individual souls, through the agency of the Holy Spirit, in the use of Divine truth." There can be no fault found with this remedy as regards its theological compounding. The ingredients are all authorized and standard articles in scriptural pharmacopœia, and seem to be "strictly pure;" and there is no man at all capable of judging who does not know that if the remedy were fully and honestly applied, "according to directions," the body politic, and the body social, and even the body ecclesiastical, would soon acquire perfect soundness, and go walking, and leaping, and praising God in its rejoicing way of progress. The atheist, the infidel, the communist, the criminal, the blatherskite, everybody but Ingersoll, knows that there are a few genuine Christians in the world, some among the capitalists; some among the laborers, and even a few in office; and that if all men were such as these the terrible evils and dangers which confront us would vanish as ghosts before the morning. Then why not propagate the breed? What society needs is not so much a law

as a spirit, not so much a direction as a disposition. It is not only true that where there is a will there is a way; but if there is a will there are many ways, and Christianity is the thing most needed, but last and least thought of by those who would receive most benefit from it.

It is curious to note that our author has only partially succeeded in freeing himself from prejudices and biases after a most determined and sincere effort to do so. It is one of the weaknesses and limitations of human nature, which is an element of this very problem with which we are wrestling. As might have been expected with one of his culture the "bias" is in favor of the intellectual. That brains are more valuable than muscle in the production of wealth can not be denied, but when the author declares that "the superintendent of a great mill, may do more in the production of wealth than the thousand operatives who only do his bidding," he is unintentionally justifying the most shameless abuses, which have become frequent in the "management," and "superintendency" of corporations, where all profits and dividends have been swallowed up in extravagant salaries, justified by this very "logic." In speaking of the suggestion that no one man should be permitted to accumulate millions by his personal effort, the Doctor says, "This involves the right of the State to regulate personal ability, to prescribe to the Almighty how much brains a man shall be permitted to have." This piece of sarcasm is made up of several false assumptions: (1) That "brains" are so rare, and unequally distributed, that when found in any man they should be worshiped, and honored with gifts, gold, frankincense, and myrrh, without stint;

though a million others (supposedly brainless) are stunted to desperation to provide the oblation. (2) That it is the man of "brains" who gets the millions, instead of the schemer who robs him of his invention, or his mental product. The truth is that the conditions of success in heaping up vast fortunes in our present economic status are simply the recklessness of the gambler combined with a plentiful lack of sympathy and conscience. In the exciting lottery of speculation the prize must fall to *some one*, and that he gets it is not even *prima facie* evidence of brains. The tender, touching, sympathetic, almost pathetic, passage on page 144 about the late Mr. Vanderbilt, is not well calculated to commend the book to the masses who specially need enlightenment on this subject. It is an unnecessary sacrifice of influence among those whom just such a book would greatly benefit.

To the same effect is the declaration, page 143, that, "There are no reciprocal duties between wealth and poverty, between capital and labor." "Classes, as such, owe nothing to each other." The Dr. evidently said that unawares, and of necessity, as a sort of preface to the eulogy of Vanderbilt on the next page, but he happily forgets it further on and talks good sense, as follows:—"It is time for enlightened legislation to compel employers to cease from a policy that is so demoralizing to economic industry as it is brutalizing to the laborer" (p. 150). So then the "employer" owes it to the "laborer" to feed him well. Again, p. 152, "This obligation of the employer not to imperil and diminish the soundness and strength of his employ   assumes primary importance." Then one class *is* under obligation to another.

More time and skill seem to have been expended in preparing for the work than in doing it ; more in gathering the abundant material than in fashioning it. He says of the *territory* of England that it *shelters* a population of thirty-six millions ; and speaks of our experience "with none but God above us and a brave heart within us *to carve* our own way in the world." It is hardly congruous to represent *God* and a *brave heart* as implements for *carving*. Yet, however fashioned, the material is there, and in plenty you can fashion it at your leisure. It is a noble and a notable book.

MY IDEAL.

A SONNET.

She came with smiling lips and sunny eyes,
And held a mirror up before my gaze ;
Ah, disenchanting view ! What room for praise
Of that plain face of mine ? She said, " Arise !"
I rose and followed her for many days,
Through marble halls, and under azure skies ;
And naught I saw in all those devious ways,
Was fair as she who walked in earth's disguise.

And then she vanished. In the glass she left,
I saw my face, and found that it had grown
To some faint, shadowy likeness of her own ;
And so the heart that grieves is not bereft ;
For in the land where purest dreams grow real,
I know that I shall find my lost Ideal.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

257



A COMMONPLACE STORY.

Soon after my arrival in the college town of M——, whither I had gone with the same purpose which had called together a great company of young people from widely scattered homes, I attended a "girl's meeting" in the parlors of "The Hall," where I roomed and boarded.

It was in the twilight of a summer evening, an hour before the great bell, in the tower near by, would call us to the general service.

The room was filled, and those present, with one exception, were all girls. In the shadows of a corner, somewhat apart from the others, I noticed a pale, middle-aged lady, whose thin, deep-lined face, with its bands of smooth gray hair, formed a striking contrast to the young faces about her.

She wore a scant black dress, a bonnet which showed the marks of time, and her small, frail figure was only relieved from a look of positive shabbiness by the bands of white linen at throat and wrists, the neat black gloves, and the general air of dignity and refinement.

That no one seemed familiar with her was not strange, for it was the opening of the term, and we were many of us strangers to each other.

The old saying, "misery loves company," applies naturally to that painful, though seldom fatal, disease, homesickness, and before a month had passed most of

us were convalescent and deep in the mysteries of Greek, Latin and mathematics. Time was also found for occasional merry-makings, which were enjoyed with keener zest because of their scarcity.

I met daily the lady whom I had seen at that evening meeting, and after she joined the freshman class, of which I was a member, I learned that her name was Mrs. Porter, and that she worked for a family on Professor street.

I soon became accustomed to the incongruity which at first impressed me on seeing her in the class-room. She was a faithful student, seldom, if ever, missing a recitation, and had once or twice attended our class parties, sitting shy and ill at ease among the young people, who laughed and chatted, half-forgetful of her presence.

When she went among those of her own age, I fear the same uncontrollable shyness held her spell-bound and apart from those who might have given her the companionship she needed. As it was, she lived among us six months, and none of us ever knew half the strength and sweetness of her character.

As the holidays approached, those of us who were obliged to stay in town through the fortnight's vacation were busy preparing a little entertainment for New Year's Eve. One of the teachers had arranged "Miles Standish" into a play, and it was to be given in the dining-room of "The Hall," in the presence of invited guests.

The town was diligently canvassed for antique clothing and furniture, and many a garret was ransacked in search of the all-important spinning wheel.

At one end of the long room, a stage had been erected and provided with a red calico curtain.

Back of the stage a door opened into the pantry, which had been converted into a dressing-room; not, however, till the matron had removed all edibles to safer quarters. When the guests began to arrive, all was bustle and confusion. The ushers, with their white gloves, jaunty swallow-tails, and tin knee-buckles, were bobbing their powdered wigs here and there, while back of the mysterious red curtain in the dressing-room, three tall Indians in all their glory of war-paint and feathers, were jesting in quite a civilized manner with the "Puritan Maiden," as she adjusted the russet beard of Miles Standish.

Every chair in the room was soon occupied, and among those who were last to come in was Mrs. Porter. Finding no chair in the rear of the room, she was compelled to take one near the stage.

The play opened in the simple home of Miles Standish, who was striding in somewhat awkward haste across the creaking floor of the stage. Presently he stopped, and gazing proudly at the tin sword, and cutlass and corslet of wood covered with tin-foil, exclaimed:

"Look at these arms!—the warlike weapons that hang here,
Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade or inspection."

There was a half-suppressed giggle in the audience, probably from one who had helped in the "burnishing."

The play progressed finely, and the amateur actors sustained their parts well, until Priscilla, in that talk by the seashore, began, looking downward,

"I was wrong, I acknowledge,"

then hesitated, it seemed, longer than was necessary.

"I was wrong, I acknowledge,"

she repeated; then, turning slightly away from the audience, remained speechless.

There was an awkward pause, then a faltering voice went on:

"For it is the fate of a woman

Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that is speechless,
Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its silence;
Hence is the inner life of so many suffering women,
Sunless, and silent, and deep, like subterranean rivers,
Running through caverns of darkness, unheard, unseen and unfruitful,
Chafing through caverns of stone with endless and profitless murmurs."

The voice faltered toward the close; there were tears in it, and a pathos born only of sorrow.

There was such an undertone of sadness in that flexible voice, that I looked at Priscilla in amazement; but her face was flushed, and as she turned again toward me her eyes showed more puzzled surprise than sadness. When it was over I went to the dressing-room, to find my room-mate, Ruth Dunbar, the Priscilla of the evening.

On my way I met Mrs. Porter, and asked her how she liked the play. "Oh, she thought it was very pretty indeed."

"My husband used to read it to me," said she, "and parts of it I committed."

On our way home, Ruth and I talked of the evening.

"But was n't it stupid of me," she said, as she sat on a footstool by my chair, for that comfortable little time before going to bed, in which girls love to talk

things over, "was n't it stupid in me to forget that passage about subterranean rivers and suffering women?"

"Why, I thought you said it beautifully, dear," I replied.

She laughed and said, "So you thought I threw my soul into it, did you? But you are wrong. I merely forgot, and stood there ready to run off or pretend to faint, when some one in the audience went through the whole thing for me. Perhaps it was Miss Wright," she suggested; "but it didn't sound like her."

"Oh! I have it!" I exclaimed, as the truth came to me in a flash; and I repeated my conversation with Mrs. Porter.

"Oh, yes; it must have been she," yawned Ruth, as she loosened the heavy braids of her hair. "She looks sometimes as though she might become tragical. Well, it was kind of her, anyway, and I mean to thank her in the morning."

But the morning was full of new interests, and the little incident was forgotten.

I saw Mrs. Porter once after that, at a reception given to the freshmen class by one of their teachers. This occurred also in that holiday vacation; only about twenty of the class were in town. She was asked to contribute toward the literary programme of the evening, and that probably accounted for her presence.

She came in alone. In the brilliant gaslight her face looked haggard, and the scantness of the old black dress was more apparent than ever.

I will say for people of that place that she was always courteously treated. I am not aware that an unkind word was ever said in her presence; but on

the contrary, she received that deference which youth owes to mature age. If she missed anything, it was nothing which could have been demanded as a social or moral right.

That wonderful Man who lived centuries ago left us a record of courtesy in the many little deeds of an unselfish life; yet in that final act He left us another lesson which we are slow to assimilate into the social structure—a lesson of passionate sympathy, so great that it made the world's sorrow His sorrow, and so fine that it made the suffering of the humblest form of life His suffering. When the likeness of this Man is more fully formed in all our hearts, stories like this will not be written.

I remember that she told me that evening that she must give up her studies, as she had been engaged as an attendant in an asylum for the insane in a neighboring town. She spoke cheerfully of the change, and said that she hoped at some future time to continue her studies with greater ease than was possible at present.

“I am anxious to fit myself for teaching,” she said.

I found, to my surprise, that she could be quite social and interesting, when one took the pains to show a concern beyond mere social courtesy; and I think I might that evening have laid the foundation for a friendship sweet and helpful to both of us, had it not been for the wealth of younger companionship which was mine.

“I think I am out of place among the young people, yet I used to like to have them with me; the young people, I mean,” she said, with a little movement of apology, as she saw that I scarcely heard her.

“Where do your friends live?” I asked, trying to

keep my attention from a group who were discussing a lecture they had lately heard on "The Terminal Morain."

I asked the question with a fair show of interest.

"I have acquaintances in several States, but none of my family are living except one brother. He has a large family and many cares, so I seldom hear from him. They live in Vermont. I should like to be nearer them, but one finds pleasant people everywhere—do n't you think so?" she asked.

I answered at random, all the time wishing I could excuse myself and hear more about the lecture I had unluckily missed.

A few days after, she left the village for her new occupation. There were few good-byes to be said. She left the family with whom she had lived with few regrets.

She had formed but little attachment for any of them, unless it was for the little girl who sometimes crept up to her room on a Sunday afternoon to tease for stories. The child was playing in the yard with some other children, and dearly as she loved the Sunday stories, she was having too fine a time to stop her play to kiss anybody.

But the child's indifference was no greater than that of the mother, who stiffly shook the timid hand held out to her in the chilly little vestibule.

"Well, good-bye. I'm sure I hope you'll have an easier time than you've had here; but I guess you won't. I should have felt better satisfied if you could have stayed until after house-cleaning."

But even this tender parting brought no comfort to

the weary woman who walked to the depot with no companion but her shabby valise. She felt tired and worn, for the winter had been a hard one, without rest or vacation.

Notwithstanding the hopefulness in her heart, there was dread of the work she was about to begin.

On arriving at the asylum, she was taken at once to the ward which had been assigned her.

At the door of the ward her associate met her and gave her some information concerning her work. As they walked down the long corridor, she heard the sound of stealthy footsteps following close behind her. In spite of her usual self-control, the sound annoyed her, and putting her valise on the floor she turned sharply around and faced a little, nervous-looking woman, whose white muslin cap was decorated with immense paper roses. At her throat was another great bunch, which rustled and shook with every motion of the wiry little body.

She grasped her hand with the warmth of old friendship, and said:

"How d'ye do? What's in your bag? What did you come here for? How's Charlie? I am Queen Victoria! Have a chair while I get you some dried fruit. I am all right, or was until a great swarm of bees came and went to work in my head."

Others gathered about, and when she walked on down the hall several followed, plucking at her dress, feeling of her hair, with now and then a shrill laugh.

But that first night was the most dreadful of all. In her room she could hear strange noises—or shadows

of noises, if there be such things—through the muffled floor below.

After a few days she was able to take care of her division without aid. Her pleasant way had a charming effect on the inmates. She listened patiently to their long list of wrongs, and gave her commands with a gentle firmness.

The strain upon her nerves was fearful, and the pressure constant. There were no moments of recreation, no human friend to whom she could tell or even write of the cruel tension under which she lived. Her only refuge was the little room into which she locked herself when the day's work was done.

In the great, shabby satchel were two treasures which were the chief comforts of her life. One was a Bible, limp and worn, with her name on the fly-leaf; and the other an old-fashioned photograph album which had been in its day a marvel of elegance.

At night, after the key was turned in the heavy door, she always took these from their places. The pictures were crude and imperfect as compared to the products of photographic art of the present, but to her loving fancy the faces were real faces, more real sometimes than the living people about her, and the eyes which looked back at her from the little flat cards were responsive and tender.

On one page was a picture of a baby, plump and fair. It was over this one that she always lingered first. Then there was a man's face, keen, pleasant and youthful, and others, young girls and children, and on opposite pages, an elderly man and woman in whose faces one could trace resemblance to her own.

And then that baby! She always turned to it at last.

One Sunday afternoon when she had been there about a month, she went to her room to write a letter. It was a habit of hers to write regularly to her brother, though he seldom replied.

Her associate noticed that she seemed dejected, and wondered at it, because of her usual cheerfulness.

After writing the letter she sat beside the little table with her face buried in both hands. The little album was shut in its box, but the faces seemed all about her. The face of the man bent over her in tender compassion. The baby was there, too, and threw out its pretty arms to her with plaintive entreaty. Others came for a moment, too. There was one boy with whom she had played when a child, who had always called her Widow Bedott, and away out in the distance her mother's voice was calling—calling.—

Her hands fell from before her face and she started up. "Why, I must have been dreaming," she said; but her eyes felt wide open and wakeful.

She did not take the old album from its place before retiring for the night. There was no need. The faces, so real and lifelike, were around her bed through the whole night; the baby so close to her side that she could hear each healthful heart-throb. All these were there, but the angel of sleep came not.

In the morning she rose and dressed with her usual care, and prepared to go out to mail her letter.

Her face was drawn and her dark eyes were brilliant and shining.

She had a feverish desire to get into the cool morning air. By the door of the ward she met one of the inmates called "Black Nell." She was muttering and

laughing in her usual wild way until she glanced into the face of the woman who stood before her.

For a moment there was a gleam of intelligence in the roving eyes, and she said, as she looked into the delicate face before her, "Why, who has hurt *you*?" Then passed on as though half frightened.

The woman left stood a moment, hesitating, then walked slowly through the door, dropped her letter into the mail-box, and started down the slope of the lawn toward a little brook which lay over the fields, like a curved thread, a quarter of a mile away.

It was early dawn, and the light snow blushed with the coming of the sun. Directly in front of her, as she neared the little brook, a snowbird started up from the alders fringing the bank, and in a moment was whirling and fluttering in the snow, throwing it up lightly from his wings until it came down again in showers.

She half paused a moment to watch him, and then looked back up the slope, tracing, as she did so, her own footprints in the snow.

When she came to the alders, she parted their branches and looked through. The faces were around her still. To her bewildered vision they seemed to beckon, and she moved on. On the bank she kneeled down.

"O Lord," she said, as she covered her face, "*you* know how it is! *you* know how it is!"

When she rose to her feet she stood listening. Sweet voices spoke her name—her own home name, grown so strangely unfamiliar.

She put forth her hands as though to meet other hands. There were tears in her eyes and a smile on her lips. . . .

They found her there an hour later. The men had easily followed the tracks in the snow down the hill.

"Black Nell," who overheard the anxious inquiry concerning the missing attendant, refused to eat her breakfast, but sat sullen and quiet, only now and then muttering, "She's gone to hell, and that's where we're all going."

The woman who had first missed her followed a little behind the others in their search.

"Seems to be tracks in through here," said one of the men, as he parted the alders.

His companion made no answer. He was a rough, burly man, given more to cursing than praying, yet on occasions he had a woman's gentleness. He pushed on ahead of the other, who was still talking loudly.

She was lying close by the stream, with her face pressed into the water; her hand was flung out, and grasped tightly a broken branch which lay nearly across the stream. There was a light film of ice. It may have been that the brook grew cold and shuddered at the awful work it was made to perform; and when the rough man who was sometimes gentle lifted her up in his arms, there was an ice rim on her temples, and the frozen drops sparkled in her hair.

He took off his coat and wrapped it about her, and before he spread his handkerchief over her face, he smoothed the ice-drops from her hair with his great, hard palm. In these movements there was expressed a sympathy as exquisite as though the hand had been soft and white, and had never done an ungente deed. There was in it more of a caress than she had known for years.

They carried her back to the great stone building.

The woman hurried on before, to tell the others what had happened.

When the news reached our quiet college town, it was supplemented by a bit of her history. She had been the wife of a wealthy merchant who failed in business and died soon after. She had given up her beautiful home with all its costly furnishings, and had sold her own elegant wardrobe to satisfy creditors. After teaching in a public school for a time, she had saved money enough to come to M——, where she wanted to fit herself for a higher position as teacher.

There were a variety of comments on the sad affair.

One of the girls shrugged her shoulders and said she "did n't see why people should do such dreadful things, so wicked too,"—and she looked for approval at the theological student, a slender youth of tender sensibilities, who put on a dismal air and remarked that such catastrophes were becoming alarmingly frequent, and that their influence on the minds of the young was deplorable in the extreme. But there are some of us who keep in our hearts the memory of that sorrowful life, and it leads us to more thoughtful seeking out of those whom the Master loves.

KATE D. SHURTLEFF.



· MARY · T · GRAFT ·

TALE OF A PIONEER CHURCH.

CHAPTER X.

THE THREE MARYS—CONTINUED.

Mary T. Graft was the oldest of the three Marys, and lived the longest. She was born before the Revolution, on October 1, 1772, and died August 15, 1862, though current report makes her only eighty-eight years old at her death. The parental name was Martin, and the family was Presbyterian. They lived on Bloody Run, Bedford county, Pennsylvania, near its junction with that storied stream where

“Wild roved the Indian girl, bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters of the blue Juniata;”

and where the Indian girl chanted—

‘Strong and true my arrows are in my painted quiver;
Swift goes my light canoe adown the rapid river.’

The name Bloody Run arose from the circumstance that a large number of traders, who were gratifying their passion for lucre at the expense of the public good by surreptitiously furnishing the savages with the implements and material for war, were so summarily dealt with by stern men, in a hollow among the hills, that the evidence of their future harmlessness

was borne in crimson proof on the stream into the settlement below.

For six years in succession the family effects were in winter concealed beneath the puncheon floor of the cabin, while the family went ten miles west for refuge in Fort Bedford. The last year the cabin itself was burnt by the savages. Mary Graft often recounted how, when the men were absent from the Fort, she used to stand with her mother, aunt, and other women, on the inside steps of the Fort, scythes, axes, and other implements in hand, to ward off hostile Indians.

She grew to be a woman of five feet and five inches in stature, the tallest of the three, of symmetrical build, and had light brown hair and blue eyes. Her only disfigurement was a wart on one side of her nose, which she called her "thorn in the flesh;" and the frequent trimming of which, on the first Friday of the new moon, eventually resulted in cancer and caused her death. The accompanying picture is from an ambrotype, taken when she was about seventy-two years of age, and is the only one for which she could ever be induced to sit and then only by stratagem.

In the course of time Mr. Martin kept public house. Around his tavern sprang up a hamlet called Bloody Run, which was afterwards changed to Martinsburg, and, since the construction of the Huntington and Broad Top railroad, has grown to twelve hundred inhabitants and is known as Everett. Before the days of railroads the Philadelphia and Pittsburg pike superseded the Indian trail, along which pike the Campbells came in their journey to Washington county, Pennsylvania, little dreaming that they were stepping in the literal footprints of a woman who would soon delight



· JACOB · GRAFT ·

to tread in their moral and spiritual footsteps. Similarly to this, the angels that "camp around about them that fear Him," shall be some day met and personally known and loved.

In early days, a dauntless rider from Carlisle, Cumberland county, Pennsylvania, born the first night of 1770, and who had neither fear of Indian nor savage wolf before his eyes, carried U. S. mail from Philadelphia to Pittsburg. He followed the wilderness path, riding one horse and leading another behind. The Martin tavern was one of his regular stopping places. Between this rider, Jacob Graft, and Mary Martin, a friendship sprang up that in two years ripened into matrimony. Shortly after the latter event he chose Somerset, then called Brunerstown, as a home, because of its lovely situation and convenience to his business. It was a hamlet of only three houses, and Mary Graft was duly installed as post-mistress, while Mr. Graft continued his perilous government service till the pack-horse was superseded by the stage-coach. The marriage union of this hero and heroine was blessed with but one child, Mrs LaRue Pile, born July 12, 1799, in the one room that served as kitchen and parlor, bed-room and guest-chamber, residence and post-office. The hoary widowed days of this daughter, a member of the Lutheran Church, still take in the sunshine of Somerset.

Mary Graft was a character of marked individuality. She dressed in Quaker fashion, presumably after an admired authoress presently to be mentioned. "Honey," she would say, "I always dressed plainly but richly." She never would wear black, for she held that "the devil is black." Nor did she like flowers or personal decorations, and usually turned her back on such as

came thus adorned into the house of God. Grayish brown, or, better still, grayish white, was her preference. When the angel of death called for her, this was the color of the crape at her door. Agreeably also to her own request, her coffin was of the same color, being covered with material from one of her dresses, as W. T. Moore may remember, who, at his second meeting here, preached her funeral.

She was a very stirring woman, walked with rapid stride, swinging a handkerchief to and fro, and was not afraid of anything that promised an honest penny. For a while she taught a sewing and reading school. Her mother had also brought her medical books from over the sea, and practiced as midwife and general medical adviser in cases of sickness. Among the many beneficial things, these books also explained such mysteries as how, when elder bark is stripped one way, it has such and such an effect, and when stripped in the opposite way, it has such and such a contrary effect! To these books Mary Graft fell heir, and she pursued her mother's profession, which she regarded as a divine calling. It was so like the Master, this going about to do good, and gave her many an opportunity speak in His behalf. Nor was this life without its ludicrous incidents. Once, for example, when calling at the house of a daughter of Erin, she found her impatiently complaining of neuralgia. Mary Graft was ready with her best prescription: "What you need most in an hour like this, honey, is grace." Quick as a flash came the reply, "Grase, grase, an shure have n't oi thried iv'ry kind o' grase, and nuthin' wull do goode a-tall, a-tall!"

Mr. Graft had not the faculty of rapid money-get-

ting, and butchering and toll-gate keeping, especially in a small place, are not very remunerative. Out of his few means, he even lost his dwelling in 1823 for his kindness in bailing a man given to drink. Though they gained another property, Mary Graft was thus limited in her benevolent expenditures as well as in the conveniences of life. Nevertheless, she did not allow these things to thwart her designs. While the other Marys, who generally went together, visited more frequently in and about town, she extended her excursions to the distance of some miles. Frequently she would take a basket of provisions on her arm and attend Methodist meetings at the base of Laurel Hills, from eight to ten miles west. In early days she often went afoot to attend services at the Jersey Church, twenty miles south. Once she received a letter from Mrs. Belle Parker of Berlin, mother of Mrs. J. O. Kimmel, from which she gathered that Mrs. Parker was deeply concerned about her own soul's interests. Mary Graft therefore prepared an early supper, and then said to her husband, "Child, I am going out, and may not be back till morning." Then she walked those ten miles east, read and prayed with Mrs. Parker till near morning, returning in time to cook breakfast.

Some account must here be given of two women whose biographies (it were almost proper to say autobiographies) gave pattern to Mary Graft's life and manner of work. One of them was Sarah Grubb, daughter of William and Elizabeth Tuke, who was born at York, Great Britain, June 6, 1756, and entered the ministry among the Friends, or Quakers, in her twenty-third year, after having received a careful education in English, and to some extent in French. In

company with her "second mother," and after her marriage in 1872, occasionally with her husband, but for the most part with her friend Rebecca Jones and others, she attended and preached at the various annual, monthly, and other meetings of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and towards the close of her life, even in Holland, Germany, France, and Switzerland. Much of the work consisted in visiting from house to house, seeking the lost or straying sheep of the Lord, and building them as living stones into the temple of God. She relieved the distressed, ministered to the sick, gave consolation to the dying, buried the dead, conducting the funeral service. Added to it all she constantly wrote long spiritual letters to her friends, even addressed communications to larger gatherings which she could not reach with voice or presence. With what sacrifice of home enjoyments and sense of duty this was done, will sufficiently appear by a few extracts from the period of her single life, spent in gospel travel in company with her step-mother.

"With satisfaction and pleasure I have lately looked towards home. indeed, with so much, that a fear sometimes strikes me, lest in wisdom some unforeseen affliction should be sent to moderate it."

"Home now looks at a great distance, and I find that it will contribute most to my peace to think as little of it as I well can."

"This work of visiting families is the last that I should choose for myself, if I might be my own chooser; but as it is wrong to desire that indulgence, I see I may as well give myself up to what appears in the line of duty."

"For every fresh service and work in the church, we must experience a renewed baptism of spirit and purification of gift; and the more we have of the dross, or the reprobate silver, the more frequently must we pass through the fire."

"The great meetings we meet with are overmuch for us, and what made it still worse to us at Liverpool, was a funeral in the afternoon,

and a vast number of people. We little thought when we fixed our stay over second day at Manchester, that we should have one to attend there, which is the case this afternoon, and how it will be got over, I know not."

"Our minds are often bowed down under a sense of the awfulness of our engagements, and dismayed at the sight; nor need I say how closely our time is filled up therewith; for after sitting with seven or eight families, we are generally ready for rest."

Next in moulding power was Hester Ann Rogers, daughter of a Church of England clergyman by the name of Roe. She was born at Macclesfield, in Cheshire, January 31, 1756. Losing her father at the age of nine, she became worldly, but finally, in the face of much persecution, she turned Methodist, led a life of wondrous trust and prayer, gave her time to visiting the sick and needy, and to spiritual helpfulness to the distressed. August 19, 1784, she married Mr. James Rogers, a widowed Methodist minister, and died in 1794. In the ten years of her married life, besides caring for her step-children and becoming the mother of seven or eight children of her own, she so helped her husband that in three years the Society at Dublin increased from five hundred members to over eleven hundred; in the next three years, at Cork, they swelled the membership from three hundred and ninety-seven to six hundred and fifty; and in the first two of the three years at London, about five hundred were added. They were in the midst of a prosperous work at Spitalsfield when death called her to her reward. Thomas Coke, in his funeral sermon, says of her:

"More true conjugal love could not, I think, be manifested by wife to her husband, than was by her. Mrs. Rogers was, to my knowledge, . . . his support indeed. . . . Though she devoted much of her time to religious duties in public and in private, yet

nothing seemed to be left undone which could make her children comfortable and happy. She even prevented all their wants; and was equally, nay, if it were possible, more attentive to Mr. Rogers' children by his former wife, than to her own. To the whole of them she delighted to give 'precept upon precept, precept upon precept, line upon line, line upon line, here a little, and there a little;' watering the whole of her labors upon them with many tears and daily fervent prayers. . . . And as a public person, she was useful in a high degree. She never indeed assumed the authority of teaching in the church, but she visited the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and delighted to pour out her soul in prayer for them. . . . In the city of Dublin only, Mr. Rogers himself confesses, some hundreds of those whom he received into Society were brought to Christ or awakened by her gentle but incessant labors of love. In Cork, also, and in London, a similar success attended her pious exertions."

In addition to all this, her husband says that Mrs. Rogers left behind "not less than three thousand quarto pages, all written by her own hand."

It will be readily seen that Mary Graft sought to imitate these women, Mrs. Grubb and Mrs. Rogers, as far as her ability, views and circumstances permitted. Indeed, it is from her copies of their lives and letters that the foregoing facts are condensed.

In one respect, however, Mary Graft was more favored than the other Marys, namely, in that she had a husband who became a Christian with her, and gave her his active sympathy in all her good work. She was one of those constitutional talkers who overdo matters with those to whom they have too ready access, and she needed the balance-wheel and check she found in her husband. There are such women (and men, too, for that matter), whose piety and good intentions are undoubted by those at least who have a wider, deeper acquaintance with human nature, and have learned to "distinguish things that differ." Yet it is not so much

against her as might be thought, that she failed to bring her only child over to her immersionistic and other views, for LaRue had taken lessons from her while she was still traveling the "broad guage" road, and was grown to womanhood when Mary Graft and husband were immersed, and within two years thereafter married Mr. Pile, a Lutheran, with whom she was presumably even then "keeping company."

In case Mary Graft's husband died before her, she intended to go about, like Mrs. Grubb, visiting the members and churches throughout this and adjoining States. As it was, she was incessantly writing letters to everybody far and near, preserving copies of them all, to be put into book form along with her other writings, akin to the biographies and spiritual letters of Mrs. Grubb and Mrs. Rogers. When age at length rendered her indisposed to undertake the task herself, she hoped that other hands would perform it after her death. The fires already spoken of have, however, put it beyond anybody's power to do so. Only the fragments, for the most part, of some twenty-five or thirty letters are left. When the parties addressed were within walking reach, these letters were either personally handed them, or, after the manner of the modern news-carrier, left in the halls or at the doors of houses. A sample or two of each class may be of interest. To Elder James Estep, some time in December, 1819, she handed the following:

"I need not tell you that I have found it good to wait upon the Lord at all times and in all places; and standing near to His side, reclining my head upon His bosom. I need not tell you that He is our Lord and our God, our foundation to build upon. M. T. G."

Mr. S. Howell Terry, a Presbyterian minister who preached at Somerset from July, 1830, till some time in 1833, she addressed thus:

*"Dear Sir:—*Permit me, if you please, to call you friend or brother, as you profess to love Jesus. So do I. You will recollect that Jesus was born of a woman, and after He rose from the dead He honored Mary by conversing with her first. 'Go,' said He, 'to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God.' And there He sits pleading our cause to-day. So in this way I come conversing with you about this glorious Character, that conquered all the powers of darkness forever, through His sufferings and death for our salvation.

"I have been excusing myself ever since the third morning of April, but God makes no excuses. To do His will is our present and eternal happiness. The subject [of your sermon?] was the Word. St. John says, 'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him,' etc., etc. 'And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us.' Jesus, the Saviour of the world, says, 'He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my words, hath one that judgeth him: the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day.'

"To you, my friend, is the word of this salvation sent. Make it the man of your counsel. Jesus saith, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life.' The Father said, 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased: hear ye him.' The Son says, 'Go,' to you, 'preach the gospel,' in the full sense of the word; and you are to baptize the *believers*. It would be well for you to take notice of Simon Peter, who was honored with the keys of the kingdom of heaven. And see how Jesus tested Peter's love, and then gave him His charge, before He was carried up into heaven, to feed His lambs and His sheep! And remember that He did not invest any other of His disciples with the same power. Then turn to Acts, you know, and see how He preached the kingdom of heaven, or the gospel, to the Jews first, and then read on to the 10th chapter of Acts, to the Gentiles, and there you will see how he made use of his authority given him by the King of kings and Lord of lords. Then you will observe that the kingdom of Christ is opened or unclosed to all the world. Jesus says, 'He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my father, and I will love him, and will

manifest myself to him.' 'Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.' Glory be to God, for He is worthy of our subjection to His glorious government.

"Now, my brother, if you have any objection to my counsel, tell it to the Judge of quick and dead, when you come before Him this evening, and be so good as to let me hear the decision.

"Now, to Him who taught as never man taught, be present and eternal praises. Amen.

"Show this to friend Jacob Glessner, and next to him to Mr. Stewart.

"From your dear friend in the kingdom of Christ,

"MARY T. GRAFT.

"To Mr. TERRY."

Her grandson, Graft M. Pile, attended Pennsylvania College, at Gettysburg, preparing for the Lutheran ministry. She was constantly in correspondence with him. One letter runs thus :

"SOMERSET, August 30, 1845.

"*My Dear Grandson* :—I received your letter of July, and was thankful for it. But my business was so multipresence that it is with difficulty I write now. But the divine Saviour makes no excuse ; it is, do this and live. Peter was authorized by Jesus to open the door of His kingdom to all the world. He preached the gospel of Christ first to the Jews (Acts ii.), and then to the Gentiles (Acts x.). Now, the way was open to all the world. Remember, the fear of man begets a snare, but the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom. The Lord must have all the whole heart, and will ; then the veil shall be taken away, and you will see with your eyes, and hear with your ears, the glorious things spoken by your God and Saviour. Jesus said, 'He that rejecteth me and receiveth not my words, hath one that judgeth him : the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day.'

"When the Gentiles heard the word, the Lord had their heart and their will to hear what Peter had to preach to them, and they received the Holy Spirit. But they did not stop there ; they went on until they had fulfilled all things which were appointed for them to do by Jesus our Lord and Redeemer. But my dear grandson rejects the Saviour's baptism that came from the counsels of heaven. His baptism is full of

present and eternal meaning, the while your baptism has not any meaning in it whatever. It came from the counsels of men of the earth. It is a sorrowful thought to your dear grandmother to see you rejecting the testimony of Jesus, and the testimony of His holy apostles and prophets.

"September 6.—I will try again to write. You say something about the foundation you are building on. The prophet says, 'The stone which the builders refused is become the headstone of the corner.' Jesus said, 'The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner:' this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes. Peter says, 'This is the stone which was set at naught of you builders, which is become the head of the corner.' Now you must remember that the Epistles of the holy apostles were written to baptized believers (they had been *buried* with Christ in baptism), and to them only who had been baptized for the remission of their sins. Jesus said to his disciples, 'He that heareth you, heareth me; and he that despiseth you, despiseth me.' The apostle says, 'For ye are all the children of God, by faith in Christ Jesus; for as many of you as have been baptized into Christ, have put on Christ. There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus. And if ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise.'

"Remember the Saviour's prayer to His Father for His holy apostles: all that hear them are to be one with the Father and the Son, and to enjoy their glorious community.

"Glory be to our Lord and our God. He grants His presence to be with us too, and forever. May He add His blessing. Amen.

"Your dear grandmother,

"MARY T. GRAFT."

"I enclose my mite. I wish you may get it in time; it may be of some use to you.

M. T. G."

Many were the efforts she made and the letters she wrote to convert the husband of Mary Ogle. Here is one of the briefest:

"SOMERSET, August 19, 1826.

"*My Poor, Unhappy Neighbor* :—I wish to inform you that I am often reviled and compared to you, as if you were the wickedest person on earth and I the next. This strengthens my hopes of your salvation;

for you are the unhappiest man I ever knew—a rebel against the King of kings and Lord of lords, and unworthy me, the happiest person I have ever seen, to be exalted thus, to have God for my father and mother, sister and brother. Oh, glorious concourse to converse with while traveling through this unfriendly world! A friend always present to help in time of need! When I am sick, He makes me well in body and mind. Blessed am I forever more: a child of that kingdom that contains all things, yes, joint-heir through *Christ Jesus, my Lord and my God*. Come now and be a son to the King of heaven and earth, a subject of His glorious government. Oh, what a glorious character you might be, living in honor of your Creator! But, oh, it is awful to think of the opportunities you have had bestowed upon you, and the use you have made of them—to destroy yourself forever. Oh, what a mercy that you are yet alive! Call, I beseech of you, on Jesus; He is willing to save the vilest that call upon Him. Oh, turn and be happy forever more. I have seen your thread, and it is almost spun. A few more days, and the day will close forever.

"May the great Strength of Israel add His blessing.

"From your friend in Christ; out of Him He is a consuming fire.

"MARY T. GRAFT."

"ALEXANDER OGLE, SR."

The following, of an ungiven date and to an unnamed person, has also conversion for its object:

"*Dear Sir*:—I hope it is my duty to say a few things to you. I wish I could commence with saying, *My Dear Friend*. This I dare not presume till I see you bowing in subjection to the will of that Holy Being who sees us now and is judging your thoughts. These I can not know. He says, 'Son, give me thy heart.' Then He will manifest Himself to you in the character of Jesus, the Savior of lost man, the chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely. In and through His name we comprehend the fullness of the Godhead bodily. By being reconciled to Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God, we have peace with God our Father and enjoy His favor which is before all the world.

"Jesus says, 'Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me; for whosoever will lose his life, for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it. For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul; or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? Whosoever, therefore,

shall be ashamed of me and my word in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed when he cometh in the glory of his Father, with the holy angels.'

"I behold you as on the tempestuous ocean of life, tossed to and fro, and in danger of being captured every day by the enemy who is the devil and prince of darkness, who works in the children of disobedience. This fact is needful for you to know, whether you are a subject of Christ's kingdom or a subject of the prince of darkness. We have but two masters to serve: the one has the fullness of all things to give, the other is the prince of the air—he can only deceive. The wages of sin is disgrace and eternal death.

"We must persuade you to know that it is an honor to be a subject of the government of the King of kings, and to be a joint-heir through Christ to that kingdom that contains all things to make us happy here and forever. Remember Jesus says, 'He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my words, hath one that judgeth him: the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day.' The time is come that the word must not be trifled with. It must be believed and obeyed, and we shall be happy in the enjoyment of that word. It is the truth and all in all."

To another alien she wrote briefly thus:

"*Dear Sir* :—I have taken this way to converse with you on account of the enemy of the cross of Christ. I wish to inform you that I have suffered more than tongue can tell, within two years, on your account. Nothing but your deliverance from your unhappy condition, nothing less than your compliance with the government of Jehovah, no, nothing short of your salvation can restore or cure the wound. No, nothing can satisfy the desire of my soul but this.

M. T. G."

How she ministered to members of the church in distress, may be learned from the following to Mrs. Fleming:

"JUNE 29, 1836.

"When I hear an evil report on myself or any other person, I let it go in at one ear and out at the other. If it wounds my peace, I take it into my closet, and there I find a balm for every wound. Or, if I see that it will profit my neighbors, body or soul, I carry it to them in a seemly manner, and look to the Father of lights to add His blessing. In this way I have peace with God and all mankind."

Every new convert was remembered by an admonitory epistle. The only one of the kind at hand is addressed to Miss Louise E. Ogle, daughter of "Aunt Charlotte," now the wife of Mr. Ed. Scull, editor of the *Somerset Herald*, and written July 15, 1844, or possibly 1845. It reads thus:

"*Dear Friend* :—Remember the vows you have taken upon you, and the Lord you have confessed. Consider the value of time, for we can place no just estimate upon it. We must improve it while it is day. It is an honor to be a follower of the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world. It behooves me to write to all of the dear youth who have professed before angels and men to be members of His kingdom, members of His house—of His church, which is His body, the fullness of Him that filleth all in all. Glory be to Jesus, our Lord and Redeemer; we will reflect on His glorious character. It fills the heavens and the earth with His divine presence who is always watching over His children to do them good. Oh, yes, every moment. Even now our very thoughts are before Him. Glory be to our God and King! He sees your thoughts now; them I can not know, but this we can all know: to know Him aright is light and life eternal. It was for the enjoyment of this glorious truth that the merchant man, seeking goodly pearls, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had and bought it. Oh, yea, the favor of God is of more value than all this world's goods; for we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. And having food and raiment, let us therewith be content.

"If all the dear disciples were watching one another, to provoke unto love and to good works, and exhorting one another to walk in the way, the truth and the life as it is in Jesus, our Lord and Redeemer, all would be well.

"May the Lord add His blessing, is the prayer of your dear friend,

"MARY T. GRAFT."

"TO MISS LOUISA OGLE."

If a member of the church or an alien who had been in the habit of attending the gatherings for worship absented himself, he was pretty sure of receiving

a prompter to duty in the shape of a letter from Mary Graft. In the absence of a sample letter addressed to a derelict member, part of a long one written to such an alien is here given :

"SOMERSET, God's House, May 20, 1845.

"*Dear Sir:*—This is to inform you that we noticed you to absent yourself from the House that God gave us to worship Him in with our bodies and our spirits which are His. It is free to all who fear God. The friends of the Lord or His disciples are pleased to see you always there. Mr. Kimmell would not forbid you from obedience; no, not for all the world. Your soul is of more value than the whole world. Only remember (thou God seest us) God's blessed Book teaches us that the fear of Him is the beginning of wisdom. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil; in the day when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ. . . .

"MARY T. GRAFT."

"TO TH. CUMMINS."

To a young man away from home and starting in life, she wrote :

"SOMERSET, Pa., Feb. 17, 1846.

"*My Dear Charles:*—I promised your dear mother, some time ago, that I would write to you and send you a tract. Oh, remember that we can place no value on time. Improve it to the glory of God, my child, and all will be well forever. You know that God's Book teaches us that they that hunger and thirst after riches shall never be satisfied with riches, for the more one gets the more he shall want; and he that hungers and thirsts after silver or gold shall never be satisfied with silver nor gold, for the more he gets the more he shall want. But Jesus says, 'Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.' Glory be to God our Saviour, our Lord and Redeemer. I pray that He may reign in and over all the dear disciples throughout the land; that they may be quickened and made alive to know Him aright, which is light and eternal life. They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition."

A letter of condolence shall be the last one cited. It is to Benj. Martin, Jr., of Brush Creek, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, a brother's son, upon the death of that brother:

"SOMERSET, Pa., Jan, 13, 1882.

"*My Dear Nephew*.—With your long-looked-for letter before me, I acknowledge that I am thankful to you for the same. Such long silence created sorrow. I have written six or seven letters to my dear relations since your dear father's death, and have received one from Sister Anna, and a few days ago one from her son Jacob, which I have endeavored to answer. I expect you will see it.

"It gives me unspeakable joy to see you are thirsting after righteousness. We are to remember Jesus in all our difficulties, lest we should weary and faint by the way. He says, Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled. He is the way, the truth, and the life of every child of His heavenly Father. We must remember that if we lack wisdom, we must ask it of Him who giveth liberally and upbraideth not. Again, Ye are of more value than many sparrows.

"My dear young friend, we can not justly make any excuse that will satisfy the soul. But to obey the truth begets such a fullness of all things and produces so much peace that all the world is nothing in comparison to our acquaintance with Jesus. In and through that glorious Name we comprehend the fullness of the Godhead bodily, revealing to us father, mother, sister and brother—a friend always present in time of need. There is nothing to be compared with a child of God. Ye are the salt of the earth, ye are the light of the world, etc. We are to remember if the salt has lost its savor, it is good for nothing. We are to let our light shine before men, that they may see our good works and glorify our Father who is in heaven.

"The great Teacher of Israel will be mouth and wisdom. If we want instruction, enter the closet; if we want comfort, enter the closet; if we wish to be exalted, we must humble ourselves before our God, and He will exalt us in due time. I am well satisfied that you are in the place where you are, and hope that it is the will of your heavenly Father that it should be so. Take the testimony of Jesus and His apostles, and make that the man of your counsel, and it will guide you in the straight and narrow way that gives peace while traveling through this unfriendly world, and will guide into the king-

dom of glory where we shall enjoy the smiles of our God in a world without end.

"May the Lord be pleased to bless what has been said. Amen.

"Your dear Aunt,

"MARY T. GRAFT."

Here are eleven letters, about all the whole ones left from the ravages of time, and several of them written in Mary Graft's seventy-third year. They are given exactly in her own words, being changed only to some extent in the punctuation and capitalization. Whence all this ability? Hardly more than two centuries before her birth there were peers of far-famed England in plenty who could neither write nor read. Truly the power of sanctified grace is great! And powerful is the exhortation thence arising to the more favored modern daughters of mother Eve.

Mary Graft always rose, and had others rise, by candle light. Her first business was in the closet of prayer, where she laid before the Lord the entire coming day's work and remembered the members of the church individually and aloud. Ofttimes she would shout in her private devotions, and seldom engaged in them without copious tears. Her favorite morning hymn was :

"And did my Saviour use to pray
Before the light unvailed the day,
And shall I backward be?
No, dearest Lord, forbid the thought,
Help me to fight as Jesus fought
Each foe that hinders me."

While the work begun and nurtured by these women is still to be further pursued, we thus take formal leave of Mary Graft, the daily writer; of Mary Ogle, the

polished logician before whom lawyers and ministers quailed; and of Mary Morrison, the "gem of quiet ray serene." Their toils are ended, but their labors abide. The Providence that called each one Mary, the Guiding Hand that yoked them in fellowship, and the Holy Spirit that anointed them for so grand a work, has in them answered the double question, "May woman teach?" and, "What can she do?"

(Selected.)

THE BEYOND.

It seemeth such a little way to me
Across to that strange country, the beyond;
And yet not strange—for it has grown to be
The home of those of whom I am so fond;
They make it seem familiar and most dear,
As journeying friends bring distant countries near.

I can not make it seem a day to dread,
When from this dear earth I shall journey out
To that still dearer country of the dead,
And join the lost ones, so long dreamed about.
I love this world; yet shall I love to go
And meet the friends who wait for me, I know.

And so for me there is no sting in death,
And so the grave has lost its victory;
It is but crossing, with abated breath,
And white, set face, a little strip of sea,
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

290

THE GREATEST POLITICAL STRUGGLES OF PROTESTANTISM.

NO. V.—THE PRINCE OF ORANGE AND THE SIEGE OF
LEYDEN.

Motley has truly said that the rise of the Dutch Republic was one of the greatest events of modern times. If this great commonwealth had not taken its origin, the wonderful historical phenomena of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries would not have existed, or, at least, would have been greatly modified. It was an organized protest against ecclesiastical tyranny and universal dominion; and its position in the political affairs of Europe was such that it was enabled at the most critical times to hold the balance of power. The magnificent empire of Charles V. was built upon the grave of both political and religious liberty. It was the most gigantic despotism of modern times. It is not surprising that the emperor wanted a few days of meditation before going to his grave. He certainly needed them, for there never lived a more complete despot than was Charles V. There may have lived worse men, but not one who more completely crushed political and religious liberty. The truth was crushed to the earth; but it rose again, and in its resurrection was founded the famous Dutch Republic.

The great political struggle which we are now to consider, had an important effect upon the destiny of

mankind. Society is so organized that one individual can not be injured, without there being a serious effect upon others. The same thing is true with the society of nations. One nation can not struggle with and overcome tyranny without also accomplishing something for mankind in general. Our indebtedness to the Republic of Holland is evidently very great. The same Anglo-Saxon blood flows in our veins that flowed in the veins of the brave defenders of the Netherlands. A large portion of this country was settled by the Dutch, and they bravely bore their part in our struggles for independence. Among the advocates for liberty of conscience upon our soil they were the first. The brave band of pilgrims that landed upon Plymouth Rock in 1620, had spent twelve years at Leyden, in Holland. They did not persecute, but sheltered Roger Williams when he was driven from Salem. They had learned from Holland the great lesson of political and religious liberty.

The nation as well as the individual is so constituted that struggle is necessary in order to bring out the highest elements. The greatest stammerer became the greatest orator of Greece. The greatest men are those who have had the greatest trials and struggles. The same thing is true with nations. In the northwest of Europe, jutting out into the German ocean, is that soft, spongy soil that forms the country of Holland. It was originally a marshy district, the greater part of which was swept over at high tide by the waves of the German ocean. It was won back from the ocean by the patient labors of the inhabitants so much admired by Julius Cæsar. They erected dikes along the coast and river shores, and thus preserved the land from the

encroachment of the sea, and confined the rivers within their proper channels. The country is still preserved from the sea in the same way, and these dikes are built partly of blocks of granite brought from Norway, and partly of timbers, turf and clay. They are usually about thirty feet high, seventy feet broad at the base, and wide enough on top to make a road such that vehicles can pass. These dikes are the work of centuries, and are watched with the greatest care, and are constantly kept in repair. Holland, when Cæsar visited that country, abounded in lakes, but nearly one hundred of them have been drained, and converted into farming land. The brave inhabitants of this country, who had contended with wind and sea, and who had developed a marvelous love of liberty, could not be conquered by the greatest nation in Europe with the most powerful army in the world.

In 1477, Mary, daughter of Charles the Bald, married Maximilian, Archduke of Austria. It was through this marriage that the Netherlands, the most populous part of Europe, became a possession of the house of Hapsburg. At the death of Mary, her son Philip came into possession of the Netherlands. His reign was uneventful, and he is only noted in history as the father of Charles V. Charles became the most powerful ruler in Europe, and was called the Cæsar of the sixteenth century. In the struggles between Charles and France, the Netherlands greatly suffered from the ravages of the French fleet. In 1555, Charles abdicated his sovereignty of the Netherlands, in favor of his son Philip, and the next year he transferred to him the crown of the empire.

While Philip, at the city of Brussels, was taking the crown from the trembling hands of his father, the old man was leaning upon an upright and handsome young man of twenty-two, who possessed great wealth, and belonged to one of the most distinguished families in Europe. This was the Prince of Orange, who became the father of his country. He was born in 1533, and on both his father's and mother's side, belonged to distinguished families. His father was of the celebrated Nassau family, and his mother a princess of the house of Orange. She was a woman of great piety and patriotism, and transmitted these traits to her illustrious son. William was such a remarkable boy that he attracted the attention of Charles V. when he was only twelve years of age, and that emperor is reported to have said, "This brave little man must be looked to." He was educated under the direction of the emperor, and became a Catholic, although his mother was a Lutheran. While yet a boy the little man was made a confidant by the emperor, and at the age of twenty commanded the Imperial forces against the French. Not long after Philip had ascended the Spanish throne, William of Orange was left as a hostage in Paris for the fulfillment of a treaty with France. There he acquired the name of "the silent" on account of the complete control of his emotions, when the French king told him of a plot to annihilate the Protestants. Although a Catholic, the young prince at that time fully made up his mind that the wicked plot should never be executed if he could prevent it.

His heart was true,

His life was pure.

For him no sufferings were too great;

With cheer these things he would endure,
To free his country from Spanish hate.

The Spanish Inquisition was introduced into Holland. There never existed a more infernal machine than was this institution. It was a growth, and really of heathen origin. The Roman empire persecuted Christians, and when the church ascended the imperial throne, the ideas of Rome politic were transferred to Rome ecclesiastic. Even in the fourth century, the council of Nice condemned several persons to be banished. Constantine went so far as to threaten with death the followers of Aurius. The Pagan spirit continued to grow until the light of the Sun of Righteousness was almost totally eclipsed during the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. The same old spirit, that might makes right, which has always been the animating spirit of this world, even affected the early Protestants, and they, like their mother, the Roman church, tried to control the consciences of men. Not even America, the land of the free and the home of the brave, entirely escaped that wicked, persecuting spirit so common in the early history of the Reformation. Those who fled from other countries to escape persecution manifested the same spirit when they reached our western shores.

Of all forms of persecution, there was no other that at all compared with the Spanish Inquisition. It reduced torture to a science, and never did hell invent a more perfect machine. In less than twenty years it destroyed in Spain alone more than eighteen thousand families. In this institution there was no conscience. It consecrated to its service the dagger, the rack and stake. Even the Roman Pontiff had medals struck off and Te

Deums sung, when he heard of the massacre of the Protestants in France. The selfish and blood-thirsty Philip is said to have then laughed for the only time during life. It was this demon of destruction that Philip planted in Holland, and with it William was compelled to contend.

We learn from Cæsar that the people of Holland were not superstitious and priest-ridden like the Gauls; but were a free and deeply religious people. They believed in one true God, who was ever visible to the eye of faith, and who dwelt in the heart of the pure. No slavery existed among them, and the marriage rite, which was not regarded by the Gauls, was held sacred by these brave warriors of the North. Cæsar was impressed with their love of liberty, and one of their earliest books declared that they should be free as long as the wind should blow or the world stand. Although they became thoroughly converted to Christianity, they never had much respect for papal authority. The more aggressive the pope became, the stronger was their resistance to his decrees. Many of the Netherlanders became the disciples of Waldo, and they sympathized with every movement to reform the church, and check the ambition of the papal see. So when Luther broke with the pope, the people of Holland were well prepared to accept the doctrines of the Reformation. It soon became a stronghold for Protestantism, and this brought it into conflict with Spain, the defender of the papacy. Philip was determined to annihilate the inhabitants, and re-people the country; so the great conflict commenced.

Dickens says that it was the best of times; it was the worst of times; it was the season of light,

it was the season of darkness; it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair. Schiller pronounced it the brightest of the world's epochs. It was a principle of Philip to keep no faith with heretics. When he promised most he would do the least. Motley says of him that human victims, chained to the stake and burning, were the blazing torches which lighted him to his nuptial couch. He considered it his mission to suppress heresy. He sent Alva, the most blood-thirsty general of the age, a man who was never known to speak a kind word or do a good deed, with ten thousand of the best trained soldiers to cut off the heads of all the heretics. As William could not get the nobles to coöperate with him in driving back the Spaniards, he announced himself a Protestant, and went back to Germany to await his opportunity. Alva had his own way, and the judgment alone can reveal the outrages committed upon a defenseless people. Egmont and Horn, though strict Catholics, were both executed. The suffering and helpless people appealed to "Father William," as they called him, who was their only hope. He immediately raised an army to defend them; and on being asked how many kings he had on his side replied, "Only one; but He is the King of kings."

Alva ordered every man, woman and child to be put to death in those towns and cities which resisted his advance. While nearly all others opened their gates to him, the beautiful little city of Haarlem remained true to the cause of the patriots. Alva sent against it thirty thousand men. Nearly all of these were either killed by the sword, or blown into mid-air by the powder of the patriots. Alva wrote to Philip that such a

war had never been seen or heard of in any land on earth. The Spanish general finally agreed to pardon the people if they would surrender to him. They did so, and he had two thousand persons butchered in cold blood. This greatly helped the patriots; for it caused the people to more intensely hate the Spaniards, and it made William and his associates more determined to continue the struggle.

In 1574 the city of Leyden was invested by the Spanish army. These hours were very dark; for William was sick, and there was not much hope for his recovery. The garrison was small, and the city had to be defended by the heroic inhabitants. In June provisions ran low, and soon the people had also to contend with a famine. Still they held out. July, August, and September passed away, and the sufferings of the inhabitants were terrible. They sent the Prince word that if they were not soon assisted, human strength could do no more. His reply was for them hourly to expect help. From Amsterdam he was anxiously watching the movements of the enemy.

When he found that he could save Leyden in no other way he got the consent of the states to a desperate measure. The dikes were cut, and the waters of the German ocean flowed in upon the country, flooding the Spanish camp, and enabling the patriots to throw supplies into Leyden. A Spanish fleet was sent to oppose the Dutch fleet in its efforts to relieve the city; but it was destroyed and twelve hundred Spaniards were slain. The day after Leyden was supplied, a northeasterly gale drove back the waters, and the dikes were at once repaired. The King of kings truly fought with the Prince of Orange. The deliverance of Leyden was

celebrated by founding the University of Leyden, one of the greatest institutions of learning in Europe.

Philip saw that he could not conquer the Netherlands while the Prince of Orange was alive. The Spanish king to accomplish the ends did not scruple at anything; so he offered a great reward for the assassination of Prince William. Within two years five attempts had been made upon the Prince's life by the agents of the king of Spain. The sixth attempt was successful. In July, 1584, a poorly dressed Burgundian applied to Orange for money with which to buy clothes to wear to church. The generous-hearted Prince gave him the money with which he bought pistols to kill that godly leader. While returning from his dinner this pretended beggar shot him, and was himself executed by the Dutch. While dying William the patriot said, "God have mercy upon my poor people." The Prince of Orange is one of the greatest characters of history. He was prudent, brave, daring; free from rashness and egotism. He was a man of both tact and talent, and studied men as well as books. His faith in God and a future state was such that he scarcely knew the meaning of the word failure. He will always be known as among the first defenders of liberty for man, woman and child.

Glorious Prince!

Brave and true!

The great will ever remember you;

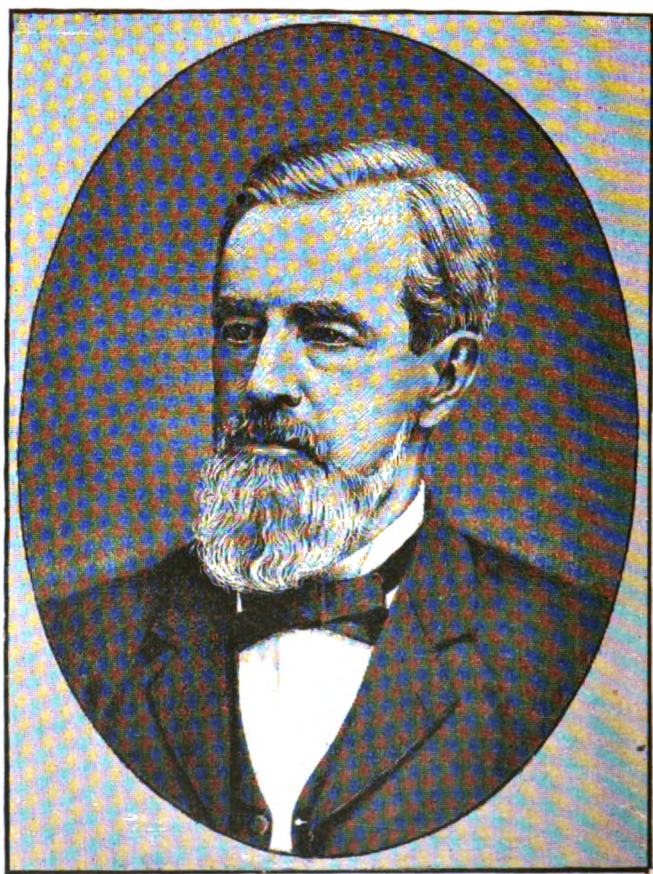
No gold or honor from Spanish hand,

Could take you from your much-loved land.

The death of William was a terrible blow to the patriots, but they determined to go on. They had learned too much of civic virtue to be ruined even by

so great a misfortune. William's son Maurice was made his successor, when only seventeen years of age. His enemies laughed, and called him a twig. His reply was, "The twig shall become a tree." The twig did grow; for Maurice became the most distinguished general of his day, and gained victory after victory until every Spaniard was driven from the Netherlands. After a struggle of eighty years for independence, Holland took her place among the great nations of the world. The bravery and energy of her people compensated for her smallness of territory, and she became a power whose alliance was sought by the greatest nations of Europe.

J. W. LOWBER.



ENOS CAMPBELL.

GOD'S IMAGE LOST AND FOUND.

A SERMON.

"Is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar or not? Jesus said, 'Show me the tribute money.' And they brought to him a penny, and he saith unto them, 'Whose image and superscription is this?' And they said unto him, 'Cæsar's.' And Jesus said unto them, 'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's'" (Mark xii. 14-17).

Political combinations, to crush a common foe, among men or parties previously at war with each other, are not confined to any age of the world's history. The false and hollow truce between the Herodians and the Pharisees—the former a leading governmental party, and the latter the dominant religious body in the holy city during the personal ministry of our Lord—had for its object the destruction of Him whom they both hated, and whose downfall they knew was absolutely necessary to their own safety.

A strange problem this—that these two powerful parties, hitherto so desperately antagonistic to each other, should ignore their bitter enmity, and should consent for the time to combine their efforts to destroy a man apparently so powerless as this Peasant from the hills of Galilee—a Man without learning, or wealth, or potent followers; one who could wield no power in the court of Herod, or in the Sanhedrin of Israel. But notwithstanding the absence of these essentials, He

gathered around Him a mighty host from among the neglected classes of the nation. He fascinated these rude crowds by some weird influence all His own. He gathered them around Himself as a common center of attraction. They followed Him wherever He went, and as they listened to His strange teachings, so new, so grand, and so touching, they cried out with wild enthusiasm, "Never man spake as this Man." This living rampart guarding the lone Man from the mountains struck terror to the hearts of tyrants, and they dared not attack that center, for "they feared the people." This cowardly coalition then proposed for his solution the very question then agitating all parties in Jerusalem. This question was so artfully contrived, that the answer, they thought, must inevitably bring Him into collision either with the Roman government or with the Jewish rulers. Consider—

1. The question: "Is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar, or not?" If His answer had been, "It is not lawful," then the Roman power would have charged Him with treason. But if He had said, "It is lawful," then the Jewish crowds around Him would have fled from Him in horror and disgust.

2. Christ's answer: "Show me the tribute money." And they gave Him a penny. Holding it up before them, He asked, "Whose image and superscription is this?" They answered, "Cæsar's." Then said He, "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's;" and they marvelled at Him.

3. Why did the people marvel at this answer? and why did His wily opponents shrink away from the contest, utterly defeated? Did the penny belong to Cæsar,

or to the man from whom it had been borrowed? Our Lord assumed that it belonged to Cæsar, because it had his image and superscription; and in this decision He was perfectly correct; for its value as a coin depended upon that image and name. Without them it lost its current value, and none but Cæsar had power to place them there. But this value of the Roman coin came from Cæsar as the embodiment of all the power of the empire, and it belonged to him as the sole representative of that power. The Pharisee, in accepting the currency of Rome in exchange for values, expressed his confidence in the government to the extent he trusted it. If he accepted the tribute money, he had thus far acknowledged the authority of Cæsar, and had already placed himself under the dominion of Rome. No wonder, then, this coalition of false men shrank from any further contest with one whose keen intelligence could so easily expose their sophistries.

4. What was the worth of this coin? There was the mercantile value of the metal of which it was made, and, superadded to this, the image and superscription of Cæsar made it a coin, and gave it currency anywhere in the Roman empire. To refuse to accept it as a legal tender would have been treason against Cæsar.

5. Could the stamp on the metal be destroyed? Certainly. There were many ways of obliterating the image and superscription of the august emperor; but when that was done, the metal ceased to be a current coin of the realm, and was worth only the value of the material.

6. Could the image be restored again when once lost? Assuredly. By the will of the monarch the

metal could be sent again to the mint and re-stamped. Thus it might regain its primeval brilliance and beauty, and go forth once more on its mission of good to the people.

II. "Render to God the things that are God's."

I. What does God claim as peculiarly His own? Man. Not man as he now is, robbed of the glory he had when he came resplendent from the hands of the Creator. Not a poor, stunted, naked creature, ashamed and cowed, and hiding himself from the gaze of God; but a bright and glorious being, radiant in beauty, glowing with genius and intelligence, clothed with light as with a garment, and sinless as He who made him.

2. By what right does God claim man? Because he is the only being on whom the Almighty Father has stamped His own image. All other creations—suns and starry worlds innumerable, whirling around their fiery centers, filling illimitable space; all forms of life, from protoplasm to the mighty mammoth; from the sun-tinted humming-bird to the lordly eagle; from the sweet violet to the mountain oak—were brought into being, by an almighty fiat, in an instant, without any archetype to suggest their forms or modes of action. But when man is to be made, all the personalities of the Godhead are called into consultation, and the conclusion arrived at in the royal council is: "Let us make man in our image, and after our likeness." So man, the only being in the universe of whom we have any knowledge, was made after the divine archetype. He was a microcosm, a concentration in himself of matter, life and spirit—a trinity in unity—a being altogether unique, and one that God demands to be given back to Him, with the "image"

impressed upon him at first, undimmed of its luster, and that glorious "name," of "whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named," still honored and respected. "Render unto God that which is God's."

3. Can man respond to the call of God, and give Him back that which He claims as His own? He can not. What is the difficulty? He has lost the image and superscription of God, impressed upon him at first, and has chosen the likeness and the name of Satan. He has thus lost currency in the spiritual universe of God, and is at a premium in the realms of the adversary.

4. Is there, then, no hope for man? Has the serpent robbed God forever of this child of His love, and stolen from him his birthright, never to be regained? By no means; for, as in the tribute money of Cæsar, the copper had value after the image and superscription of the emperor had been destroyed, so man, ruined and lost, with the image of Jehovah blotted out, had such value in the estimate of heaven that the highest price in the universe has been paid for what is left of him. Though he is no longer "tribute money" in the kingdom of heaven, he is not totally depraved or altogether worthless. It is true, he is a temple in ruins, but the fallen column and defaced architrave mark its former grandeur.

5. How can man regain the image and superscription of God? None but Cæsar had the right or the power to restore his lost image to the Roman money. The metal can not recoin itself. It is altogether powerless to do that; but it can *receive* again that which was lost. So none but God can give back

to man the glorious image which he lost through sin. He can not restore himself nor give back to his ruined nature that which made him the beloved of his Heavenly Father; but he can *receive* again the regal impress which will make him once more current in the kingdom of God. Can he be once more clothed with his primeval beauty and worth? He can; he has gained more than he lost. "A little lower than the angels" he was made at first; but now, in the person of his Lord—the *man* Christ Jesus, his Elder Brother—he is placed above "all principalities and powers, and to-day *a man*—the *God-man*—sits on the throne of heaven, and all the "angels of God worship him." But who may grasp in all its divine fullness the sublime thought? We deem it altogether beyond the power of human imagination to realize what God has in store for those love Him, or to what heights the regenerated man may rise in the vast unending life promised him. All he can do at present is to exclaim in ecstasy with the apostle, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has begotten us again to a living hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled and unfading, reserved in heaven for you who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time."

6. To induce man to return to his allegiance to his Creator, Christ came to earth. He was God manifest in flesh. The last of the prophets foretold His coming, and described Him as the "Sun of righteousness arising with healing in His wings." When He came, He proclaimed Himself to be "the light of the world." He came, as Paul affirms, to give the world the "light of

the glorious gospel." He came to give back to earth the lost image of God; for, "as we bore the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." This wonderful transformation of the material into the spiritual, we may never thoroughly understand; but we can comprehend, in part, from our earthly relations, the infinite power of love in purifying and ennobling everything it touches. We can respond to the tender exhibition of His love for us, when we realize, through faith, that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us, to redeem us from Satan and bring us back to God. Our blessed Lord knew the worth of man, and saw all the unfathomed depths of tenderness within him. He knew that this straying child could neither be forced nor reasoned into love, but that he could be wooed and won by that enduring affection which brought Christ from heaven to earth to seek and save him. Our Lord did not come, as a mighty sovereign, to free, by omnipotent power, his subjects from a foreign yoke, but as a lover seeking His beloved, He came, anxious to renew that stamp of regal beauty lost through sin, and place the redeemed man in a more beautiful and glorious paradise than that from which he had been expelled. Our feeble powers are inadequate to reach the height of this sublime theme; but if the spiritual laws of the universe are but the natural rising into a higher sphere, then, as we might surmise from the frequent use the Great Teacher makes of natural phenomena to lift His audience into higher regions of thought, we are not forced to confine our study to the sower, as he scatters the seed on soil in different states in preparation to receive it. We need not linger by the sea, and watch the fisherman drag in

the net full of fish, some small and some large ; but we can look to phenomena not known to the world when the Son of Mary endeavored to give His hearers a knowledge of things unseen and eternal through the knowledge they possessed of things seen. We can take advantage of the wonderful achievements of modern science, and lift our minds up to a higher plane, by the analogies God has given us in the mysterious laws that control the universe.

8. To illustrate and enforce God's plan, no type can be more appropriate than the photograph, that airy child of light which may be used to aid us in understanding the process of redemption, and in some measure to rise to the sublime conception of the prophet, when he gazes through the centuries and sees the Hope of Israel—the Child of promise—long looked for, long prayed for, coming suddenly to His temple, and irradiating the world with that spiritual light which is to give back to man the spiritual image of God.

This sun-picture, formerly named ambrotype, or an "immortal image," is God's painting. Human genius stands abashed in its presence, and reverently acknowledges that it is He who paints the evening sky with colors dipped in heaven, that has produced this marvelous picture. The analogy between the silvered plate on which it is produced, and our human nature, is, in some particulars, marked and suggestive. Both need a preparation before they can receive and retain the light reflected on their surface, so as to produce the required images. The chemist exposes the polished plate to a sensitive ether, which combines with the metal and gives it the power to hold fast the rays of light that fall from any body upon its prepared surface.

So of man: the Spirit of God must prepare the human heart to receive the impress of the "light of life," or the lost image will never be retained.

9. In order to procure a clearly-marked picture, no light must fall upon the plate but that which comes through the lens. Great care is necessary here. The prepared *plate* and the prepared *heart* must be perfectly insulated from all outside influences. So the lens to the material, and the gospel to the spiritual picture, are absolutely necessary to the production of the desired effect. This thought was deemed so important by the Almighty, that into the Holy Place of the Tabernacle, representing the church, no light was permitted to enter from without. The golden lamp, with its seven burners, the perfection of light, shed its soft radiance through all that glorious apartment; and it has been a constant reminder through all the ages since, that to bring back God's image to a human soul, there must be no admixture of the light of earth and that of heaven. God alone can give that light. The sensitive plate, when it eagerly absorbs the rays that come to its camera obscura, through the lens, paints the picture upon its surface corresponding to the subject placed at the proper focal distance in front of the glass; yet so faint are the lines of light upon the plate that they are almost invisible, and they would soon fade out and be lost, were they not made clearly perceptible and permanently set by another process. This is done by immersing the picture in a mixture clear as water, which brings out its lineaments softly defined, yet softened with that exquisite delicacy which defies the skill of human genius. This charming type keeps constantly before us the fact that there may be a faith hid-

den in the heart—an image of God in first, faint impressions made upon the human soul—which, neglected and exposed to counter influences, would soon fade out and be lost forever. It would be a false position to assume that the faith is not genuine because so weak. It may be small as a mustard seed, and yet contain a miracle of life, which, with proper surroundings, may bring forth bright and beautiful results. As the image was on the plate, with every faint line and delicate shading perfect, though dim and shadowy to every eye but that of the artist until the final process which prepared it to be seen and admired by all, so of God's image upon human souls. It is seen and acknowledged by Him who impressed it, but before it can become current it must have His superscription—*His name* must be stamped upon it, or it will not be received as genuine coin in the kingdom of God.

10. How can the name of God be regained and the renewed man be received once more into the family of God? This question can be best answered by the command of our blessed Lord to His apostles: "Go," said He, "teach all nations, baptizing them into the *name* of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit." Thus the names of the three divine personalities of the Godhead are inscribed upon the man, and he goes forth into the moral and spiritual universe a recognized child of God. This public confession of his faith in Christ and his immersion into these holy names, fully commit him before the world as a disciple of Christ; and the "image and superscription" of God shine forth with every line distinctly visible, and every light and shadow blended, making the once degraded man a being full of spiritual beauty and a joy forever.

From this standpoint we can fully appreciate Paul when he exclaims: "But we all, with unveiled face, beholding as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory." To behold ourselves in a plain mirror, we must stand in front of it. To behold another person, we must be diagonally on one side of the mirror, and the one we would see on the other side. Thus Christ is over on the other side and we are here; and Paul says that as we behold the glory of the Lord in the divine light that comes to us through the gospel mirror, from Him who is described as the "chiefest among the ten thousands and altogether lovely," "we are changed into the same image from glory to glory." In the real loves of earth we gaze upon some vision of human beauty, and we are attracted by form and feature and soft coloring, until the dawning of what may become a profound human love begins to be impressed upon our hearts. But the outward grace soon becomes but the type of the permanent beauty within. Time's ravages may dim the bright eye, and wrinkle the smooth brow, and bend the form once so erect, and weaken the elastic tread once so full of strength and grace; but that youthful image is never lost. Our love is always beautiful. The poetic god of love is blind. He sees but the beautiful image that first attracted him, and any change is but from "glory to glory." So of our heavenly love. The nearer we get to Him, the more are we enchanted with His beauty. One who claims the world's love must have every type of beauty within himself. Human language could not give us any conception of such a wondrous concentration of loveliness. No inspired pen has left us any such

record. But every human being has his own ideal of beauty, and we naturally give to our beloved the form and feature that we love the best. Age does not mar this image. The years as they speed on only increase our yearning to depart and be with Him.

We can not make an image from a system of theology. We can of a man. It was not the laws enacted by Cæsar that were engraven on the tribute money, but an image of the august emperor. It was not the name of some political sect in Rome that was engraven on the coin, but that of Cæsar—a name that carried with it all authority and power in the Roman empire. So with the redeemed man—the gospel coin. We want the image of our Lord Christ, God manifest in flesh, who has all authority and power on earth and in heaven. We want no other name than that of Christ. The name of the mightiest noble of the empire would have failed to give currency to the Roman coin. It must have the name *Cæsar* stamped upon it. The name of the highest archangel who ministers in regal splendor before the throne of the eternal, can never give back to man that which he has lost. The name Christ carries with it all the power of the Godhead. “Render back, therefore, to God that which is God's.”

ENOS CAMPBELL.

(The Current.)

MY QUEEN.

A SONG.

Oh, wad ye hae siller and wad ye hae gowd,
An wad ye hae loyalty?
My gear an my lond unto ye hae I vowed,
An fealty,
My Queen.

Oh, wad ye hae buckler an braidsword at need,
An airm sae strang an free?
Here 's baith and here 's all till I sall hae deed,
Ay all for ye,
My Queen.

Oh, wad ye win up to the tap o' the stair,
Dour steps all spurnin?
Then tread on my hairt! 'T is ay warm—beatin' there,
An yearnin',
My Queen.

Oh, wad ye came strechter your ain bonnie hair,
An no usin' kame?
Here 's my han loppit off! 'T is a strong kame an fair,
An never had shame,
My Queen.

Oh, wad ye make safter your white, white han',
Wiout water needin'?

33

Then wash it in hairt-bluid! 'T is at your comman',
I'm no heedin'—
My Queen.

Your feuds are my feuds an your wars they are mine;
I'll fecht for ye.
My clan an my kin are leal vassals o' thine,
Until we dee,
My Queen.

So gie me my guerdon for my troth to ye,
This is 't:
To tak the fit han' whilk ye stretch down to me,
An kiss 't—
I weenie, my Queen.

E. HOUGH.

THE WHITE CHURCH.*

CHAPTER XI.

UNCLE JOE AGAIN.

It was with eyes wide open with astonishment that Uncle Joe Sales listened to a recital of the tragedy at Rising Branch. On the same morning that Mr. Sarcott had started out to lay his plans so deftly, Andy Pike, who had been at the village, rode homeward past Craggy Hill and furnished the exciting news. Uncle Joe lost no time in imparting it to Aunt Samantha.

"The Lord be with us!" was her pious ejaculation, "hez it come to this so soon, Joseph?"

"It hez," was the old man's reply, "and I thank God fur it."

"What?" exclaimed Aunt Samantha with a cry of surprise, "what do ye say, Joseph?" She half arose from her chair and caught Uncle Joe's arm.

"Do n't be alarmed, Samantha," said he, releasing her convulsive clutch, "I am in my right senses, and I say again I thank God fur this kerlamity."

"Joseph," said Aunt Samantha, "I do n't understand ye. Why are ye thankin' God fur the murder of this poor humin?"

"It ain't for the murder of a humin bein', Samantha; no, not fur that. I pity the poor feller that hez been sacrificed ter the greediness of these money vultures, but Samantha, I can't help believen' thet he hez died fur the savin' of the *rest*, albeit he hezn't done it wil-lin'ly."

"But he hez not died yet, so Andy tells ye."

"No," continued Uncle Joe, "but if he does die, it will mebbe open the eyes of James Sarcott to the truth of what I hev told him, and pave the way fer the brethrin at the church to come to a righteous decision. O Samantha, I feel as though I couldn't hev it any other way! What will Risin' Branch be without God's cause is planted there? Satan hez got a good start of us even as it is, and we will have hard work to catch him. But Samantha, I feel that this thing is a diversion of God in our favor. The evil effects hev showed themselves sooner than I thought, and facts is more than argyments. But Samantha, listen, I've somethin' else ter tell ye. Somethin' that will be for the openin' of some of the brethrin's eyes, and specially Silas Tribbey's."

Aunt Samantha lifted her spectacles and pushed them back upon her head, while Uncle Joe drew a chair before her and sat down; then he solemnly raised his forefinger in token of the great importance of what he was about to reveal.

"You know last week when I went over to Hana-ford ter git them harniss mended?"

"Yes," nodded the good oid woman.

"Well," said Uncle Joe, "that day I was in at McCracken and Wale's. Now McCracken, so they tell me, hez a little leanin' toward the church. His

wife are a member. He and Wale was a talkin,' and without wantin' ter be an eavesdropper, I could 'nt help hearin' a bit of their conversation."

" 'McCracken,' said Wale, 'they say they are goin' to tear down the old Craggy Hill meetin' house and build agin up at Risin' Branch.'

" 'I hope they will,' said McCracken, 'specially if we take a notion to build a factory over there.'

" 'Ycs,' put in Wale, 'the best hands we hev here are them fellers that belong ter Jones' church down there by the bridge. But I heard that Jim Sarcott was fightin' 'em over to the Branch, and tryin' ter keep a meetin' house out of the village.'

" 'Oh, well,' said McCracken, lettin' the very cat out o' the sack thet I showed ye long ago, Samantha, 'Oh, well,' said he, 'Jim Sarcott wants the widder Conway, and he's afraid if the church comes up there the members will set her agin him, fer he's a infidel of the worst kind.'

" 'Well,' said Wale, 'he's a fool, if he *is* a infidel. He'd better not oppose their church; he'll lose more in the long run than he'll gain. I heard that they were goin' ter have a saloon over there. He'd better oppose that.'

" 'Yes, sir-ee,' I heard McCracken say, 'I saw that young Timmons that trots over there to see one of Jim's girls drunk as a fool the other day.' I was obliged to make known my business at this point fer fear they'd think I was listenin'," said the old man, "and so I did n't hear no more."

Not two hours after Uncle Joe had related his conversation to Aunt Samantha, Mr. Sarcott sat in Elder Tribbey's house and told him the matter concern-

ing McCracken and Wale, which our readers now see was a sheer fabrication.

"But Joseph," asked Aunt Samantha, "how will this open Bro. Tribbey's eyes?"

"Ye see, Samantha," answered Uncle Joe; "the thing of it are just here: Silas Tribbey has been bitin' at some of James Sarcott's bait, and hez bought some of them village lots. He is expectin' to make some money on them by sellin' of them to some o' them fellers in Hanaford to build a mill and a factory on. Mebbe if spiritual considerations won't move him, the hope of arthly gain will. In either case we will get what we want."

"Well, Joseph," remarked his wife, solemnly, "the Lord does appear to be workin' fur His own cause. I hope thet ye will be able to use these instruments so as ter be successful."

"Never fear that, Samantha," replied the old man, and he chuckled a little as if feeling perfectly confident of success. Indeed he did feel exactly that way. He now had no doubt that he possessed a lever that would move Elder Tribbey, while he had not the slightest idea that any of the other brethren would, in view of the occurrence at the village, hesitate any longer to vote for a removal.

Even in the midst of his exultation, however, his old-time enemy came back to vex him. Was he not doing it all for his self-glorification? Why was he exultant? Was it because the cause of the Lord bade fair to succeed, or was it because he had gained an advantage over his opponents? It was some time before he could overcome these feelings, but Aunt Samantha, who had not been slow to notice the change in his

mood, only attributed it to his well known habits of meditation.

The old couple had sat quiet for nearly an hour, Aunt Samantha reading her Bible, and Uncle Joe, though "wrestling," as we have seen, yet apparently lost in thought. Presently the aged wife broke the silence :

"Joseph," said she, "ye was tellin' me that the hull matter was restin' on the say of Anthony Gimler. If he was a wantin' more light, as he said, I can 't help feelin' that the Lord hez furnished it ter him by lettin' this thing happen."

"Perhaps he hez," answered Uncle Joe, "but I fear that Bro. Anthony war more afraid of offendin' Silas than he war in need of more light. It are Silas that I want ter work with, Samantha, and I think I kin do it."

Aunt Samantha lapsed into silence again, and presently Uncle Joe left her and went to attend to some of the simple duties of his farm.

The short February day rapidly spent itself, hurried on to its close by fitful gusts of wind and squalls of snow. Now and then the dull clouds parted, showing great patches of blue sky across which the driving snow-flakes chased each other in confusion. As evening approached the sky grew clearer and the air crisper. Still occasional clouds brought flurries of snow from the North. The stars came out and the moon arose. Now she glided like a white ship over a broad expanse of ocean, and now plunged into the irregular banks of clouds as fated ships plunge into the mists that skirt rocky islands and dangerous coasts.

Uncle Joe had finished his evening's work and had sought his fireside with the county paper in his hand.

Aunt Samantha was busily knitting. Mr. Sarcott's sleigh had just arrived at the widow Conway's and that gentlemen was preparing to enter the cottage. It was night again in Rising Branch—but what a night!

The fire burned low in the chimney-place of Uncle Joe's big kitchen. Aunt Samantha's knitting lay in her lap while the old house cat pawed the ball of yarn that had fallen upon the floor. Uncle Joe nodded and his paper hung dangerously near the coals of the hearth.

Suddenly Aunt Samantha started and threw up her hands. The knitting fell to the floor, startling Uncle Joe, who sprang to catch the reeling form of his wife. The heavy arm-chair was overturned and the frightened cat rushed frantically to the door. Uncle Joe eased the form of his wife as it sank to the floor, then hastily entering a side room, he returned with a pillow and a small bottle.

"She hez taken another spell," said he, kneeling by her side and rubbing her head with the contents of the bottle. In two or three minutes the deathly pallor on the aged wife's cheek had given way to a more natural hue. Uncle Joe gently lifted her up and seated her in the big chair.

"Call John's folks," she whispered with difficulty. "I am better now, but you are alone and Lisette is a good hand when I have these spells."

The effort exhausted Aunt Samantha and for a few minutes she sat struggling for breath. She soon became much easier; then Uncle Joe, setting a lamp in the kitchen window, hastily drew on his big boots and ran rapidly across the field that separated his house from John Tone's. It was the work of a few moments to summon these two good neighbors and they arrived

in time to render material assistance to Aunt Samantha, who had been attacked again.

"I must fetch Dr. Mosier," said Uncle Joe, making preparations to go to the barn. Aunt Samantha shook her head.

"Who then, Samantha?" The old lady motioned to Mrs. Tone, who bent down close to her ear.

"Peters!" said the sufferer.

"Oh, laws a' goodness, Aunt Samantha, he's one of them homypaths!"

"Does she want Peters?" asked Uncle Joe.

"Yes," said Mrs. Tone, "but——"

"Let her have her way," said the old man, "Peters lives up on the Hanaford road and it is a mile closer than the village."

"But Joseph," remonstrated Mrs. Tone, "since when hev ye taken to these homypaths?" But Uncle Joe was out of sight and hearing in so short a time that the good neighbor was obliged to smother her prejudice and attend to her sick charge.

Uncle Joe's sleigh was soon speeding up toward the Hanaford road. The old horse, unused to the repeated taps of the whip, resented them by taking the bit into his mouth, and breaking into a lively gallop. Uncle Joe's hair streamed backward in the wind. The sleigh jolted over the rough knots, giving the appearance of a runaway to the ancient-looking horse and his master.

The wind blew Uncle Joe's hat over his eyes, and a flurry of snow almost blinded him just at the moment that he turned into the big road leading to Hanaford. Hastily reaching for his hat the reins fell from his benumbed hand, and the old horse sprang forward at an increased gallop.

"Ho!" crash! and Uncle Joe's heavy sleigh came to a standstill so suddenly as to pitch the occupant heavily forward upon the dashboard. At the same moment he was conscious of a lighter sleigh turned upside down but with its horse's head just abreast of him. He hastily leaped from his own sleigh and caught the strange horse by the bridle. Righting the vehicle, which was wholly uninjured, he assisted its occupants' a young man and woman, to their feet.

Hardly had the latter caught sight of the aged form before him than he broke forth with a torrent of abuse, mingled with curses.

"You old fool, what you tryin' to do, you gray headed (hic) lu-unatic (hic) is n't a big r-r-road wide enough?"

"Sh! Will' sh! O Will!" and the young woman tried to whisper in his ear, and at the same time she drew her shawl closely around her head and shoulders.

"What, what! tut, tut! my child; I think ye need ter train him a good deal," spoke up the old man. "Oh, I know ye, child; ye need n't try ter hide yer face, unless fur shame of yer company. I have known ye, Jennie, since ye were a baby, and yer good mother would have drowned ye with her tears when ye war born, if she could have looked forward an' seen this night."

Not another word did the two speak, but hastily re-entering their sleigh they left Uncle Joe in the road. He adjusted his harness and resumed his journey.

"Ah, James Sarcott, may the Lord open yer eyes before the day of trouble thet ye 're bringin' on yerself shall open before ye."

An hour later Uncle Joe was at home again with Dr. Peters.

"He, he, he!" laughed David, the hostler, as the muffled form of Jennie disappeared from view, "these youngsters think they're mighty sharp, but they ain't got wit enough fur a calf. Now when I war young an' fixed ter take a young lady ter a dance on the sly I didn't git spied out no sich way as this. I'll be bound that young Timmons are drunk. He, he, he! Hello! who's that?" David peered from his little room in the great stable out into the moonlight. A man was walking rapidly away from the boarding-house where the wounded Mike lay. The moon was now far down in the west, and struggling under a patch of cloud. David strained his eyes to see. The form moved on, and presently a rift in the cloud threw the moonlight on its path.

"Great guns!" ejaculated David, "is that Jake Conway, or his ghost?"

The boy was too well known to David for the latter to be mistaken. It was indeed Jake! He went on past Mr. Dill's store, crossed the road, and was soon lost in the shadows.

"Well, what in the nation is the matter?" exclaimed David, scratching his head. "Am I sleepin' or wakin'?" and he rubbed his head again in doubt. He remained rubbing his head and meditating on the possible causes that brought Jake out at this unseasonable hour, for perhaps twenty minutes; then, having satisfactorily explained the matter to himself, to use his own phrase, he "turned in." "He are gone to get Mollie, fur some of 'em are sick," he said as he drew the heavy horse-blankets over himself and tried to sleep.

The north wind had swept the sky clear of clouds,

and as daylight drew on apace, the cold increased. Over the surface of the Branch, Jack Frost was quietly laying his glassy floor upon which the stars looked down to twinkle and smile at their reflected images. The moon was gone. A faint streak in the east betokened the coming dawn. Silence had settled over all the landscape, broken only by an occasional cracking of an ice-crystal or the snap of a timber in some big barn. The boarding-house, roughly constructed and more roughly whitewashed, stood grimly by the main road. Its shutterless windows looked blank and bare, like those of the historic meeting-house at Lexington. .

But, see! even as the dawn stretches out from the east a light curling smoke arises from the back part of the rough building. It increases in density. Now it mounts like a huge cloud, and flaming tongues leap from its bosom.

“Fire!” the cry rings throughout the house.

“Fire! fire!” a female form half-clad runs shrieking from the burning building. David springs from his bed. Bob Loomis seizes the great ladder at his shop, and hastens to the scene. The village is soon aroused, but no power can stay the fire fiend. In one half hour the boarding house is a smoldering ruin. The inmates have escaped, thanks to the powerful hands of Bob Loomis and David. Poor Mike, carried to Bob's house, is suffering from excitement, but he has received no further injury.

“Where are them Italians?” asked Bob, when the fire had spent its fury.

Mollie Stormer, Jeff's wife, thus addressed, made answer:

"I do not know. I thought they were in the house."

"Not a skin of them ter be seen," said Bob. "And they are the very chaps at the bottom of this mischief."

"I gave all the Italians leave to go to Hanaford as soon as they quit work yesterday," said Mr. Sarcott. "The fire no doubt has resulted from a defective flue. I hardly believe any one has kindled it."

"Mr. Sarcott," said David, at this moment stepping up and touching his hat, "I seed the Italians go off yisterday in the afternoon, but I seed something else early this mornin', that may make as much light as the fire." The hostler giggled at his supposed wit, while Mr. Sarcott demanded an explanation.

David now related how he had seen Jake coming from the boarding-house not a very long time before the fire broke out, "and," added he, "the boy looked ter me as though he war sneakin' along for fear of bein' seen."

Mr. Sarcott questioned the man closely, but he stoutly averred that there was no mistake. Bob Loomis, however, shook his head, a movement that David noticed.

"Ye kin shake yer head all yer please, but if I could n't tell a chap thet I hev knowed from a baby, and in plain moonlight, too, yer kin chaw me up fer horse feed."

"Mebbe it war Jake," said Bob; "but Jake never lit thet fire."

"Surely not; he had no motive," said Mr. Sarcott, "but we must investigate the matter."

"How comes he are not out here at the fire?" asked David. "Everybody else are."

Mr. Sarcott shook his head and walked away.

CHAPTER XII.

A NIGHT WANDERER.

Eurilda Conway refused to be comforted. She could never consent to Jake's accepting Mr. Sarcott's proposal. Her heroic offer to work out, to work at almost anything, in order that Jake might leave Mr. Sarcott's employ, and pursue his studies, touched Jake to the heart. And now in his own soul arose the great struggle. The picture of the preacher's self-sacrificing life on one hand ; the dignity and power of a superintendent of great business interests on the other. Here was a life of labor unappreciated, perhaps soon forgotten—a life that was laughed at as effeminate, useless, idle ; a labor whose recompense was to many a matter of charity, and whose object to many more was a mere chimera of the mind. But there was wealth, independence, power. " Mr. Conway," " Superintendent Conway"—how much better these sounded than " Elder Conway"! And then the latter title, too—who would use it? A few old women and some easy-going men. Elder Conway with an old horse and a dilapidated buggy ; Elder Conway at the mite society drinking tea ; or Elder Conway begging missionary money,

or beseeching the brethren to pay up his arrears. This was what the boy pictured to himself. The high calling of a minister of the gospel; the leadership of men into noble paths, toward lofty thoughts; the molding of young minds; the directing of reforms; the awakening the human heart by the powers of eloquence; the intense satisfaction of transforming character, and of bettering the human race—to these thoughts his companionship of the last few months had not led him.

But oh! to be a man of power! To command here, to sign bank checks there, to be known as a man whose note was good for thousands, to throw the lines from his hands, and to say: "Here, David, put up this horse"—ah, this was a life of real value! Can you wonder, reader, that the boy coveted it?

This struggle began in Jake's mind after he had sought his bed in the little half-story room of the cottage. He loved his sister; he revered the memory of his father. Now and then a bright picture of a preacher's life would break upon him, but vanish quickly, shut out by the other. Then came the thought, should he break Eurilda's heart, and ah! should he disregard the last request of his father? But he would have the power to make Eurilda happy, and his mother, too. What could his father have wished more than this?

He called to Eurilda, whose little room was not far from his own, and from which he could hear an occasional sob. And when Eurilda answered, he tried to convince her how foolish she was, and how much better Mr. Sarcott's plan would turn out to be.

But Eurilda could not be convinced, and the boy ceased to talk to her. He courted sleep, but it would

not come, for now a new cause of unrest had entered his thoughts.

The more he thought on Mr. Sarcott's plan, the more intensely he desired to pursue it. He soon became conscious of a fear as intense as the desire itself—a fear that something might happen to prevent the consummation of the plan. He thought over the possible causes. There might be some one else whom Mr. Sarcott would find. How about Andy Pike? He was a bright boy, and had aspirations toward an education.

May be the project might fall through, and so Mr. Sarcott not need him. These and a hundred similar thoughts chased each other through Jake's mind and banished sleep. At last a thought came into his head in which he seemed to realize his failure. What if Mike should tell Mr. Sarcott about that gambling? A cold sweat stood upon Jake's forehead and he sat up in his bed. Why had he not thought of it before? Alas, here was his doom! Somebody would surely tell Mr. Sarcott. Then what? A reliable young man—this was what Mr. Sarcott wanted. Was a gambler reliable? But what did Mr. Sarcott care for a game of cards? Nothing; but then—there was the money interest. Who would want to trust a gambling clerk? So oppressive became the thought that the boy arose from his bed. He peered out into the moonlight night and could see a light shining from a window in the rough house where he knew Mike lay. Who was attending him? It must be Jeff Stormer. If Jeff could be seen—Jeff would not tell Mr. Sarcott on purpose. But then he might know. The moon's rays fell on the dingy shop of Bob Loomis. Jake saw that, too, and

thought of Bob. But Bob would not tell. Jake felt safe about that. If he could only see Jeff. He longed to know how much Jeff knew. Why not see him?

The thought grew upon him. Jeff was rather dull. Jake could easily frame an excuse for coming at that hour of the night. The boy resolved to go. He listened to see if his mother or Eurilda were awake. He heard no sound. Hastily dressing himself he slipped down the stairs and out of the cottage. The snow creaked beneath his feet, while the keen, frosty air made his ears tingle and turned his breath to vapor. He walked rapidly up the road, crossed it opposite Mr. Dill's store, and approached the boarding-house. He was just stepping into its shadow and had nearly reached the stairs that ascended the building on the outside, when he became aware of approaching footsteps. He crouched close to the stairs and beheld two men walk to the rear of the house. Their walk and garb showed plainly that they were two of the Italians. An impulse moved Jake to ascend the stairs. Unfortunately he did so too soon. The men had halted, and as Jake went up a step or two he exposed himself fully to their view. An exclamation of surprise escaped them, and they walked quickly away. At a distance Jake saw them stop and talk a moment, then separate. A strange feeling came over the boy. He essayed the stairs, but his courage failed him. Jeff might not be there. He had not thought of that. His resolution gave way and he started at once back toward the cottage. Ah, Jake, the night has eyes!

The boy returned stealthily to his bed and finally fell asleep. He awoke at the alarm of fire, but was so terrified at what he had done and the possibilities con-

nected with it that he remained at home. And Mrs. Conway and Eurilda, who were both afraid, were glad to have him do so.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN ITALIAN STORY.

Great was the excitement that stirred the neighborhood when the news of the fire became known. The afternoon that followed it saw a lively scene in the village. Its one street was lined with vehicles of every description. Groups of men and women stood around the ruins of the boarding-house and discussed numberless theories of the disaster.

Poor Jeff Stormer, who had lost everything, walked here and there, viewing the desolation with an air of utter hopelessness. Now and then a sigh escaped him, as, wandering among the ashes, he picked up some charred relic whose former place in the household furniture he too well recognized. Sometimes he stood with his hands in his pockets and seemed half dazed. "Alas for the rarity of Christian charity." Jeff found in the hour of his calamity more criticism than sympathy.

"Guess he'd better stayed on his farm," said one.

"Wanted to make money a little too fast," said another.

"I reckon Jeff will git some of his airs taken out of

him now," remarked an elderly farmer; "he war beginnin' ter git pretty high-toned."

"Guess he's nothing but his bare land left," added some one else; "he can have a chance to see how beginning over goes."

The crowd around Mr. Dill's store grew larger as evening came on, and the little side room was evidently enjoying the company of a great many visitors. Some body was certainly profiting by the calamity.

Nothing had, as yet, been revealed to connect any one with the fire, and speculations continued to multiply as drink flowed more freely at Mr. Dill's. Mr. Sarcott had wisely cautioned both Bob and David to say nothing of Jake's untoward night visit. In the meantime, be said, he would investigate the affair carefully.

The Italians had all come back from Hanaford and several of them were in the company at Mr. Dill's. Their companion, the assailant of Mike, was languishing in the Hanaford jail. They drank freely among themselves, and talked glibly in their own language. They were especially interested in the conversation about the fire, and listened eagerly to all that was said upon that subject. The leader of the band, who seemed to understand more English than the rest, turned frequently to his followers and talked volubly as if in explanation of some of the talk. His efforts were accompanied by certain gestures and signs of emphasis that highly pleased his hearers.

It was during one of these interpretations that a woman entered the store. A glance at her dark eyes, her olive complexion, and the careworn look of her face, revealed Mary, Mr. Sarcott's housekeeper. She came upon some errand, and Mr. Dill hastened to wait

upon her. While he was thus engaged the earnest voice of the Italian fell upon her ear and she moved down the great store-room to a point nearly opposite the door that led to the saloon. Just inside stood the speaker, to whom Mary, slightly tipping her fur bonnet, listened very intently. A sarcastic smile played upon her features as he concluded; but without a word she turned away and dispatched her business with Mr. Dill. As she passed out of the store, the look upon her face would have attracted an artist. Something certainly had pleased her.

Hardly had she left the store before Mr. Sarcott entered.

"Whew, Dill! you're full here to-night," he remarked, taking his way directly to the bar-room.

"Yes," answered the little man, rather nervously, "and I am glad you have come in. They make so much noise. I am half afraid some of them will get to quarreling again. And Jimmy is so busy behind the bar he could n't prevent an accident if he should try." Jimmy was Mr. Dill's bar-tender.

Mr. Dill's look was that of a man half disgusted with the business, and, indeed, had it not been for his fear of Mr. Sarcott, it is likely that he would have backed out of the saloon enterprise then and there.

Mr. Sarcott paid no attention to Mr. Dill, but stood in the door of the bar-room eyeing the company assembled there. Bob Loomis sat tipped back on a chair smoking a pipe, but no grog had passed his lips that night.

The large Italian soon caught sight of Mr. Sarcott, and a pleased expression settled on his face. He ad-

dressed something in his own language to his companions, then approached the magnate.

"Well, Adolfo," said the latter, "you fellows do n't seem to be satisfied with your Hanaford spree. You are making up for it here, I suppose. Take care that you do n't get too drunk to work to-morrow."

"No drink in Hanaford, Mr. Sarcote. All go to see Henri. He shut up in big jail. No make money for wife. Much bad trouble, Mr. Sarcote."

"Went to console Henri, did you?" returned Mr. Sarcott. "Well, he'll need some consolation before he gets through. Take care that you do n't get into more trouble on his account."

"Other man get into trouble," rejoined Adolfo, "more trouble bigger Henri."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Sarcott.

"Other man keep with Henri in jail by and by; other man much bad, worse Henri. Make big fire last night. Him go jail, too," and here the Italian motioned with his hand toward Hanaford.

Mr. Sarcott was puzzled. The Italian saw this, and ventured to take him lightly by the arm, uttering the one significant word "Come!"

"What do you want, Adolfo?" asked Mr. Sarcott, hesitating.

"Come!" said the Italian again. "No speak loud here. No want him to hear," added he, indicating Bob with his head.

They passed to the rear of the store, and though no notice was taken of the whole transaction by most of the company, yet the remaining Italians saw it and exchanged glances.

The two arrived at the extreme end of the large store-room and took shelter behind a large box.

"Look, Mr. Sarcott," whispered Adolfo, "much talk in saloon. Men talk great much. Nobody know who make fire. Look! Adolfo know!"

"You know?"

"Yes."

"Well, who?"

"Sh!" said Adolfo putting his hand at the side of his mouth and letting his voice fall to a whisper, "sh! big boy make fire. Big Jake!"

Mr. Sarcott was thunderstruck. "How do you know?" demanded he, in a loud voice.

"Sh!" said the Italian again, as if afraid of being overheard, "no talk so loud. Adolfo no tell lie. Jake make fire."

"How do you know? Speak!" said Mr. Sarcott, angrily.

"How know?" asked the Italian, "Know easy. Carlo and Pietro see him."

This testimony, according so closely with David's story, astonished Mr. Sarcott more than ever, but he remained calm.

"Why, Adolfo," said he, "why would Jake do such a thing as that?"

The Italian shrugged his shoulders, as he answered:

"Me think he much mad with Mike, 'fraid Mike tell, play much card with Mike. Burn Mike up. Mike tell. Dead man no can tell."

Had it not been for David's statement, Mr. Sarcott would not have given the slightest credence to the Italian's story. He was moved, however, by the singular circumstances to make a further investigation.

Without telling Bob of his interview with Adolfo, he summoned that worthy and drew from him the entire truth concerning Jake's card-playing with Mike. He then went immediately home.

His household had all retired, and he repaired at once to his big room.

"Well, well, this is a mystery," remarked he to himself, as he took the tongs and stirred the fire. "And yet not so much of a mystery either. I'll be bound that those Italians are at the bottom of the whole affair, and are blaming it on Jake because the boy was seen skylarking around the boarding-house. I wonder what in the wide world took him out there that night."

The big man of the village sat silently watching the coal fire. The clock on the marble mantel chimed midnight, and still he sat thinking. It chimed one, and still he sat by the grate, resting his head upon his hand.

At last he arose and began to walk the floor, at the same time beginning as usual to soliloquize.

"There is a chain of circumstantial evidence," said he, "strong enough to convict that boy of arson; but pshaw! he is as innocent as I am. But," said he, with a peculiar smile, "this apple has fallen especially for me to pick up. Here is an affair that has certainly happened to favor my suit. I think the Lord must have a hand in it." At this remark he broke out into a laugh. "I have been more than usually fortunate of late," he added. "I wonder if Gabriel has n't made a mistake and singled me out for one of his saints." At this he laughed again. The laugh on his face had hardly passed before it was followed by a look that in

daylight would have passed for one of shame. "It is a little mean," continued he, "and no doubt will cost the widow some tears, but I will have to work it a little—just a little." Mr. Sarcott paused; he thought he heard a low, sarcastic laugh. He listened intently. "No," he concluded, "it is the wind. I declare, I am afraid I am becoming subject to nervousness."

He picked up his lamp and retired to an adjoining room. As he turned his back a tall figure peered into the large room; two black eyes gleamed in the light of the dying coals for a moment and then disappeared.

The excitement in the village arose to fever heat, when, in less than a week from its occurrence, Jake Conway was arrested on suspicion of having kindled the fire.

Uncle Joe hastened to the Conway cottage to comfort the well nigh frantic widow and her daughter. Aunt Samantha, though prostrated again over the news, had urged him to come.

At the cottage he met Mr. Sarcott.

"I have perfect confidence that the boy is innocent," said Mr. Sarcott to the old man, "and I will go his bail."

"Innercent!" said Uncle Joe, "innercent! he are as innercent as I am." The good old man had never bewailed his own poverty so much before, for he inwardly wished that he might prevent Mr. Sarcott from lending the family any financial aid whatever.

With a sorrowful heart Jake accompanied the sheriff of the county to Hanaford, where, at a preliminary examination, he was bound over, Mr. Sarcott going his bail.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

ROYAL REFORMERS.—HEZEKIAH.

Hezekiah was twenty-five years old when he ascended the throne.* He was the son of a wicked and apostate father. It is strange that one who grew up in the midst of such corruptions as are described in II. Chron. xxviii. could be so thoroughly devoted to the law of Jehovah as to win the remarkable encomium, that "after him was none like him among all the kings of Judah, nor any that were before him" (II. Ki. xviii. 5. See also in Apocrypha, Ecclus. xlix. 4). Perhaps his religious training was due to his mother. Her name was Abi (II. Ki. xviii. 2), or Abijah (II. Chron. xxix. 1)—there being, in Hebrew, the difference of but a single letter in the two names. She was "the daughter of Zechariah." She may have been the daughter of the prophet so eminent in the reign of Uzziah (II. Chron. xxvi. 5). We can readily understand that the daughter of such a prophet would educate the heir to the throne most carefully and diligently in the fear of Jehovah and the knowledge of His law; that she might thus most effectively subvert the idolatries and iniquities of Ahaz. Or, Zechariah

*There is probably an error in II. Ki. xviii. 2, or in II. Chron. xxviii. 1. As Ahaz his father died at the age of thirty-six, he could have been but eleven when Hezekiah was born. It is therefore suggested that in II. Chron. xxviii. 1, we read twenty-five in place of twenty, as we find it in LXX., and in the Syriac and Arabic versions.

may have been the "faithful witness" spoken of in Isa. viii. 2. In either case, we may count on it that Hezekiah would be thoroughly educated in loyalty to Jehovah. To this end other potent influences would contribute—especially the assistance and encouragements of the true prophets of God. Joel almost certainly flourished in the reign of Uzziah, and, along with Zechariah and Isaiah, so far leavened the public sentiment as to prepare the way for the great reformation that took place under Hezekiah, and may well be supposed to have exerted a special influence over the mother of Hezekiah, and over those who were intrusted with his education. Isaiah, especially, who asserted so direct, controlling, and constant an influence over Hezekiah's reign, and whose pious and patriotic zeal led him to penetrate into every avenue of court-influence, would, we may be sure, take a special interest in guarding the heir-apparent to the throne from every corrupt influence, and in imparting to him his own hate of the prevailing idolatries, and his own spirit of reverence for the law of Jehovah. Nahum, too, flourished at this time,* and Micah also. It is evident, from Jer. xxvi. 17-19, that Micah not only prophesied to Hezekiah, but that the king hearkened to his rebukes; and it is even thought by many that the mighty strides in reform during Hezekiah's reign were prompted and inspired by this prophet. We are left to infer, from these facts, that during the minority of Hezekiah these vigilant prophets would surround him with all possible holy influences

* For the right understanding of Nahum's prophecy, it should be read in connection with the Book of Jonah, of which it is a continuation. The two prophecies form connected parts of the same moral history; the remission of God's judgments being illustrated in Jonah; and the execution of them in Nahum.—*Blakie and Angus.*

and aid in training him for the great reformatory work which he was predestined to accomplish. That Hezekiah responded to these counsels, and successfully resisted all the open and subtle influences of a corrupt court, as well as the bad example of his royal father, entitles him to peculiar honor.

Hezekiah came to the throne in an evil time. The feeble religious character of Jotham, and the open apostasy of Ahaz, had almost obliterated Judah's loyalty to Jehovah. The conspiracy of Pekah, king of Israel, and Rezin, king of Syria, against Jotham, had been productive of great calamity to Judah; and these adversities, instead of humbling the heart of Ahaz, had driven him into worse apostasy, and against the remonstrances of Isaiah he sought an alliance with the king of Assyria, and accepted a vassalage to that king which was productive only of disasters. According to the testimonies of the prophets we have named, the political, moral and religious condition of Judah was most deplorable. A ruinous tribute had to be paid to Assyria; the court party was not only destitute of patriotism, and favored the oppressions of Assyria, but ambitiously sought to overrule the throne in the management of the affairs of the kingdom. The priests and the prophets were corrupt, and the judges also; the masses of the people were impoverished, superstitious and debased, and the rich were selfish and oppressive. See Isa. ix. 13-20, xxix. 21, xxx. 8-13; Micah iii. 8-12; Hos. ix. 7-10. Their enemies were ready to take advantage of their weakness and their intestine strifes. One faction was bent on an alliance with Egypt; another insisted on courting the favor of Assyria; a third pleaded for national independence; and amid these factious clamors, the true

prophets pleaded in vain for national repentance and a renewal of trust in Jehovah. The kingdom of the ten tribes was nearing its destruction, thus exposing Judah more completely to the despoiling power of Assyria. Egypt and Assyria, as rival powers, sought to embroil all the tributary nations that lay between them with the government to which they were tributary, and there was apt to be found, in all these tributary powers, a party ready to listen to the seductive voices of these great monarchies, and to accept the temptations of these rival powers, luring them to alliance or to rebellion.

Under these perplexing and discouraging circumstances, Hezekiah began his reign. He seems, from the first, to have penetrated beneath the troubled surface of things to the root of all the evils that afflicted or threatened his people. He realized that it is *righteousness*, and not playing at games of policy, that exalteth a nation. Hence, he began at once a work of religious reformation. The promptness with which this work was undertaken is worthy of notice. "In the *first* year of his reign, in the *first* month, he opened the doors of the house of the Lord, and repaired them" (II. Chron. xxix. 3). This was no sudden impulse. It was a settled purpose, based on a thorough conviction that it was the true way to a return of national prosperity; as may be seen from his admirable speech to the priests and Levites (II. Chron. xxix. 4-11), in which he urged them to purge the temple of its pollutions and reestablish the pure worship of Jehovah. We are apt to regard with peculiar interest the first acts of a new reign, as likely to foreshadow its character and furnish its key-note. This prompt and public committal

of the throne to the reestablishment of Jehovah's authority, leaves no doubt as to the intentions of the new monarch, and justifies what is said of him in a passage already referred to: "*He trusted in the Lord God of Israel*"; so that after him was none like him among all the kings of Judah, nor any that were before him" (II. Ki. xviii. 5). Nothing but a profound, cultivated trust in the living God, and a thorough conviction of the dependence of the nation on righteousness as the only effectual remedy for its weaknesses and perils, could have led him to begin his reign in this way.

But not only did he purge and rehabilitate the temple, and restore the public worship according to the law, stirring up the lazy and corrupt priests to a performance of their duties; but, when this was accomplished, his reign was formally inaugurated by a sin-offering "for the kingdom, and for the sanctuary, and for Judah"—thus making a public confession of sin, on the part of the throne, the priesthood and the people, and invoking the mercy of heaven on all, from the king on the throne down to the lowliest in the land. The king, as well as the elders, seems to have laid hands on the heads of the sacrificial animals.

And this was accompanied with a service of song. "And when the burnt-offering began, the song of the Lord began also, and the trumpets, together with the instruments of David king of Israel. And all the congregation worshiped, and the singers sang, and the trumpeters sounded; all this continued until the burnt-offering was finished. And when they had made an end of offering, the king and all that were present with him bowed themselves and worshiped." Thus, with penitence for sin and thanksgivings for divine mercy, did

the young king enter on his difficult task of governing and reforming a disobedient and gainsaying people.

Let us learn that if we are to be temples of God, we must cleanse the sanctuary of all defilements, and in penitential confession of sin and the abandonment of all idolatrous and perverse ways, woo the return of the Divine Guest whom our sins and follies had grieved away from us.

The king then prepared for the celebration of the greatest of the national festivals—the passover. In doing this, his enlightened judgment and his largeness of heart came into view, especially in two particulars.

1. The proper time for the observance of the passover was the fourteenth day of the first month (Lev. xxiii. 5). But the cleansing of the temple was not completed at that time (II. Chron. xxix. 17). A stickler for the sacredness of *usage*, a literalist clinging to the letter of this law as final in its authority, would have said, "We can have no passover until next year; the law forbids it." But it was important to take advantage of the present public awakening, and lose no time, if, indeed, it could be done *without a violation of the law*. *Usage* could be sacrificed to the pressing necessities of the time; *mere prejudice* in behalf of the usual time of observing the great feast, could be surrendered, if only no dishonor was done to the authority of Jehovah. It was found, on examining the law, that in exceptional cases, such as legal defilement, or necessary absence from home at the legal time of the festival, the passover might be kept on the fourteenth day of the *second* month (Num. ix. 9-12). Now, as *the whole nation* was legally unclean, and as the failure to observe the passover at the proper time was not willful, but un-

avoidable, the king had no scruples in regarding this provision of the law for exceptional cases as fairly applying to the whole nation in the present instance; and he, therefore, sent out a proclamation of a passover observance, for the fourteenth day of the second month. In this we say he exhibited enlightened judgment in a wise interpretation of a special provision of the law. He would not contravene the divine law—for his great object was to bring the people into submission to the authority of Jehovah. But, on the other hand, he would allow no mere prejudice, no superstitious attachment to a particular time, hallowed by long observance as well as by divine authority, to shut him out from an opportunity which the law clearly sanctioned and which the necessities of the time made urgent.

2. The invitation to "all Israel and Judah" to come to the festival. Here is largeness of heart. In view of all the bitter feuds and wars of the past, and especially in view of the fact that only a few years before, during the reign of Ahaz, the conspiracy against Judah of Israel and Syria had resulted in the slaughter of one hundred and twenty thousand in one day, and in the captivity of two hundred thousand more (II. Chron. xxviii. 6-8), beside all that were carried captive to Damascus, none but a truly magnanimous nature could triumph over revengeful feelings and answer these wrongs with a brotherly invitation to "all Israel" to come up to Jerusalem and share as brethren in the solemnities of the great national festival. Israel at this time was on the brink of ruin, and anarchy prevailed in all her borders. Repeated Assyrian invasions had brought the kingdom of the ten tribes into extreme weakness and wretchedness. The Syrian kingdom, by whose aid

Israel had inflicted such terrible punishment on Judah, had been subjugated by Assyria, and Samaria was now completely exposed to Assyrian vengeance. Hoshea, the king, was now nothing more than a feudal dependant of the all-conquering Assyrian power. The darkness of the day of doom was already settling down on Samaria. It would have been natural for Judah, smarting under her grievous wrongs, to have exulted in the calamities of Israel. But the great-hearted Hezekiah flings to the winds all such barbarous suggestions, and, with a generosity and magnanimity far ahead of his age (could even *this* age, whose sectarianism is evidently on the wane, be trusted to show a like magnanimity? not even all the Presbyterian sects can be prevailed on to sit down at a common communion table!), he sends forth messengers through all the land, "from Beer-sheba even unto Dan," to invite *all* to "come to keep the passover unto the Lord God of Israel at Jerusalem." Read the message (II. Chron. xxx. 6-9), and learn how the most sacred memories of the past, when the twelve tribes were a united people, and the glowing hopes of a God-blessed future for a reunited people, overpowered all selfish pride and vindictiveness by a catholic piety and patriotism worthy of even a Christian age. We do not read of any attempt on the part of Hezekiah to aid the neighboring kingdom in her last desperate struggles with a foreign foe. He doubtless had all he could do to take care of his own kingdom in those perilous times, nor would any Jewish army have been easily prevailed on to give assistance to the cruel spoilers who had recently afflicted them. But he did what was far better: he held forth the olive-branch of peace, and entreated them to come back to the God they had forsaken, as the only possible

means of escape from the dire calamities that threatened them.

Hezekiah's magnanimity did not meet with the success it deserved. His invitation was like the cry to God's people in Babylon: "Come out of her my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues" (Rev. xviii. 4). It seems strange that, in the last extremity of Israel's national existence, that doomed people did not hail the invitation as the very voice of God, and rush *en masse* to the long-forsaken altar of Jehovah for refuge from overhanging judgments. But, as "the posts passed from city to city through the country of Ephraim and Manasseh, even unto Zebulun, they laughed them to scorn and mocked them." "Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone." Yet it was not altogether in vain; for "divers of Asher and Manasseh and Zebulun humbled themselves, and came to Jerusalem." In II. Chron. xxx. 18, we read of many also from Ephraim and Manasseh and Issachar who came; so that five of the ten tribes gave some heed to the invitation. Dan was no longer a distinct tribe; Reuben and Gad were already in captivity (I. Chron. v. 26). Simeon and Naphtali alone seem to have been utterly incorrigible, and we judge from what is mentioned of Josiah's proceedings against them (II. Chron. xxxiv. 5, 6), that they were wholly given to idolatry.

May we not find a lesson here? In these days of sectarian division and strife, when Satan triumphs largely through the alienations and corruptions of God's divided and scattered people, we sometimes think that a generous invitation to them all to come back to Jerusalem would be responded to by universal acclama-

tion and a speedy return of these weary and scattered hosts to the city of God—that the highways and byways would all be thronged with pilgrims asking the way to Zion with their faces thitherward, saying, “Come, and let us join ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant that shall not be forgotten”—that “the children of Israel would come, and the children of Judah together, going and weeping” (Jer. l. 4, 5). We have known not a few who, on learning the simplicity of the gospel and the broad apostolic basis of union, were inspired with the most enthusiastic hopes that the whole Protestant world, as soon as the teaching of the New Testament should be unfolded to them, would immediately cast their party idols to the moles and to the bats, and return to the old paths of apostolic teaching and practice, and with one mind and one heart glorify the God of their salvation. But, alas! when the posts pass from city to city through the country of Ephraim and Manasseh, even to Zebulun, the people laugh them to scorn and mock them. Some will be found to listen to the message, and “divers of Asher and Manasseh and Zebulun, and Ephraim and Issachar” will humble themselves and come to Jerusalem. But the great mass will continue to be joined to their idols, and many will be discovered to have gone into a hopeless captivity. The great reason of this lamentable result is hinted at in a verse already quoted: “Nevertheless divers of Asher and of Manasseh and of Zebulun *humbled themselves*, and came to Jerusalem.” Only those who “humbled themselves” returned. It was *pride*, then, that stood in the way—that accursed passion through which Satan fell (I. Tim. iii. 6), and by means of which he has wrought his greatest achievements against the kingdom of God

and the welfare of our race. The Israelites were too proud to forsake their petty idolatrous shrines at Beth-el and Dan and return to God's holy hill; too proud to even imply that a religion good enough for their fathers was not good enough for them; too proud to admit that Samaria—though clouds surcharged with divine wrath were even then gathered over her, ready to burst with appalling vengeance upon her guilty population, was inferior to Jerusalem; too proud to say, "I have sinned," and turn away from transgressions which, because of the long-suffering of Jehovah, had long gone unpunished. And this pride led them on to utter destruction. ;

And is not this, even now, the great trouble? Sec-tarian pride, denominational pride, traditional pride, intellectual pride—how it yet leads Ephraim and Manasseh and Zebulun to laugh the messengers of good will to scorn, and to mock them! "Is not my father's religion good enough?" "Do you want me to dishonor my parents' memory by even implying that they did not understand the Bible, or that they have not gone to heaven?" "Do you mean to say that the glorious history of my Confession of Faith must be laid in the dust and trampled on?" "Have all the eminent men in my party been mistaken?" "Thou art but of yesterday, and dost thou teach us?" And rather than humble themselves by an acknowledgment of past errors, they curse the light that dawns on their confused paths, and the voice of heavenly truth and love that would guide them into God's own highway. Yes, it is *pride* that stands in the way. "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble." "The proud he knoweth afar off." Only the humble and meek will

God guide in judgment and teach to them His way. The worst of it is, that the multitudes are not only *ruled* by pride, but they are *deceived* by it. They think they are humble. They are offended if you intimate that they are proud. Yet, touch one of their party idols, and see!

We can think of no better preparation for a reunited Israel than the appointment and serious observance of seasons of humiliation, fasting and prayer, the religious world over, with a view to the discovery and forsaking of pride—spiritual pride, denominational pride, pride of opinion—and penitential confession of the sin and evils of sectarianism, until God shall visit those who are of a contrite spirit and who tremble at His word. “In those days, and at that time, saith the Lord, the children of Israel shall come, they and the children of Judah together, going and weeping: they shall go and seek the Lord their God. They shall ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward, saying, Come ye, and let us join ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant that shall not be forgotten.”

We must wait another month to complete our sketch of Hezekiah's reformatory work.

ISAAC ERRETT.

(Selected.)

MY TRIUMPH.

The autumn-time has come ;
On woods that dream of bloom,
And over purpling vines,
The low sun fainter shine

The aster-flower is failing,
The hazel's gold is paling :
Yet overhead more near
The eternal stars appear !

And present gratitude
Insures the future's good,
And for the things I see
I trust the things to be ;

That in the paths untrod,
And the long days of God,
My feet shall still be led,
My heart be comforted.

O living friends who love me !
O dear ones gone above me !
Careless of other fame,
I leave to you my name.

Hide it from idle praises,
Save it from evil phrases :

Why, when dear lips that spake it
Are dumb, should strangers wake it?

Let the thick curtain fall;
I better know than all
How little I have gained,
How vast the unattained.

Not by the page word-painted
Let life be banned or sainted;
Deeper than written scroll
The colors of the soul.

Sweeter than any sung
My songs that found no tongue;
Nobler than any fact
My wish that failed of act.

Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,—
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of win.

What matter, I or they?
Mine or another's day,
So the right word be said
And life the sweeter made?

Hail to the coming singers!
Hail to the brave light-bringers!
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.

The airs of heaven blow o'er me;
A glory shines before me
Of what mankind shall be,—
Pure, generous, brave, and free.

A dream of man and woman
Diviner but still human,
Solving the riddles old,
Shaping the Age of Gold!

The love of God and neighbor;
An equal-handed labor;
The richer life, where beauty
Walks hand in hand with duty

Ring, bells in unrequited steeples,
The joy of unborn peoples!
Sound, trumpets far off blown,
Your triumph is my own!

Parcel and part of all,
I keep the festival,
Fore-reach the good to be,
And share the victory.

I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take, by faith, while living,
My freehold of thanksgiving.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

EDITORIAL.

CURRENT COMMENT.

OUR old friends and companions, the Books, are suffering at the hands of two very different classes of persons. The one of these classes confines its reading, almost entirely, to periodicals, and if books are read at all, they are of the lightest and frothiest sort, such as furnish only pastime. The habit is defended by an appeal to the "spirit of the age." "Books," they tell us, "are too slow for this generation. Your books deal with *processes*, but we want *results*. Churning is well enough, yet nobody inquires in the market for *churning*, but butter. In the market we expect to find articles ready-made, not those in process of manufacture; so in our reading, we want established propositions, ascertained facts, not the tedious methods by which they may be established or ascertained. Periodicals are the retailers of results; the frequented market places of ascertained facts; the convenient shops where the products of the great thought-factories are put up for exchange. In the days of our grandfathers, if the husband needed a plow, or the wife a dress, they must be manufactured from the crude material. This necessitated an acquaintance with the methods of manufacture and the expense of tools and looms. But

under the present economic division of labor, such a procedure is an unnecessary waste of time and money. If the farmer needs machinery, he does not buy an agricultural-implement factory, but wisely purchases the *machine*, nor troubles his brain with the *modus procedendi* of its genesis. In like manner, if a man needs a few thoughts or truths, let him not purchase and investigate a huge book to see how they are produced, but let him save time and money by getting the articles themselves."

In this class is to be found, perhaps, the larger part of those who read at all. Among these the Daily paper is the favorite, whenever it can be secured. Your slow, painstaking Quarterly is not well supported. The Monthly is losing ground, and the Weekly only maintains its preëminence because facilities for general distribution are lacking. If education consists chiefly in the development of powers and the acquisition of skill in their use, rather than the gathering up of so much information, the collecting of so many facts, this philosophy and practice will bear a little criticism. The Principal of the public schools in a town in Wisconsin, a few years ago, introduced a Chicago daily paper among his pupils. The papers were spread upon the table, and were accessible to the scholars at all times, and a certain part of each day was devoted to a discussion of their contents. The Principal expressed himself highly gratified with the result of the experiment, and ventured the hope that the custom would soon become general. But what *was* the result? It was that the children became familiar with and intelligent upon the topics of the day. Now, this is gratifying just in proportion as the idea

prevails that education consists in getting information. If, however, education is the development and training of the intellectual powers, we should not be impatient to see this custom become general.

Yet, while we are defending the books against this superficial class, as a means of education, we are surprised to find them assailed by a better disciplined and formidable enemy, on this very point. The first class object to books because they deal too much with methods and tedious processes; and as soon as we show that this is their chief recommendation, so far as education is concerned, we have exposed them to attack from the other quarter. If *methods* are what you want, lay aside your text-books, and introduce the pupil to the raw materials to be found in Nature. Give him rocks and plants, and fishes and birds and beasts, and let him actually follow out the processes by which information is gained and rendered trustworthy. It is the fashion of educators to affect a disdain for books and join in the clamor for observation and research. They advise us to discard text-books, or at least assign them a subordinate place among the means of education, and to introduce the objects of nature. It is an exaltation of museums and cabinets and laboratories at the expense of the libraries.

Original observation, as a means of education, is in great vogue, and the following, among other advantages, are claimed for it:

1. It meets the approbation of the best minds of the age; and is advocated by most enlightened educators.
2. There is something attractive, and even romantic, in the thought of rambling through Nature's domain

and prying into her mysteries. Her realms are so full of wonder and skill, of beauty and grandeur, of wisdom and power, that the reverent observer is elevated and ennobled at every step.

3. One gets his information from unquestionable sources; and while he gains certainty and confidence, he frees himself from the tyranny of superstition, and degrading dependence upon authority. He walks by sight, not by faith.

4. It develops a habit of observation and thoughtfulness; and imparts a degree of activity and skill to the intellectual faculties which can be acquired in no other way.

On the other hand it may be objected:

1. That the demands of original observation in the matter of time are immense. The pupil can acquire as much information concerning the structure and habits of vertebrate animals from a year's study of proper books, as he could by the original method in a lifetime; and could obtain a better notion of the earth in a single day given to the study of a geography and map, than in a thousand years of personal observation. It involves the doing by each one for himself, of what one may do for a thousand, and violates the well established economic principle of the division of labor.

2. The knowledge gained in this way is not so trustworthy as has been claimed. Nature speaks a "varied language," it is true; but this is by no means so plain and unmistakable as to be readily understood by any one who may choose to converse with her. Her communications are made by signs and signals; in enigmas and riddles, or "the still small voice" that is lost upon the dull ear. We need such skillful and faith-

ful interpreters as Newton, Agassiz, and Tyndall, who shall translate these into the plain word-language which we best understand. In our journey through Nature's realm we are like the traveler in strange lands, dependent largely upon the interpreter. He well knows that he may be deceived, and yet he trusts his welfare, and his life even, to the skill and integrity of this go-between. If, in a moment of distrust, he sets his interpreter aside, and depends upon his own skill with a strange tongue, his difficulty and danger are augmented. So, we should gain nothing of security or certainty by refusing the interpretations of our skillful scientific workers; nor even by seeking to verify them by our own awkward tests. Shall a man more certainly and speedily reach his destination through the wilderness, by surveying his own route with compass and chain; by removing obstacles and correcting errors, than if he follows established and well worn paths? Shall we send out the young mariner to gain his own knowledge of the sea, amid the dangers of rocks and reefs, when we might place in his hands a chart at least practically perfect?

3. Original observation as a general method is impracticable. Only a small portion of the objects of nature are accessible to the individual, and he who will receive no mental pabulum except such as he can secure in this way, is like the man who refuses to eat anything except what he produces upon his own field; besides, the necessary instrument and appliances are often so rare and expensive as to be out of reach. A certain eminent teacher says, "Physiology must be learned by aid of the scalpel." What a cheerful picture a school-room would present, with a class in Phy-

siology, consisting of a dozen boys and girls, each with a "subject," intent upon original investigation. Introduced into our public schools this method would go far towards settling the controversy between burial and cremation, and would create a market value for corpses, which would perhaps commend it to this thrifty, commercial generation.

4. To the argument that it trains and fits the pupil for original research, it may be answered that the demand for those of this class is of necessity limited. In discovering and taking possession of our physical heritage, the earth, there is and has been demand for a certain number of explorers and pioneers. But it never has been desirable that the masses should be instructed in navigation and wood-craft. So we need a few explorers and pioneers to lead us into fuller occupancy of our intellectual domain. Too many of them, however, would either find themselves in each other's way, or open up fields faster than we could occupy, and thus waste much effort.

The effort to disparage text-books is, after all, but a corollary of the persistent attempt which has been made to disparage a single book. The attacks which in time past were made upon that which, by way of eminence, has been called *THE BOOK*, were not lacking in violence, persistency or frequency; but they were not characterized by that skill and wide-reaching generalship which mark the present one. "Whatever instruction a *book* contains must be received upon authority, and must be appropriated by faith. Now, resting upon authority is debasing, and the exercise of faith is a weak and foolish thing. We must lay aside our books and investigate." In this way doubt is thrown upon history, and

books are brought under suspicion, and, these outworks having been carried, we are told that even the utterances of scripture must submit to the test of original investigation. Our dismay is rather increased when we find that no possible induction can establish such propositions as those which are called in question, and which, if received at all, must be upon authority and by an exercise of faith, such as, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," or "All that are in their graves shall come forth." When we look about for facts and data from which to make our deductions, they are wanting. We may stride back over the geologic ages, and peer about in the gray dawn of the world's morning, but let our research be ever so skillful and thorough, we may find no unmistakable footprints of a Creator; with our best endeavor we can never *prove* that "God created the heavens and the earth." We may stand in the awful shadows of the tomb, and knock at its silent portals; we may sit in the supposed gateways of the spirit world and call, yet elicit no response, nor discover any fact which will establish a future existence. We must either call in question these revelations or the position of those who make observation and experiment the test of all truth.

We are relieved somewhat when we find that even the most enthusiastic experimenters do not adhere to this doctrine, else we should not find Helmholtz and Tyndall writing books at all. You say to Prof. Tyndall, "Tell us about those wonderful things concerning light and sound which you have discovered." If he should plant himself squarely, and with both feet, upon this position, he would answer, "Sir, you can never know anything about these wonderful things unless you

make all the observations and experiments which I have made. Provide yourself with lights and mirrors and crucibles and batteries and bells and cannon, and go through with all the tiresome processes and expensive experiments, and then you will know 'how it is yourself.' " He could not say even this much, "Come up to the lectures and behold for yourself the experiments by which these things are proved;" for the world is full of pretended miracles and juggling deceptions of this sort. How should you know that these experiments are not a little clever legerdemain? Our scientific men recognize and act upon the truth of the declaration that intellectually, as well as physically and spiritually, men live by faith. Hence we have from them excellent and instructive books. They do not feel that in appealing to our credulity in this way they are contributing to our degradation; nor do we understand that we are debased by accepting many things upon their authority. The weakest phase of modern science is to be found in what may be termed its literature, and unquestionably this would be improved by a fuller recognition of the truth that men do live and grow and enjoy by faith. The apostles of modern science need to be more fully endowed with the "tongues of fire," that they may carry the light and knowledge of *their gospel* to those who still sit in darkness. Let every man hear in his own tongue the gospel of the kingdom of science. Go ye forth into all the world with your "glad evangel" upon your mission of amelioration and blessing; and do not forget that it is by the foolishness of preaching that these ends are to be obtained. *Write* your revelations, and seal not the

books of your prophecies, for the time is at hand when these things should be known.

Words are the surest and quickest means of disseminating ideas ; the safest and readiest vehicles for the exchange of the commodity called knowledge. They are the prepared mental food in the best possible shape to be received, digested and assimilated to every growth of intellectual tissue. No man refuses to buy in the provision market because articles may be adulterated. It would be necessary for him to produce his own bread, grow his own fruit, and refuse the products of all fields but his own. Moreover, upon this theory every man would become a producer, and many useful industries would be neglected, to say nothing of art and literature. It is neither desirable nor practicable that all should be cultivators of the soil ; nor that they should understand modes of agriculture. Many useful men know practically nothing of these things, and it is only necessary that they have an equivalent to give the producer in exchange for his food. Scientists are the producers, who cultivate a rich field. They are our intellectual grangers, without whose toil and industry we should fare badly ; but it would be as destructive of our intellectual civilization to compel all to labor in their field, as it would be to our social and physical civilization to compel all to become agriculturists. Hardy sons of toil may be stronger than other men, but not therefore more useful ; so the producers in our intellectual world may be mentally more robust and active than the rest, but not therefore more useful, nor necessarily higher types.

THE events that have most profoundly affected civilization occurred in the Land of Canaan. To one familiar with this fact there comes a feeling of disappointment, almost of disgust, when he sees how insignificant a patch it makes on the world's maps—physical, commercial, intellectual, and social. The historic idea of greatness is associated with territory. Sovereignty and dignity grew with domain. The great ambition of kings was empire; universal empire the dream of despots. Province piled upon province to the dizzy height of a hundred and twenty-seven was the insecure pyramid of glory upon which Babylon sought to sit, and from which she fell to certain ruin. Yet, nothing wiser, Alexander sought to rebuild this rickety tower of Babel, and all the Cæsars, ancient and modern, have emulated his fruitless example, undeterred by the hopeless confusion of tongues. What means it? Empire is glory; dominion is greatness. What a shock this sentiment receives in contemplating the pitiful six thousand square miles of Canaan. Too small a base for the towering dignity of a petty feudal lordling. Was Jehovah stooping to irony in offering Abraham the "Promised Land"? Could this little half-acre kingdom be the theater of those thrilling tragic scenes which make up *the* drama of all time? No; not the *theater*, but the *stage*. The whole world was the theater; the nations were the spectators, and the noise of hissing and applause, attending that awful, appalling, sun-blinding scene, yet fills the world. Whatever the quality of Israel's greatness, it was not the greatness of empire. This was not a legitimate element of Israel's glory, and when, after a struggle of five hundred years, the little domain was at last subdued,

and David became ambitious of military conquest, the Lord punished the nation with pestilence, and humbled his pride. The philosophy and fate of universal military empire was fully set forth in the dream of Nebuchadnezzar, the lesson of which seems not to have been studied at all by Napoleon, and but poorly learned by William the German, and Victoria the Englishwoman. The fields of this world were made broad not for camps, and campaigns, and conquests, but for the marshaling of the armies of industry—for the disciplined winners of bread instead of battles; and here we drop a hint to be taken up again sometime, when we come to deal with the real purpose and greatness of Israel.

If the base of the pyramid of national greatness was empire—territory; the crown of it was the city. The capital was the embodiment of national glory, the index of the dignity and sway of the monarch. A populous and gorgeous capital was as much the ambition of despots as boundless empire. Indeed, empire seems to have been coveted chiefly as a means to the splendor of the imperial city, as an estate of broader acres supports a more magnificent mansion. This was, and is, more essentially a military idea than many students of history have seemed to observe. The ancient cities which were so marvelous in their magnitude and magnificence, were the product of militarism—populous, because in these times residence outside of city walls was insecure; magnificent, because the resources of the world were plundered and used to glorify the personal surroundings of the monarch. The giant and gorgeous cities were not the product of industrial demands, nor of proper social conditions, but were con-

trary to the needs of the world, and the purpose of God, and were in the fullest sense artificial and temporary. As in the cases of Uzzah and Ananias, God sometimes gives one short, appalling indication of his will, and leaves the lesson with men. So when in the plains of Shinar they sought to thwart the purpose of God, and build the city and tower, He showed His displeasure unmistakably. Failing to catch the lesson, men have gone on for generations, repeating the old folly of building cities and towers and palaces, *with the same purpose avowed at Babel*. Yet no permanent civilization has ever been built upon such foundation. The curses pronounced against the great cities of the earth by the ancient Hebrew prophets, foretold not so much the arbitrary vengeance of God as the necessary outcome of things. Those cities are heaps and ruins to-day, and their once fair provinces desolate and barren, because of the unchangeable order of His providence. It is time for us in America to ask if we are not even now fatally repeating the old folly. Can we not begin to understand that undue congestion of the life-currents of a nation into municipal centers is a malady fatal to the body politic? It is the will of God that men should be scattered abroad upon the face of the earth, while the metropolitan idea is just the reverse.

This metropolitan sentiment may not be so distinctively military as it was anciently, but it is as artificial and as essentially obstructive of real social progress. It would confine all wealth, all social and political importance and respectability, to the city, and so tends to gather all who have aspiration for any of these things into crowded populations, where the means of healthful, happy, moral life, are out of reach for the majority.

How fully the city swallowed up everything in the ancient civilization may be seen by any student of history, and is curiously indicated by those words which indicate political and social character. Among the Greeks the *πολίτης* was the inhabitants of the *πόλις*, among the Romans the *civis* was a member of the *civitas*. But *πόλις* and *civitas* designated a city as a government, or *political* organization, while *ἄστυ* and *urbs* designated it rather as a commercial and social affair. The use of the words policy, politic, police, and the words civil, civic, citizen, sufficiently shows that all public rights and dignities were monopolized by the inhabitants of cities. The terms polite and urbane, mean *citified*; politeness and urbanity were the differentia of the denizen of the city, which marked him off from the *rusticity* of the *rustic*, or the *agresticity* of the *agrestic*. The term *polish* from the same source incidentally indicates what a superficial thing it all is, but the world seems to value it none the less. This shows how completely all social excellence and distinction was monopolized by the city. Moreover, intelligence was thought to dwell only in the city, and the *agrestic* or *rustic* was thought to be stupid as well as unpolished. The *astute* man was of course to be found in *ἄστυ*. A city was called *municipium*, (from *munus*, meaning reward, honor, bounty, office, dignity, wealth; and *capere*, meaning to take, seize,) because it literally, as we have seen, appropriated, or at least assumed all these things:

The idea that city life comprises all that is desirable and respectable, and that country life is barren, monotonous, and low, is still very prevalent, and brings into crowded centers of population thousands of people,

who have no better reason for being there than that their respectability can not stand alone—they “can not bear to live in the country, you know.” Other thousands coming to make money, to enjoy the excitements, to “avail themselves of advantages,” make strong, deep, broad, and turbid currents of life setting into the great cities, which have proved the *Dead Seas* in which manhood, virtue, and patriotism have been drowned. Upon these inseting currents all manner of social driftwood is borne; and the moral sewage from all the rural uplands is poured into the cities as into cess-pools. We note with pride that New York has one million, five hundred thousand inhabitants, and that Chicago has half as many, without stopping to think that these masses of humanity are of such low average in intelligence and morality as to be incapable of self-government; and that it is only the power and virtue of the rural districts that preserves them from riot and anarchy. The lawless, wicked, and destructive elements in all our great cities are so strong as to be utterly beyond municipal control in times of excitement, and occasions of excitement are very frequent, as all know. It is difficult to speak truthfully of the economic, social, and political conditions of these overgrown and overcrowded centers, without becoming an alarmist and contributing somewhat to the danger sought to be pointed out; yet these things ought to be considered.

In view of the fact, then, that the *great* city has always been the grave of virtue and progress and the funeral pyre of wealth, we shall not be over chagrined to find that Jerusalem—God’s city—was not “great,” according to historic standards. God so arranged that it

should never be populous, and when Solomon sought to make it a great commercial metropolis, he fell into many snares and lusts, and incurred the divine displeasure, as did his father David when he sought to make Jerusalem a military capital. Jehovah had a purpose with Jerusalem, as he had with Canaan, and the real progress and permanent prosperity of human society must depend upon the principles of his designs and dealings with them, as we shall try to show in subsequent "Comments."

THAT the world's Saviour should be a sufferer was plainly foretold in prophecy; so plainly that Jesus upbraids the two disciples trudging out to Emmaus as follows: "O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken: Ought not the Christ to have suffered these things and enter into his glory?" The same evening He appeared to the frightened and disheartened disciples where they had locked themselves in at Jerusalem, and "opened their understanding, that they might understand the scriptures, and said unto them: Thus it is written, and thus it behooved the Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day." The same lesson was taught in the sacrifices. The New Testament so emphasizes and enlarges upon the sufferings of Jesus as to magnify its importance in the believer's mind. What, then, is its ministry?

It perfects character. Even Jesus "was made perfect through suffering." If it be said that this applied to Him only objectively, that is, did not perfect Him in His own character, but simply made Him a perfect example for us, still, He must have endured it for the

sake of its great value to us; and we can study it to best advantage in His case. It attests fidelity. To be true to duty through loss and pain is noble, and ennobling. When Jesus refused to make bread of stones He was very hungry. When a poor man refuses to enrich himself by betraying a trust, he imitates Jesus, and grows in virtue. He was "obedient, even unto death," and, in like manner, "be thou faithful unto death," if you would be worthy "a crown of life." Suffering attests and develops heroism. As difficulties develop skill, dangers develop courage. Equally does it attest and develop and perfect patience, sympathy, forbearance, mercy, charity. It is difficult to see how these perfections could be known at all, or any field for their exercise be found, but for the fact of suffering. We can not compass its whole philosophy, but enough to understand that suffering has for us a great and holy ministry, and doubly sanctified, that Jesus has endured it with us and for us.

Every real saviour must come by suffering. The hardy fireman must endure the scorching heat and brave the tumbling walls to bring forth the helpless from the burning building. He must put himself in their condition before he can reach them. If they can come forth alone they do not need him, and he is no saviour. So of saviours by flood. How could Grace Darling get at the wrecked mariners but by entering into their pain and peril? How could Florence Nightingale develop the sweetest note of her species, except it had moaned by the maimed, and cried with the tortured; unless she had shared their suffering and breathed with them the pestilential air? How could the saviours of Lucknow, or of the Arctic lost ones, ex-

cute their mission but by going where the sufferers were? The heroic rescuers of the world, as they have been canonized in history and song and human hearts, have come by long and painful marches, by way of the great and terrible wilderness of self-sacrifice. But of them all none came so far, or suffered so fully and freely, or sacrificed so much of glory for the sake of His mission, or so wholly entered into the condition of those to be saved, as the great Rescuer of our lost race. We were in poverty, but He took up his abode in its most cheerless part; in toil, but He went on its weary round, staggering under a cruel burden even on the way to Calvary; in sorrow, but He was *the* Man of sorrows; in sin, and He endured all its temptations and all its stings, except the impossible one of remorse; in death, and He entered its cruelest portal. He came every step of the painful and weary way to find and save us. Who will turn away now?

Suffering is loss. Physical suffering is loss of health; adversity, of property; dishonor, of reputation; bereavement, of loved ones, but the great incurable suffering is the loss of the soul. Here, then, is another ministry of suffering, to teach the *insecurity* of all earthly things, and the necessity of entering upon that life where nothing can be lost; where time can not rob us of youth, nor health; where thieves can not enter to take our treasures; nor death, to take our loved ones; nor Satan, to despoil us of innocence.

Finally, suffering has a mysterious power to purify, which we may not explain, yet we know in our experience that

Grief is deadliest foe to Pride,
And pain is Mercy's chastening rod,

And all the sorrows which betide,
But bring us closer home to God,

much as his miseries drove the prodigal back to the paternal care.

It is the refining fire, burning up the dross, and beautifying the gold.

Wildly awakened from troubled dreams,
The baby's eyes gleamed with a feverish light,
Mutely they questioned the coursing streams
On the cheek of the mother who watched with the night:
Slowly they nestled again to sleep,
To waken where eyes nevermore shall weep.
Brief though the look of those fever-lit eyes,
Its magical power what language can tell?
Peace, with the saintliest tenderness, lies
On that face once so worldly and cold, where it fell;
For it burned up the dross of its sensuous pride,
And the Saviour was found through the saviour that died.

IN THE WORKSHOPS.

IT is now officially announced that Robert Grant, the well-known novelist, is the author of the story called "Face to Face," published anonymously by the Scribners a short time ago. It is a breezy story of the American life of to-day, and contains some well-directed flings at the aristocratic tendencies of the age.

ANNOUNCEMENT is made of a new magazine which will next year enter into competition with our present "first-class" monthlies. It is to be published by Charles Scribner's Sons, and is to be profusely

illustrated. Particular emphasis is laid upon the fact that it is in no sense a revival of the original *Scribners' Monthly* out of which the *Century* grew, but will enter the field as a new "candidate for public favor."

THE translation of Count Tolstoi's works into English introduces us to a new field of literature, and to a new type of realistic fiction. Turgenieff's novels have been widely read in this country, and have hitherto seemed to the average reader to represent the accessible literature of Russia. But the novels of Tolstoi, while less dramatic than those of Turgenieff, appeal to us in a way that his great contemporary's do not. His characters are less fantastic and more real—almost as real, indeed, in spite of the veil which translation has thrown over them, as it is possible for the characters of fiction to be. On the other hand, many of the things that charm us most in the writings of Turgenieff, are utterly wanting here. There is here none of that poetic quality which makes Turgenieff's stories veritable "poems in prose." There is none of that fine sense of unity which excludes all unnecessary material, and leaves only so much as is needed for an artistic development of the plot and the characters. Turgenieff once said to a visitor that he carefully wrote the history of each of his characters, omitting from it no detail, however trivial it might seem to be; that he used this history, not as a part of the story, but as a means of making the character clear *to himself*, and that, after it had served its purpose, he burned it. You can hardly imagine that Tolstoi has ever burned anything.

Tolstoi's "Anna Karenina" is a wonderful work. It is the story of how a beautiful, brilliant woman fell

into sin, and how truly she reaped that which she had sown. The truth and justice of the moral taught is shown in the fact that the reader constantly accepts the author's delineations, and says, "Yes, that is true. That is the way such a course would have influenced a person of that temperament." The tragic death of the unhappy woman is in no way overwrought. It seems as natural a close for such a life as hers, as does the death of Judas seem the most "natural" termination which his career could have had. In striking contrast with the characters of Anna and Vronsky are those of Kitty and Levin. It is said that the latter is a reflection of the author's own nature, and we can well believe this, when we note the odd determination with which all his small faults and perversities are set down. In spite of its tediousness, the story is a powerful one, and is nearly, though perhaps not quite, equalled in interest by some of the author's other works.

THE death of Paul Hamilton Hayne removes one of the best workers from the field of American literature. His fine poetic insight was warmed by the fire of his Southern nature, and he was one of the few poets who have succeeded in pleasing both the critical and the popular taste. His life has been for many years a quiet one, spent in the seclusion of his home and the companionship of his family, and he bequeathes to literature, not only the poems which speak his genius, but also his gifted son, who inherits his talent, and promises to fill his place.

With the troubled voyage of life ended, Mr. Hayne has realized the truth of his own words in the beautiful poem entitled "In Harbor," which we quote as

giving an example of his genius, and as showing the joy with which he looked forward to an anchorage beyond the storms :

“ I think it is over, over—
 I think it is over at last;
 Voices of foeman and lover,
 The sweet and the bitter, have passed;
 Life, like a tempest of ocean,
 Hath outblown its ultimate blast.
 There's but a faint sobbing seaward,
 While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,
 And behold! like the welcoming quiver
 Of heart-pulses, throbbed through the river,
 Those lights in the Harbor at last—
 The heavenly Harbor at last!

“ I feel it is over, over—
 The winds and the waters surcease;
 How few were the days of the Rover
 That smiled in the beauty of Peace!
 And distant and dim was the omen
 That hinted redress or release.
 From the ravage of life, and its riot,
 What marvel I yearn for the quiet—
 For the lights, with their welcoming quiver,
 That throb through the sanctified river
 Which girdles the Harbor at last—
 The heavenly Harbor at last?

“ I know it is over, over—
 I know it is over at last;
 Down sail! the sheathed anchor uncover,
 For the stress of the voyage is past;
 Life, like a tempest of ocean,
 Hath outblown its ultimate blast.
 There's but a faint sobbing seaward,
 While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,
 And behold! like the welcoming quiver
 Of heart-pulses throbbed through the river,
 Those lights in the Harbor at last—
 The heavenly Harbor at last!”

POT-POURRI.

IS life worth living? Some one has said, "That depends upon the liver;" but we should say it depends upon the *lover*. We love to live only when we have something to love; for we do not love life. Take away everything but life, and it would become intolerable. Life, empty of love, would be a vacuum which human nature would abhor. If we were offered a thousand years here, we, no doubt, would gladly accept, and spend the last nine hundred lamenting the rash choice. Human life is but a leaky cistern out of which interest and zest are oozing, insensibly it may be, but still going, and wherewithal should we be refreshed when it becomes dry?

IF he venture but to speak,
Tell him flatly that he lies;
Smite him on the brazen cheek,
Hit him square between the eyes.

Any time or any place,
Pour upon him all your spite;
Buffet, spit into his face,
It will only serve him right.

Watch him for a cunning foe,
And if ever he come nigh,
Though a flag of truce he show,
Up and smite him hip and thigh.

Who? My rival in the strife
For love, or fame, or power, or pelf?
Who? Some wretch that seeks my life?
No; *but your own carnal Self.*

THE bane of our domestic and educational affairs is a mild, a very mild form of sentimentality which we may venture to call *philopaidism*. Your genuine philopaidist is opposed to flogging a boy under any, all, or any other circumstances, interstances, subter- or superstances. Irving says that an early Dutch colony of New York piously resolved "That they would be governed by the laws of God, *till they could meet and frame better.*" The philopaidists have reached that point. They have abandoned Solomon's way of preserving paido-protoplasm for moral suasion. Yet the worst children in the community belong to those parents who have this mild lunacy worst. The most troublesome urchins in school are those whose parents inform the teacher, "I never allow *my* children to be corrected." There are children so given to perverse ways that they care nothing for all the "moral suasion" and "firm discipline" in the world. Such children have a *right* to the only remaining motive to right-doing—the fear of punishment. Many a bad boy by the aid of this has conquered the evil in him; and many a good man owes his nobility to the reformation of the rod when his father in the flesh "corrected" him to his profit.

HAVE you got with your gettings the wisdom to take
Your bearings aright on life's perilous sail;

To follow in safety the Pilot whose wake
Leads on to the heavenward side of the veil?
If not, then your wisdom is empty and vain;
Befooled by the lights of the Wrecker of souls,
At the mercy of winds on the storm-brewing main,
You 'll be stranded at last upon desolate shoals.

Are we vain of the treasures of knowledge we 've found?
We have gleaned a few pearls on the hitherward
shore
Of the ocean of knowledge, where jewels abound
In the fathomless depths we may never explore.
But, brother, if out of this rubbish of time
To winnow these atoms of truth be a joy,
'T were the fullness of bliss in some shadowless clime
To find it unbounded, unmixed with alloy;
If we here of the river of life love to drink,
Though mingled with marah of sin and of pain,
'T were the fullness of bliss to repose on its brink,
When sweetened in heaven, and drink it again.

IN almost every church will be found a few persons who seem to think it is their especial privilege to sit at ease in Zion, and who seem to believe that all religious activities should be carried forward in some convenient ante-room—some spiritual gymnasium where “cranks” and over-zealous Christians can work off their surplus enthusiasm without hurting themselves, and, more particularly, without endangering the comfort of ease-loving church-members. What matter to them that men are living and dying in vice and ignorance? *Their* duty is to sit down in the serene

satisfaction of their own "soundness," and see that the preacher "gives it to sectarianism"!

IT is easy to talk about the sinfulness of pride, but it is harder to keep from feeling proud of this kind of talk. One person may be as proud of wearing shabby clothes when he can afford better ones as his neighbor is of his elegant apparel; may exult as much in the fact that he "don't care for style" as his neighbor does in luxurious equipage and surroundings. The brotherly love that in honor prefers another, that forgets self in exalting those to whom the Master has asked us to minister, is the best remedy for that wrong kind of pride against which the Scriptures have warned us.

THE task that is worthy your labor,
Is worthy your truest and best;
The sickle, as well as the saber,
The hand of a hero has pressed;
And while you are blessing your neighbor,
Be sure that the world will be blest.

THE envy of wealth is as silly as it is sinful. The poor man is sometimes as much enriched by the rich man's wealth as is he who holds the title deeds. We can receive no gifts beyond the measure of our capacity. The sordid man sees in his lands only so many acres of ground, worth so many thousands of dollars. But to the appreciative soul these lands are stretches of woodland deep with shade; of orchards rich with blossom or fruitage; of fields green with the promise of the harvest or golden with waving grain; of sun-loving hills and shadow-loving valleys. And

though in law the title of these estates be vested in another, they are his to enjoy by a right which money can not purchase ; by right of an eye for nature's loveliness, an ear for nature's harmonies, a soul attuned to nature's moods ; they are his to enjoy by a right of which the law takes no account—the divine right of being able to appropriate their blessings.

AN aged mother sat beside the door,
And saw the sun slip down the western sky ;
“ And so,” she said, “ soon and forevermore,
My sun of earth will set ; the night is nigh.

“ And then—what then ? For me the dawning day
Whose glories through my deathless soul shall thrill ;
But what of those I leave ? Dear Lord, I pray
That this poor life may be remembered still.”

And while she spoke, a daughter came and bent
Above her, saying softly, “ Pray for me,
Sweet mother ; pray that all you dreamed and meant
Your memory may help me yet to be !”

The mother's heart was cheered ; she looked, and lo !
The west was all aflame with rosy light ;
The sun had vanished, yet the afterglow
Still blest the earth and kept away the night.

AMONG the mountains of Scotland there is said to be one dizzy height which can be scaled only by means of a staircase cut out of the solid rock, and ascending almost perpendicularly to the top of the mountain. The traveler who braves the danger and

reaches the summit finds there a seat cut in the rock, and inscribed with the words, "Rest and be thankful." From this point he can overlook the entire surrounding landscape; and though he trembles when he sees the steep road over which he has come, the wondrous beauties of the view so far surpass his dreams that he is more than compensated for the toilsome journey. But when we have climbed the mountain toward whose summit we now toil with weary feet; when we enter the resting-place prepared for us from the foundation of the world, there will be no need of any word to tell us to be thankful. For we shall then survey, not only the universal landscape of God's great system, but also the staircase of salvation which He has cut for us out of the eternal Rock, and up which He leads us through danger into rest.

IN my dream I saw the figure of a woman tall and fair,
And I saw a blaze of jewels, glowing in her golden
hair;
She was robed in costly garments, she was full of
queenly grace,
Yet I thought there was a coldness in the smile upon
her face;
"Tell me, pray, thy name," I whispered; then she
raised her lily hand,
And I fancied that the action was a gesture of com-
mand;
"Knowest not," she said, "my title? Thou wilt find
it, if thou search,
Queen of earth and Bride of heaven, for my name is
called The Church;"

Than a Voice of love and longing fell like music on
the night;
"Bride and Queen? O self-deceiver! Go and prove
thy regal right;
Would'st thou be My Queen forever? Would'st thou
truly be My Bride?
Go and lead the sad and sinful to the cross whereon I
died!"
Then I thought The Church in sadness laid aside her
jewels bright,
And exchanged her costly vesture for a robe of snowy
white;
Then she passed beyond my vision, but I saw her once
again,
Going on her sacred mission through the busy ways of
men;
And I saw a holy Presence, walking ever at her
side,
While the Voice said, "Thou art worthy, My Be-
loved and My Bride!"

BOOK REVIEWS.

Prof. James M. Baldwin has given us a translation (said to be very good) of the second French edition of Th. Ribot's "German Psychology of To-day." President McCosh wrote the preface, and the printers, Chas. Scribner's Sons, have put the whole in excellent type, so that every man of us can have in his own tongue the wonderful doctrines of those wonderful German psy-

chologists—especially of those of the “Empirical School.” This volume contains much valuable information; as Dr. McCosh says, “the combined result of careful observations, experiments, and calculations, which can not be found otherwise, except by reading innumerable books and monographs most difficult to collect.” For all this we shall be duly thankful, yet shall not permit our gratitude to stand in the way of just criticism.

Before finishing the introduction we find that M. Ribot has sympathies, and partialities, and even prejudices, and that they are all on the side of the physico-physiologico-empirical psychologists, and against the old school, which he discredits by calling them metaphysicians. Yet he does not make it particularly clear that the new school has any very decisive advantage over the old. He makes some stunning counts in his indictment of the “old psychology,” which are altogether likely to be true or false. He says it is “narrow,” “childish,” and “lacks air and horizon.” It may have lacked “air,” but it surely was *breezy* enough, and the absence of “horizon” was compensated for by perpendicularity; for there is no imaginable height of transcendentalism, or ultra-empyreanism to which those old metaphysical aeronauts did not go. But hear this:—“In the solitary spirit that racks and torments itself to draw everything from within, a rarefied atmosphere is produced, that nothing living can breathe.” (P.4.) Here the charge is softened down a little. There is not an utter lack of “air,” though it is so rarefied that nothing *living* can breathe; but we are left to the inference that something *dead* might do so. But how about “producing a rarefied atmosphere in a spirit?”

Soberly, the author would better have left this rhetorical allongé at the "old psychologists" out. It displays bad taste and bad rhetoric. Frenchman-like, however, he makes his fiercest and most reckless assault at first, and then settles down to more considerate and scientific warfare, and attempts something like philosophic docimacy.

The difference between the old and the new is rendered plain enough in the following, (unless we obscure it by a possible controversy over colons and semicolons, for which no doubt the translator is responsible): "The new psychology differs from the old in its spirit: it is not metaphysical; in its end: it studies only phenomena; in its procedure: it borrows as much as possible from the biological sciences." He then says, "We have tried to show the advantages of a psychology without metaphysics, or 'a psychology without a soul.'" He fears this soul-psychology because the "facts of consciousness" are "so vague, so fleeting, so difficult to fix; while he takes to objective phenomena like mice to a pantry, because they "are distinguished from one another by their specific qualities, their relations in time, and especially their form, figures, and all their quantitative determination in space;" while "psychical states have differences only as to quality and relation in time." A little further on, however, (page 8) he declares, "the domain of psychology is specific: it has for its object nervous phenomena accompanied by consciousness." On (page 6) it was "*objective* phenomena," with all the "qualities" of form, figure, and qualitative determinations in space," but here it is only "*nervous* phenomena *accompanied by consciousness*." The "domain" seems to diminish rapidly as it becomes "specific," and if M. Ribot should become a little more specific he would

discover that the whole thing is reduced to a matter of consciousness at last. How does he know what psychic state accompanies a given physiological change, a given "nervous phenomenon," without appealing to internal observation? If the "facts of consciousness" are so vague and unreliable, how can he be certain about the accompanying physical facts? Both are data of this discredited consciousness; for even the physical fact must be represented in consciousness before it is a matter of study at all. No phenomenon, let it be as objective as possible, can exist in or for the mind at all only as it becomes a fact of consciousness.

The new psychology, stripped of all unwarranted pretensions, has this merit, that it has enlarged its domain by studying psychic phenomena as accompanied by nervous phenomena. To say that its object is "nervous phenomena *as accompanied by consciousness*," simply robs it of all claim to be called psychology at all, and such suicidal nonsense would never have been thought of but for the speculative necessity of getting rid of the soul altogether. The old psychologists studied the facts of consciousness apart from the physiological modifications, and nervous phenomena, that accompany them; the new psychologists, so far as they deserve the name, study the facts of consciousness in connection with these modifications; and this is the sum and substance of the whole matter. Anything beyond this is either empty pretense, born of that intellectual vanity which seems epidemic among German philosophers; or it is insincere and crass materialism.

The new psychology necessarily makes much of experiment, and hence acquires an air of scientific exactness and fictitious importance. There is a show of

mystery and superiority, of superhuman wisdom, in the man of many instruments. Let the veriest fool surround himself with crucibles, and retorts, and batteries, and mirrors, and magnets, and the thousand-and-one fetiches of the laboratory, and the world will take him, *prima facie*, for a philosopher. Much credit is due these patient German toilers in this field, for the many and laborious experiments which they have performed, but we should remember that credit is not credence. The reader of this volume should not allow himself to be imposed upon by those curious and wonderful tables in the seventh chapter, showing the "duration of psychic acts." Let him observe that the tables really comprise two things, (1) duration of nervous phenomena, which is simply a matter of physiology, and (2) duration of "psychic acts" properly so-called. The last is what specially warrants the title of psychologists for these experimenters, and on page 276 we have two tables (whether correct or not) by Auerbach and Kries, respectively, giving the "duration of acts of *discernment*." So with Wundt, on the next page, and so with all of them. It is the consciousness that is really the chief matter after all, and the whole outcome is an approximate estimate of the rapidity of the phenomena of consciousness. "Only this, and nothing more." No psychic act is found to be caused by a physiological or nervous change but rather it is shown that, after all this has been taken note of, there remains a something which acts, *and requires time to act*, apart from all the other agencies. This is the soul; and the new psychology comes no nearer explaining it than did the old, but adds a little to our knowledge of the conditions of its action—and only a very little.

LIBRARY OF THE
JAN
25
1887



Yours Truly
Richard Reid

TO THE FRIEND OF MANY YEARS.

Dear friend of mine, in days gone by
We dreamed of things to be ;
For you I built my castles high,
And you built yours for me.
And though the years have come and gone,
And dreams are swept away,
The light that then about us shone
Is clearer still to-day.

For, standing underneath a cross,
We sorrow side by side,
And through the sense of common loss
Our love is sanctified ;
And in fulfillment of the laws
We could not see before,
We love each other more, because
We need each other more.

So God's great love we come to feel
The more we feel our need ;
He waits His goodness to reveal
When we that love can read.
Shall this not be while life shall be
And while our souls shall grow ;—
That every day more need shall see,
And stronger love shall know ?

JESSIE H. BROWN.

365

JAN
25
1887

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT

ROYAL REFORMERS.—HEZEKIAH.

We have somewhere in previous papers remarked that mere iconoclasm is not reformation. It is not enough that we extirpate the false and the evil; we must supplant it with the true and the good. We are now to say, in the light of Hezekiah's proceedings, that the true reformer, in seeking to establish that which is true and good, will, with iconoclastic zeal, endeavor to uproot that which is false and evil. There are dreamy theorists who argue that the evil and the good, like the tares and the wheat, should be allowed to grow together; that true virtue—itself a military term—can only be found in the resistance of evil, and that it is the evident purpose of the present constitution of things to furnish healthful discipline to the soul by compelling it into perpetual wrestlings with vice and sin, for its own development of strength and mastery. We have heard religious men argue stoutly against the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks, on the ground that it is an attempt to subvert the divine order of things, which requires the presence of evil that we may combat it; and that one ought to drink wine and brandy for the very purpose of training one's self into the government of the appetites! There is some truth in this, but not enough to redeem the argument from sophistry. Doubtless this world of ours

is to some extent a moral gymnasium, where the moral nature is to be trained to manly vigor by exercise—a battle-field where courage and endurance and self-denial and unconquerable energy, and all high virtues, are to be developed by steady and toilsome conflict with antagonistic forces. But of these antagonistic powers there will always be sufficient to serve this purpose after we have done our best to annihilate them, and without our help to create new ones or to foster those already in existence. It were as sensible to say that in a battle for liberty against cruel and crafty oppressors, we should be careful not to interfere with the strength of the foe, lest we should no longer have an opportunity to show our mettle; or, when traitors are found in the camp, that we should not put them to death, lest the spirit of loyalty should die out for lack of opportunity to fight treason! The truth is, there are errors and vices and crimes, the presence of which is a constant menace to truth and virtue. There are odds against which truth and virtue can not maintain a successful contest. In individual cases they may; but in society at large, they can not. It is fearfully perilous to all the higher interests of our nature to tolerate their existence when we have it in our power to destroy them. It is nursing in one's bosom the serpent that is sure to make return in a deadly bite. Our only complete safety against powerful temptations is to annihilate them when they are in our power. So reasoned Hezekiah. He had seen and known too much of the deadly influence of idolatry to allow of any compromise with it. So, after he had aroused the people to a holy enthusiasm by the renewal of the passover—which was protracted to double its usual time of observance—"all Israel that

was present went out to the cities of Judah and brake in pieces the obelisks, and hewed down the Asherim and brake down the high places and the altars out of all Judah and Benjamin, in Ephraim also and Manasseh, until they had destroyed them all" (II. Chron. xxxi. 1). When it is remembered that this was a sweeping and crushing condemnation of his own father's conduct, it will be seen that there was not only high moral courage, but supreme loyalty to Jehovah, in Hezekiah's proceeding. Not even the fear of dishonoring a father's memory could check this furious devastation of the shrines of idolatry. Whether Hezekiah commanded it or not, the newly kindled enthusiasm of the worshipers who had come up from the territory of the ten tribes swept over the borders of Judah into the territory of Israel, and the high places and the altars in Ephraim and Manasseh, as well as in Judah, were defiled and desolated by these iconoclastic hordes. If this was before the fall of Samaria, it was in the midst of troubles and perils that did not allow Hoshea to contend against the indignity offered to his authority ; and it may be that his indifference to the established worship of his kingdom was such that he took no offense at this raid upon the idols of Israel (II. Ki. xvii. 2).

It is a notable evidence of the thoroughness of Hezekiah's conviction of the bane of idolatry, that he did not spare even a venerable relic which for nearly eight centuries had been preserved among the most sacred of the nation's memorials. The brazen serpent which Moses lifted up in the wilderness (Num. xxi. 9), had been carefully guarded through all changes of the kingdom's fortunes, and was still preserved in Jerusalem. As a memorial of Jehovah's great mercy, there was no

more impropriety in preserving it than in keeping the golden pot of manna and Aaron's rod that budded (Ex. xvi. 33; Num. xvii. 10). But it had been perverted to base uses; and that which is innocent, and even commendable in itself, when it is perverted to evil and becomes a source of mischief, must be abandoned. How often it is urged, as an apology for dancing, card-playing, theater-going, and other popular amusements, that they are innocent in themselves, and, that it is only their perversions to evil purposes that should be condemned. If this were granted, it by no means justifies indulgence in these pleasures. The brazen serpent was not only innocent in itself, but as a national memorial, about which clustered memories dear to the heart of the Jewish patriot and well calculated to quicken pious and patriotic sentiments, was valuable. But, from being an object of historical and national interest, it became an idol. An altar was erected to it, and incense burnt thereon. *It was impossible to dissociate it from this wickedness*, even as it is now impossible to dissociate the popular amusements we have referred to from the follies and wickednesses and madneses of the fashionable idolatry to which they have been subjected. Therefore Hezekiah, in the face of the popular sentiment, in defiance of the national veneration of this sacred relic of antiquity, perhaps against the pleadings of his own heart in behalf of a venerable memorial, doomed it to destruction. It is evident from the language used that the idolatry, or semi-idolatry, connected with this object, was deeply-rooted; it had continued from the days when the twelve tribes were known as "the children of Israel." It was useless to attempt to extirpate idolaters from the land while this feeder of superstition

was allowed to remain. It was easy to go from the semi-idolatry of burning incense to the brazen serpent, to a heathen temple, to burn incense to Baal. So Hezekiah "broke it in pieces." The people did not call it a serpent—that would have called up unpleasant suggestions; nor did they call it a god—that would have been an effrontery too brazen; they sought to cover up the idolatrous feature of their devotion under the euphemism *Nehushtan*—a piece of brass. "Yes," said the king, stripping the euphemism to utter nakedness, "a piece of brass; only a piece of brass; therefore let us break it in pieces. No more incense to a piece of brass!" Glorious iconoclast! Would that we had more Hezekiahs to smash with strong hand all the pieces of brass to which incense is burned in the temple of Jehovah!

It is not surprising, after all this, to read that "Jehovah was with him, and prospered him whithersoever he went forth." From the record of his reign after the defeat of Sennacherib, we learn of a greatness and glory which must have been, in part at least, characteristic of the earlier portion of his reign. "And many brought gifts unto the Lord to Jerusalem, and precious things to Hezekiah king of Judah; so that he was exalted in the sight of all nations from henceforth. And Hezekiah had exceeding much riches and honor: and he provided him treasures for silver, and for gold and for precious stones, and for spices, and for shields, and for all manner of goodly vessels; store-houses also for the increase of corn and wine and oil; and stalls for all manner of beasts, and flocks in folds. Moreover he provided him cities, and possession of flocks and herds in abundance: for God had given him very much sub-

stance " (II. Chron. xxxii. 23, 27-29). So true was it, under that economy of temporal rewards and punishments, that earthly prosperity was sure to reward the willing and obedient. See Deut. xxviii. 1-14.

With this prosperity Hezekiah was emboldened to make the perilous attempt to realize his cherished ideal of an independent nation, subject only to its Divine Sovereign; and depending solely on Him for protection. We call it a perilous attempt, because, situated between the rival powers of Egypt and Assyria, furnishing a highway along his western border for the march of their armies, and being but one of several inferior powers whose safety was sought in alliance with one or the other of these great sovereignties, it was impossible, from any merely political point of view, for a small kingdom like Judah to remain free from entangling alliances. His father had become tributary to Assyria (II. Ki. xvi. 7), and he must still pay the annual tribute, or provoke the wrath of that all-conquering power. This was the more perilous, as Syria had been conquered, and Israel carried captive, and Hezekiah's territory lay exposed to the ravages of armies with which it would be vain to contend. Yet we think it was in a true religious spirit, and with firm faith in that Supreme Power that had never failed him, and which he desired to glorify, that he "rebelled against the king of Assyria and served him not."

It is not needful to our object to enter into all the curious, complicated, and confused details of the reigns of Shalmaneser, Sargon and Sennacherib as bearing on the interests of the kingdom of Judah. It is enough to say that Sennacherib, one of the mightiest of Assyria's monarchs, came against Judah. He had reduced Phœnicia, recovered Ascalon, and at Elron had

met and defeated a great army of Egyptians and Ethiopians. He then proceeded towards Jerusalem, subjugating and spoiling on his way a large number of fenced cities, towns and villages without number, capturing their inhabitants to the number, according to the Babylonian inscriptions, of two hundred thousand. He encamped against Jerusalem on its northern side, and began the siege. To this period of distress we presume Isaiah refers in that remarkably vivid description in chap. xxiv. 1-12. Hezekiah made a brave resistance for a time, of which we have an account in II. Chron. xxxii. 1-8. He cut off the supplies of water from the enemy, repaired the walls, increased the height of the towers, and made weapons and shields in abundance. He then sought to inspire the people with his own religious faith. "Be strong and of a good courage," said he, "be not afraid nor dismayed for the king of Assyria, nor for all the multitude that is with him: with him is an arm of flesh; but with us is Jehovah our God to help us and to fight our battles" (II. Chron. xxxii. 7, 8). This is language of lofty faith in a very dark hour. But, for some reason, all this faith oozed out, and Hezekiah succumbed to the "arm of flesh"—we may not know why. If Isa. xxii. refers to this period, there was an evident failure of the people to respond to the strong faith and patriotic zeal of the king. With all their preparations for defense, they looked not unto God for help, nor humbled themselves before Him. "In that day did the Lord, the Lord of hosts, call to weeping, and to mourning, and to baldness, and to girding with sackcloth: and, behold, joy and gladness, slaying oxen and killing sheep, eating flesh and drinking wine: let us eat and drink, for to-

morrow we shall die" (Isa. xxii. 12, 13). They had no other thought than that the enemy would prevail against them, and in that insanity of recklessness which was but the ripe fruit of their previous and long-continued rebellions against Jehovah, they mocked and jeered, and feasted and danced in the very face of destruction, bracing each other in their insane revelries with the counsel, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we shall die." No wonder that the prophet, as he looked on this appalling and impious recklessness, said to these mad revelers, "The Lord of hosts revealed himself in mine ears, surely this iniquity shall not be purged from you till ye die." It was an iniquity too revolting and too brazen to be forgiven.

Shebna, chief in authority and the head of the court party, had turned those who ought to have been the king's chief supporters into a factious reliance on Egypt for help in the present calamity; so that between the Assyrian party, the Egyptian party, and the profane crowd of reckless revelers, the King and Isaiah were left alone to give vigor to this defense against the besiegers. It is marrow to the bones to listen to the brave prophet in his burning indignation as he hurls the thunderbolts of his patriotic wrath against the infamous Shebna—probably a foreign adventurer who had somehow wormed his way, in these corrupt times, into high position, and with his ring of corrupt courtiers was fattening himself on the spoils of an office which he disgraced (Isa. xxii. 15-19).

We may, perhaps, judge from these facts why Hezekiah surrendered. It was not that his own faith in Jehovah failed, but that the faithlessness of a corrupt and factious court and population rendered his faith

void. He was compelled to yield (II. Ki. xviii. 14), to the dishonor of Jehovah's name; and in almost heart-breaking anguish the prophet Isaiah exclaimed, "Look away from me; I will weep bitterly; labor not to comfort me; because of the spoiling of the daughter of my people. For it is a day of discomfiture, and of treading down, and of perplexity, from the Lord, the Lord of hosts, in the valley of vision; a breaking down of the walls, and a crying to the mountains (Isa. xxii. 4, 5). And greatly did Sennacherib exult in this victory. According to the Assyrian inscriptions, as given in Rawlinson's "Ancient Monarchies" (ii. 435), he made this boast:

And because Hezekiah, King of Judah, would not submit to my yoke, I came up against him, and by force of arms, and by the might of my power, I took forty-six of his strong fenced cities, and of smaller towns which were scattered about, I took and plundered a countless number. And from these places I captured and carried off as a spoil 200,150 people, old and young, male and female together, with horses and mares, asses and camels, oxen and sheep, a countless multitude. And Hezekiah himself I shut up in Jerusalem, his capital city, like a bird in a cage, building towers around the city to hem him in, and raising banks of earth against the gates to prevent his escape.

. . . Then upon this Hezekiah there fell the fear of the power of my arms, and he sent out to me the chiefs and the elders of Jerusalem, with thirty talents of gold, and eight hundred talents of silver, and divers treasures, and rich and immense booty. . . . All these things were brought to me at Nineveh, the seat of my government, Hezekiah having sent them by way of tribute, and as a token of his submission to my power.

This self-glorification must doubtless be taken *cum grano salis*, and may even be liberally discounted without injury to truth; but it was a disgraceful defeat to Hezekiah, and a great dishonor to the name of Jehovah. Our only comfort is, that it but furnishes the dark background which will soon bring out the more

illustriously Jehovah's final victory, and give the greater prominence and significance to Sennacherib's disastrous overthrow.

For some reason, Sennacherib soon violated his new agreement with Hezekiah. If, with Dean Stanley, we adopt an interpretation of Isa. xxii. different from that which we have given; if we regard the crime of Shebna to have been that of persuading the king to a present submission to the Assyrians in hope of speedy assistance from Egypt and Ethiopia to break the treaty, and the joy and gladness in the city to have been on occasion of the departure of the Assyrian forces because of this unworthy submission to a proud, idolatrous foe, then we may entertain a probable opinion as to the new demands of Sennacherib. While engaged in the siege of Lachish, the Assyrian learned that a new and tremendous force of Egyptians and Ethiopians were making rapid approaches, and he was led to regard Hezekiah's submission as a mere trick to gain time until this new army could come to his aid. It is even possible that Hezekiah raised anew the standard of independence, encouraged by promises of assistance from Tirhakah of Ethiopia. Some have so concluded from a comparison of II. Ki. xix. 9, with Isa. xviii. 1, 2. But we see no sufficient evidence of it in these passages. Whether he suspected Hezekiah of this or not, it would not be safe to leave such a power as Judah—necessarily hostile at heart—behind him; it became necessary to subdue Hezekiah utterly, if possible, before this great southern army, under the lead of a skillful Cushite commander, appeared on the field. Accordingly, he sent a military detachment, under the guidance of three of his trusty officers, to Jerusalem, to demand its

instant and unconditional surrender. They knew that Jerusalem was torn by factions, that the kingdom was impoverished, and that the terror of Sennacherib's name was overpowering. Their message was haughty, boastful, blasphemous, taunting, insulting; their bearing insolent and provoking to the last degree. Sennacherib himself sent a letter to Hezekiah, repeating the insolences and unrighteous demands already verbally made by his messengers. The distressed king of Judah, in this dire extremity, went up to the house of Jehovah, and spread the blasphemous ravings and imperious demands of Sennacherib before Him, and earnestly besought Him to maintain the honor of His own name. He sent also to the prophet Isaiah for counsel. The prophet gave him the most positive assurances that all would be well. "Thus saith the Lord concerning the king of Assyria: He shall not come into this city, nor shoot an arrow there, nor come before it with shield, nor cast a bank against it. By the way that he came, by the same shall he return, and shall not come into this city, saith the Lord. For I will defend this city, to save it, for mine own sake, and for my servant David's sake." To the people also did this invincible patriot-prophet address assurances of speedy divine deliverance. "The Lord of hosts hath sworn, saying, Surely, as I have thought, so shall it come to pass; and as I have purposed, so shall it stand: that I will break the Assyrian in my land, and upon my mountains tread him under foot: then shall his yoke depart from off them, and his burden depart from off their shoulder. This is the purpose that is purposed upon the whole earth, and this is the hand that is stretched out upon all the nations. For the

Lord of hosts hath purposed, and ~~who~~ shall disannul it? and his hand is stretched out, and ~~who~~ shall turn it back" (Isa. xiv. 24-27)?

"And the Lord sent an angel ~~which~~ cut off all the mighty men of valor, and the leaders and captains, in the camp of the king of Assyria, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred fourscore and five thousand men; and when they arose in the morning, behold they were all dead corpses. So Sennacherib king of Assyria departed, and went and returned, and dwelt at Nineveh. And it came to pass as he was worshiping in the house of Nisroch his god, that Adrammelech and Sharezer his sons smote him with the sword: and they escaped into the land of Armenia" (II. Chron. xxxii. 21; II. Ki. xix. 35-37).*

Thus suddenly and terribly did the might of the boastful Assyrian monarch vanish under the curse of Jehovah. "He was the last of the great Assyrian conquerors," says Stanley. "No Assyrian host ever again crossed the Jordan. Within a few years from that time the Assyrian power suddenly vanished from the earth."

Whether the means of destruction in this case was a pestilence, as Jewish tradition affirms, and as we know to have been true in another instance (II. Sam. xxiv. 15, 16), is a question more curious than wise. It is enough to know that the destruction was wrought by a divinely commissioned power; that it was known as Jehovah's work; and that the power of the living God against the idols in which the heathen boasted was thus made manifest before the whole world.

* The murder of Sennacherib was several years after this disaster.

May we not regard Isa. xiv.—that magnificent song of triumph—as written in view of this event, perhaps after the prophet had learned of the death of Sennacherib? Psalms xlv. and lxxvi. are likewise regarded by many as referring to this mighty deliverance, and perhaps xlviii. and lxxv. We can only say that they can be read with new interest in the light of such a suggestion.

It would hardly do to close without repeating Byron's celebrated Hebrew melody:

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen on his spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host, with their banners, at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn is blown,
That host, on the morrow, lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Asshur are loud in their wail;
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted, like snow, in the glance of the Lord!

ISAAC ERRETT.

(Selected.)
OMENS.

The corn-silk tassels on the ridge
Are bronzing in the sun ;
The elderberries by the bridge,
And along the run,

Grow purple through the golden days ;
Barberries by the wall
Glow crimson in the silver haze
That ushers in the fall.

Old ocean dreams in slumbers deep
Of wintry storms to come ;
In far-off mountain caverns sleep
The winds ; the brooks are dumb.

From yellow cornfields slowly pass
The crows, with clanging cry ;
All day upon the orchard grass
Ripe apples fall. A sigh

Escapes the earth at thought of death,
For summer's life so brief,
And, fluttering on that sigh's faint breath,
Falls down the first red leaf.

ANNIE M. LIBBY.

399

TALE OF A PIONEER CHURCH.

CHAPTER XI.

WOMAN IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

So much of this "over true tale" has already hinged on woman's work, and so much more will yet be briefly said about female teachers in day and Sunday-school, mission workers, and such like, that one naturally asks, How does all this agree with sundry utterances in the New Testament, especially with certain passages from the widowed Paul? Requests, too, have been numerous that the author's study of the matter be somewhere set down. For this, perhaps, no more suitable place can be found in the present series of chapters than right here, when the three Marys are so fresh in mind.

Abstractly considered—that is, apart from any thought of certain passages of Scripture, this working of women seems all right enough, but the moment those passages are named, we seem "to weave a tangled web," and to be in the midst of forbidden ground. Is it so, then, that our "common sense" and the Scriptures are at war? Or have we failed to do the Bible justice? There is room here for a fair-sized volume of discussion, and yet a few pages can give us

the key to the situation. If we but learn to distinguish between general principles in their untrammelled workings and particular applications of those principles under special or transient circumstances, all will be clear and easy.

Thus, it is a general principle that "ye were bought with a price; become not bondservants to men" (I. Cor. vii. 23), and yet, in order that temporary social conditions be not handled with violent and injurious haste, so that in pulling up the tares we pull up also the wheat, it was also well to advise, "Wast thou called being a bondservant? care not for it" (I. Cor. vii. 21), and, "Servants (bondservants), be obedient unto them that according to the flesh are your masters, with fear and trembling, in singleness of heart, as unto Christ" (Eph. vi. 5). Again, as a general principle Paul asserted that he "was free from all men," and yet, in adaptation to temporary conditions, he said, "I brought myself under bondage to all, that I might gain the more. And to the Jews I became as a Jew, that I might gain Jews; to them that are under the law, as under law, not being myself under the law, that I might gain them that are under the law; to them that are without law, as without law, not being without law to God, but under law to Christ, that I might gain them that are without law. To the weak I became weak, that I might gain the weak: I am become all things to all men, that I may by all means save some. And this I do for the gospel's sake, that I may be joint partaker thereof" (I. Cor. ix. 19-23).

Must we, for the sake of duly honoring these subordinate passages just named, insist on the continuance of slavery and the dominance of Judaistic conditions?

Or, are they not best honored in being permitted to die, as so evidently intended, at the hands of general principles that are antagonistic to bondage of every kind?

What, then, is the general, fundamental principle of the New Covenant relating to the sexes? Paul states it thus: "*There can be no male and female*" in Christ Jesus, just as "there can be neither Jew nor Greek" and "there can be neither bond nor free" (Gal. iii. 28) under the gospel. Yet here, of course, as in the case of every general principle, there may be and are modifications due to subordinate principles and temporary conditions, so that there may be a wise realization of "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear" (Mark iv. 28). But of these modifications further on.

In full accordance with this general principle relating to sex in the New Covenant, the general law for disseminating the gospel and its benefits is stated thus by Paul to Timothy: "*And the things which thou hast heard from me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also*" (II. Tim. ii. 2).

The verb here rendered "teach" is of common occurrence and is the same as that in the Great Commission, "Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you" (Matt. xxviii. 20), and that where the Saviour "taught" the multitudes, as in Matt. vii. 39 and Mark x. 1. It is also used where the apostles "taught" in the temple (Acts v. 21). Its cognate noun describes even elders in their official capacity, "pastor and *teachers*" (Eph. iv. 11), and the Saviour in His mission, "thou art a teacher come from God"

(John. iii. 2). If, then, females are included in the above passage from Timothy, they have ample warrant to "teach" anything that under the gospel needs to be taught. They stand on an equality with males.

Now, so far as the English term "men" in this passage is concerned, it may be an open question whether it is to be taken in its specific sense of denoting a male as opposed to a female, or understood in the generic sense of any member of the human family without regard to sex, as in the sentence, "It is appointed unto *men* once to die" (Heb. ix. 27). No such question, however, can be raised over the original word employed by the inspired penman. The Greeks had separate terms, never confounded, for each of the two thoughts. Man, in the specific sense, they expressed by *ἀνήρ*, *aneer*, and in the generic sense, by *ἄνθρωπος*, *anthroopos*. It is the latter term that Paul uses in the passage under consideration. Hence the Latin translates it by *homo*, not *vir*; and the German, by *Mensch*, not *Mann*—which terms in both of these languages are just as radically distinguished as those of the Greek, and just as clearly and strongly make it the right and duty of the "faithful" female as of the "faithful" male to "teach."

That such is the fair force of the word rendered "men" in II. Tim. ii. 2, might further be made plain to the commonest reader by a volume of citations where the same word occurs in the original. Two, however, must suffice. In the Septuagint version (Greek) of Gen. v. 1, 2, we read, "This is the book of the generation of *men*; . . . male and female made he them." Again, in the Greek New Testament: "The law has dominion over *man* during such

time as (man) may live; for the married woman is bound by law to the living husband" (Rom. vii. 1, 2). In the first of these passages the word *man* (*anthroopos*) is expressly said to comprehend "male and female," and in the second it is used of "woman," and of course in virtue of her being a *human* being. Substituting this scripturally-given equivalent in place of the term used in II. Tim. ii. 2, we have, in plain English, "And the things which thou hast heard from me, the same commit thou to faithful *males and females*, who shall be able to teach others also." And thus, in whatsoever way males are here empowered to "teach," females are also so empowered.

In full accord with this general law was the New Testament practice, wherever circumstances would permit. Women were endowed with the gift of prophecy: "Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, . . . yea, on my servants and on my handmaidens in those days will I pour forth of my Spirit; and they shall prophesy" (Acts ii. 17, 18). This is a quotation from Joel, and marks the advance in the New Covenant over the Old. And so the four daughters of the evangelist Philip "did prophesy" (Acts xxi. 9). "But he that prophesieth speaketh unto men (males only?!) edification, and comfort, and consolation" (I. Cor. xiv. 3). This, therefore, women did as well as men. And as "spiritual gifts" were temporary qualifications to be superseded by the normal development of natural talents, in so far as they can serve the same end, this work on the part of women was meant to be perpetual. For this reason God gave them talents, and not that they should be "hid under a bushel."

Priscilla and her husband Aquila labored together

in spreading abroad the gospel, and she with such notable efficiency that three times out of the five mentions of their names hers is placed first. Apollos was "a learned man" and a "mighty" preacher, though still in the dark as to some vital points in the New Covenant. "But when Priscilla and Aquila heard him, they took him unto them, and (they) expounded unto him the way of God more carefully" (Acts xviii. 26). Both "expounded," for the verb is plural in the Greek, and the *woman* took the lead in "teaching" this *man*!

So also we read, "I exhort Euodia, and I exhort Syntyche, to be of the same mind in the Lord. Yea, I beseech thee also, true yokefellow, help these women, for they labored with me in the gospel" (Phil. iv. 2, 3). Here are female gospelers still further commissioned to promote the gospel with one soul, and a man is asked to be their servant! They were the "Marys" of Philippi.

Such also at Rome were Tryphæna and Tryphosa, "who labor (present tense, work going on) in the Lord;" and "Persis the beloved, who labored *much* in the Lord" (Rom. xvi. 12).

Pliny was appointed Proprætor of Bithynia and Pontus by the Emperor Trajan, A. D. 103, and died A. D. 107. In the discharge of his office, a part of which was to maintain the pagan faith, he persecuted Christians, and wrote to his chief, "Having heard so much, I deemed it the more necessary to ascertain the truth by putting to the torture two women-servants who were called *deaconesses* (ministræ)." There were, then, deaconesses in that early age of the church not far from

the place where the apostle John had so recently died, as there continued to be in the Greek Church up to the thirteenth century. This fact both agrees with and is a comment on Romans xvi. 1, 2: "I commend unto you Phœbe our sister, who is a servant (margin and Greek, deaconess) of the church that is at Cenchreæ: that ye receive her in the Lord, worthily of saints, and that ye assist her in whatsoever matter she may have need of you." The word here rendered "servant" in the body of the text and "deaconess" in the margin, is the identical word that is rendered "deacons" in I. Tim. iii. 8 and Phil. i. 1, where it describes officers in the church, and so leaves no reasonable doubt of the official character of Phœbe. Hence we can understand why the whole church at Rome was by apostolic injunction placed at her command. Indeed, there is more in this word than people are commonly ready to receive. Outside of the gospels it is used alone by Paul, and that twenty-two times. It is generally rendered "minister" and is used to describe Christ in His work (Rom. xv. 8; Gal. ii. 17), and the evangelist in his business, as in I. Tim. iv. 6; I. Thess. iii. 2; II. Cor. xi. 23; Eph. vi. 21; Col. iv. 7, and numerous other places. It is therefore by no means confined to (if ever in the epistles, when referring to Christians, it denotes) mere secular functions. Such an enlarged view of the scope of the word would justify the demands made by Paul of the Romans in behalf of Phœbe of Cenchreæ, who had evidently gone on an important mission to them, similar, perhaps, to that of "deacon" Timothy to Ephesus (I. Tim. iv. 6) or of "deacons" Paul and Apollos to Corinth (I. Cor. iii. 5). "Similar" is the word, for Timothy was

a "deacon of Christ" while Phœbe was a "deaconess of the church."*

Female deacons are provided for in I. Tim. iii. 11, which in the Revision correctly reads, "Women in like manner must be grave, not slanderers, temperate, faithful in all things." Up to the time of the Reformation there were but two different views taken of this passage, namely, either that it speaks of women in general or else of deaconesses. Since then a third view has sprung up which makes them the wives of deacons, and the fourth view holds that they are both the wives of deacons and at the same time also deaconesses. But they were certainly not merely women in general, for they are named in the midst of the discussion of church officers, a most inappropriate place for such mention, to say nothing of the officer-like qualifications demanded of them. Nor were they mere wives of officers, as Calvin first and others after him held, for in that case the passage would make requirements of the wives of deacons (for it is in the discussion of deacons that this mention occurs) that it does not make of the wives of elders. This view is also condemned by the Vulgate Latin which translates by *mulieres*, women, and not *uxores*, wives. So also Wycliff renders it "wymmen." They were, hence, female deacons, deaconesses, such as Phœbe was. If at the same time it had been intended to say that they were also the wives of deacons this could have been easily done by some qualifying word.

* "The term *deacon* originally included all public servants whatever, though now most commonly confined to one or two classes; and improperly, no doubt, to those only who attend to the mere temporal interests of the community."—A. CAMPBELL, *Christian System*, p. 79.

"From this passage (Rom. xvi. 1), as well as from I. Tim. iii. 11, it appears that females were constituted deaconesses in the primitive church."—A. CAMPBELL, *Millennial Harbinger*, 1835, p. 507, note.

The fact that this was not done, leaves us free to choose deaconesses from any proper source. They may be selected from the wives of deacons or that of other married men, or from such "virgins" as Paul praised in I. Cor. vii., saying, "She that is unmarried is careful for the things of the Lord, that she may be holy both in body and in spirit" (ver. 34), or even from such aged widows as had, by their past lives, given evidence of fitness for special work (I. Tim. v. 10).

Here, then, we have the outline of woman's work in the New Economy. It remains now that we look at the limitations spoken of in passages still unnoticed.

First, the fact of marriage places limitations upon woman more or less restricted according as her husband is narrow or broad in his views and attainments. She may chafe under this yoke, especially when it is unduly galling, but she took it on herself, and so has none other to blame. Her marriage was like the trees choosing a king in Jotham's parable: "And the bramble said unto the tree, If in truth ye anoint me king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow; and if not, let fire come out of the bramble, and devour the cedars of Lebanon" (Judges ix. 15). The proper cure is prevention: choose no bramble as king, and no inconvenient humbling will have to be done. In the marriage compact, nature meant that an average woman should be assistant to, the "help meet for," an average husband. If any woman be above the average, let her choose a husband equally far above the average, or suffer the consequences of her folly. Such examples are needed to teach others the way of the transgressor. Besides, the duties of maternity, which, as wife, woman has no right to adjure, may largely absorb her time

and energies. If so, that is her first duty, and "she shall be saved through the rearing of children," if she do it so effectually that they grow up in the faith. Moreover, the family, in the Bible view of it, is a unit, of which the husband is the natural head. The single woman, if of age, or the widow, may justly claim the right and recognition of herself as a unit, but not so the wife, save by her husband's permission. Both in Church and State is the family God's unit. It is this, and nothing more, that Paul means in I. Tim. ii. 11-15. (Compare also I. Cor. xi. 3-16.) The words in this passage rendered "woman" and "man" are the only ones in the Greek New Testament ever rendered "wife" and "husband"; and the context shows that they have this force here, whether so rendered or not. "I permit not a woman (a wife) to teach nor to have dominion over a man (a husband)," does not refer to teaching in general, which we have already seen woman may do, but to such teaching of the husband and domineering over him as would, of her own motion and usurpation, constitute her the head of the family. If she have knowledge that her husband does not possess, and he is willing to learn of her, there is nothing in this passage to forbid her imparting it, but every reason outside of it for her to do so. And if her husband consent that she shall assume any public work for which her talent and ability may fit her, it is perfectly proper for her to do so; and this the more, if the church specially call her. Then, if any individual Apollos or church as a whole place themselves under her tuition, it is, by every principle of Scripture and by every intuition of our nature, right that she should

impart the information at her command, and in whatever way that shall prove most efficient.

In the second place, there may be deep-rooted social prejudices and usages into whose face it is not wise to fly. Often the best and speediest way to "conquer" is to "stoop." God gives His light gradually. First the twilight, then the rising sun, and lastly the fervent, glaring noonday. The whole drift of the Sermon on the Mount is to the effect that a more searching morality and a completer righteousness than formerly obtained was now to begin. The principles that formerly were but partially applied in their statutes, must now be permitted to grow to their utmost limits. And yet, owing to the poor soil that we are, how gradually and how little have they grown even up to the very present!

In the Gentile world, not indeed so much among the Romans, but more particularly among the Greeks, and especially at Corinth, none but a wanton or licentious woman was ever seen with short hair and unveiled face, or ever put herself forward in a public meeting. This enforced domestication kept the pure woman in such ignorance that almost any kind of a husband knew a thousandfold more than she. For a woman in that age and those countries to ask questions was to attract undue notice and to offer her virtue for sale. However right in itself, it would have been the greatest folly and sin to have directly and openly defied these customs. Matters may be lawful that expediency forbids (I. Cor. x. 23). For this reason even the Jewish law, which on occasion permitted Miriam, the sister of Moses, to lead the triumphal chorus, Deborah to be prophetess and civil judge, and Huldah to be both prophetess and

king Josiah's instructor, yet as a rule consigned woman to privacy. It was in view of this condition of affairs that Paul wrote I. Cor. xiv. 34-36. The direction, however, concerns only the *public* meetings of the church, when not only "the whole church" came together "into one place," but when also "the unbeliever" was present. See the chapter at length, and compare also chap. xi. 17-22. But even at Corinth in the smaller and more private meetings for prayer, exhortation and praise, when only disciples were present, it was right enough for such women as were gifted to exercise their talents before the men, provided only they did it with due decorum. See I. Cor. xi. 2-16.

But to enforce the special limitations, above considered, upon the gospel-leavened age and upon the changed conditions of our American society, to the neglect of those higher, general principles, would be to completely veil every woman that appears in public, banish female teachers from public and Sunday-schools, retire female editors, curse the finest lips out of the temperance reform and all benevolent enterprises, annihilate female missionary societies, missions, and missionaries, and invite paganism again to our doors. Under such perversion of the Scriptures the achievement of the three Marys would have been utterly impossible, and the work of the gospel would go halt adown the ages, reducing that "golden age," the coming millennium, to a mad chimera. No, no; let woman be what God originally designed her to be—a true "help, meet for man," not alone in secular activities, but in all the highest, holiest, divinest pursuits of the soul.

CHAPTER XII.

A TRIO OF MALES.

It would be impossible, within reasonable limits, to give suitable accounts of the many private persons in the Somerset church having a just claim to such notice. It must suffice, therefore, to select three men, as three women have been given. Nor is this selection difficult, since the Hon. Charles Ogle, Judge F. M. Kimmell, and Judge Jeremiah S. Black are such distinguished names as to be household words in both the Commonwealth and the Nation, and were, besides, among the early as well as lifelong members of this church.

Charles Ogle, son of Mary and Alexander Ogle, Sr., was born at Stoystown, Somerset county, Pennsylvania, in 1798, and had a happy blending of the characteristics of both parents. The reader is in somewhat extensive possession of the mother's side, but a word or two more about the Ogles may well be given. They were of Maryland origin, where, under the old Proprietary Government, Samuel Ogle was appointed Governor in the years 1732, 1735 and 1747; and Benjamin Ogle was elected to the same office in 1798, under the constitution of 1776. There are still many of the name in their

native Frederick county, as well as quite a number in Alleghany county. The Somerset, Pennsylvania, branch of the family, however, is by common concession the most notable. Of this branch Gen. Alexander Ogle, the husband of Mary, is the ancestor. He was a man of six feet two inches high, finely proportioned, with some depth of chest and breadth of shoulders, and was the acknowledged "great man" of the mountain world in which he lived. "No eye ever caught him weary, listless, or vacant; he took no holidays, nor ever knew those remissions of engagement which ordinary people indulge in at the beginnings and finishings of their undertakings." Tonic and sanguine best answer to the strength and fervor of his temperament, a term which has been defined as "a condition of physical organization, a make of muscle, nerve and blood-vessel, and a manner and proportion in their combination." He was a born leader, and so found politics an inviting field. Indeed, he was the father of the Democratic party in this region, the prime mover of the first wagon-road over the mountains to Pittsburgh, and the steadfast friend of education. He had an uncommon amount of that sense called common, because rare. No lawyer himself, he yet had an office to which both parties to a case would resort for advice, and, no matter who was their lawyer, would go on with their suit or stop it according as the General advised. Such was the lineage and such the father of Charles Ogle.

Charles Ogle stood six feet in his stockings, was of somewhat slender frame, had piercing black eyes and dark brown hair, was quick of motion, fluent in speech, and a natural mimic, but dignified. He looked like his mother, but partook of the nature of both parents. It

required an occasion to light the fire of his nature, but then it rose and swept on like an ocean of flame through a forest of pine. Like all men of his day, except the Dunkards and Omish, he shaved clean. His schooling was somewhat thorough, including German, French, Latin and Greek. In those days, when as yet Greek lexicons were defined only in Latin, the Roman tongue held the gateway to Greece, and was the door through which he accompanied Homer to the siege of Troy. He was educated for the bar, and became an eminent and successful lawyer. The most competent judge, both by reason of intimate personal knowledge and extensive acquaintance abroad, Jeremiah S. Black, said of Chauncey Forward and Charles Ogle, that as lawyers they had no equals in their day, and certainly no superiors anywhere in the United States.

Like his father, Charles Ogle was a Democrat, and in 1824, and again in 1828, worked and voted for Jackson in the name of "retrenchment and reform." But as the Masonic question loomed up in politics, he became the chief warrior among the Anti-Masons, so that for a time he was even obliged to have a body-guard to insure personal safety. That warfare having spent its fury by 1836, he then gave his strength as a National Republican to the cause of Gen. Wm. Henry Harrison as against Van Buren, and under the title of Whig renewed and won the battle for the same leader in 1840. He sat in the House of Representatives*

* Benton, in his "Thirty Years' View," but little more than mentions Ogle's name, and so apparently contradicts the rank here assigned to him. But the reason of Benton's silence may find an explanation in the fact that Ogle convicted him of having written, for political purposes, to the Richmond *Enquirer*, under date of Jan. 1, 1827, as follows: "This being the day on which the President's house is thrown open to all visitors, I went, among others, to pay my respects to him, or, rather, I should fairly confess, I went to see the East Room, for the fur-

from 1837 to 1841, and was reelected for the Congress of that fall, but prevented by death from taking his seat. On the floor of that House, April 14, 1840, he delivered his celebrated "Spoon Speech," which in different languages went like wildfire throughout the land, and elected Harrison. The House being in the Committee of the Whole on the bill making appropriations for the civil and diplomatic expenses of the government for the year 1840, Mr. Ogle moved to amend the bill by striking out the clause which appropriated three thousand six hundred and sixty dollars for alterations and repairs of the President's house and furniture, etc., etc. He considered it a very important item, not as to the amount, but as to the principle involved in it of wasting the people's hard earnings for the extravagant benefit of a public servant already well salaried. Then for nearly five hours he showed from original vouchers and public records the enormous extravagance of the White House, from its most princely outlays down to its "golden spoons." The next day, in two shorter speeches, he considered the aristocratic doings of Van Buren and the life and public services of Gen. Harrison. The three speeches together took some ten hours or more in their delivery, showed such a wealth of information, such a diligence of research, and such a striking way of putting things, that as

nishing of which we had voted twenty-five thousand dollars at the last session of Congress. I was anxious to see how that amount of furniture could be stowed away in a single room, and my curiosity was fully satisfied. It was truly a *gorgeous sight* to behold, but had too much the look of *regal magnificence* to be perfectly agreeable to my old republican feelings." Instead of this being the case, Ogle showed that the *U. S. Telegraph* of Aug. 1, 1829, Jackson's official organ, represents the East Room as then still "unfurnished," and that the *New York Courier and Enquirer* of November, 1820, speaks of that room as being "full of cobwebs, a few old chairs, lumbering benches, broken glass," and needing still to be furnished.

campaign documents they were effectual, and are to this day treasured by Whigs of the olden time. On the stump also, which he took in Harrison's interests, his eloquence and effectiveness ranked above that of the "irresistible Tom Corwin." Judge F. M. Kimmell pronounces Ogle "the most eloquent man I ever listened to."

The exposure of that campaign to all kinds of weather settled in quick consumption, and caused his death on May 10, 1841, just as his sun was reaching the fairest parts of his skies.

At home he was so thronged with business that his team would often stand for hours before his office before he could get away to drive to his large farm near town, his furnace near Forwardstown, or his coal lands along the Alleghenies.

He was joined in marriage to Emily Posthlehwaite, sister of Eld. Wm. H. Posthlehwaite, a woman of rare gifts and talents, and a most estimable lady, who became a Christian with him at the great meeting of 1829, and who survived him many years to bless the church with her noble example and Christian activity.

Ogle's house was the welcome home of preachers and the place where country people generally found ready hospitality. The seekers of charity did not go empty from his door, and the poor knew where to find a benefactor. Money for the spread of the gospel and other needs of the church was not publicly named in those days, but men like Ogle quietly put their hands into their pockets and met every need. Save on extraordinary occasions, he took no public part in religious meetings, but rejoiced in every triumph of the gospel. He clapped his hands for joy, and said, "Now we will

have a pastor indeed," when so noble a friend of his as Chauncey Forward determined to devote himself to the preaching of the Word in and about Somerset. Once only he attempted to lead in public prayer, but found his best endeavor so self-embarrassing before his great conception of the Infinite One, that never again could he be induced to a like public effort.

In his death a star of no mean magnitude was lost from the earthly firmament at the time of rising into its finest glory. But the luster of such a life and name found on the records of Christianity can but gild them with ennobling beauty.

Judge Francis M. Kimmell was born in the village of Berlin, Somerset county, Pennsylvania, in the year 1816. He is of medium height and heavy set, has light hair and blue eyes. His father, Jacob Kimmell, kept store, and served twenty years as Justice of the Peace. The family belonged to the (German) Reformed Church, though after the father's death, Frank brought the mother and most of the other children over to the Disciple faith. Of this family are all the Kimmells now connected with the Somerset church, including Miss Belle Kimmell, sister of the Judge, and so well and favorably known throughout the State. While at home, Frank Kimmell received only a common school education. In January, 1836, and again in 1839, Jacob Kimmell was commissioned Register and Recorder and Clerk of Orphans' Court, and sent his son to fill these offices, which brought him to Somerset on February 4, 1836, where he remained till March 20, 1862, when he moved to Chambersburg, Pa. There he still lives, but holds his membership here, there being no Christian church at that place.

Constantly coming in contact with Disciples here, he could not help weighing their plea and finally expressing his entire assent thereto by being immersed in April, 1839. Wesley Lanphear boarded at the same place with him, and was perhaps the first to give him light on the matter, though Forward finally baptized him. In May, 1841, he was married to Mary Ogle, daughter of "Aunt Charlotte," and granddaughter of *the* Mary Ogle. His wife died in September, 1843, and the babe seven months afterwards. In 1844, he married Phoebe Jane, daughter of Chauncey Forward, who still shares life with him. Of this last union there are five children on earth and one in heaven.

Being desirous of becoming a lawyer, Mr. Kimmell snatched enough time from his clerkship to read law with Jeremiah S. Black, and was examined by Chauncey Forward and Charles Ogle, being admitted to practice March 19, 1839. He became one of the most able and active members of the Somerset bar. In 1851, he ran as an independent Whig candidate for President Judge of the sixteenth judicial district, then composed of Franklin, Fulton, Bedford, and Somerset counties. He was elected by a large majority, and served the full term of ten years, winning an enviable reputation. Cases appealed from his decision were seldom reversed by the Superior Court. While yet a student of law, he one day ventured to take a seat inside of the bar, during a session of court, and an old lawyer abruptly asked him what he was doing there. The answer came later on, when that same lawyer was glad to practice before him and call him "his honor."

During all his stay at Somerset he took a lively and active interest in Christianity. When there was no

regular preaching it was common for him to read a chapter of the Bible and comment on it, or deliver an exhortation. He was just in his element when outside of church-hours he could talk to any one about the Master and His cause. He was often asked to exercise his talents abroad, but always declined. In the summer of 1858, however, he consented to preach at Stoystown, provided N. B. Snyder and Edward Bevins would accompany him, the former to sing and the latter to pray. It was intended to have the meeting in the school-house, but Uncle Mike Zimmermann met the coming party and tendered them the Reformed meeting-house, which was packed to hear the Judge. Josiah H. Pisel, now one of the Somerset deacons, but then called "the wickedest man in Stoystown," whose wife had obeyed the Saviour in W. T. Moore's then recent meeting at Somerset, responded to the gospel invitation at the close of the Judge's sermon, and was baptized by Elder Bevins. Though the Judge never again went abroad to preach, he often felt strong promptings to do so. Thus in W. A. Belding's meeting, held here during June, 1861, the Judge was so wrought upon by the growing interest of the social meetings that he arose and said, "Bro. Belding, *I will* give myself to the preaching of the precious gospel." Yet he never did. His long legal occupation had become second nature, just as either a life of sin or righteousness tends to fixedness of character.

"I have mingled much in the world," he writes, "and associated with all sorts of people, but the first place in my heart and memory is occupied by the people who comprised that [the Somerset] congregation; and my hope is that when the summons comes for my exit, I shall rejoin them in eternity."

WHAT DO YE MORE THAN OTHERS?

Argument after argument has been advanced to substantiate the claims of Christianity, volume after volume of theological lore has gone forth to silence the doubt of the skeptics, and yet the world, to a great extent, continues to scoff. There must be a reason for this. It can not be because Christianity in itself is deficient. A divine system, it must be perfect. How, then, can we explain the existence of this wide-spread indifference and opposition to Christianity?

The natural tendency of the human heart to love darkness rather than light, may reasonably account for much; but that there is another reason than this, the candid mind is forced to acknowledge. There is but one argument which a skeptic world dares not attempt to meet—the unanswerable argument of an exalted Christian life. This is the one proof of the divinity of our religion that scientists themselves do not attempt to reason away. The Master knew the value of such testimony when He said to His disciples, “Ye are the light of the world.” Alas, that the light is so often darkness!

It is not, What *think* ye more than others? but, What *do* ye? that decides as to who is a follower of Christ. Fine-spun theories may serve to entertain those whose religion consists in going to church on Sunday; but theories, be they ever so fine, will not convert the world. It is living, earnest Christian living, that is

wanted. The various religious bodies all over the civilized world are staggering under the load of worldly, indifferent members—a burden as onerous as Sinbad e'er had in his "Old Man of the Sea."

The line between the church and the world is often so indistinct as not to be noticed at all. What wonder, then, that the world should think it useless to turn aside from aught it holds dear, when those who profess a higher life are walking in the same broad paths of selfish ease and reckless folly.

If the millions who profess the name of Christ were to make that profession good in their daily lives, can there be any doubt as to the result? Could such an overwhelming influence remain unfelt? So then the greatest reformatory power the church can possibly wield is to reform itself. Let us bring the subject directly home to each of us. What are you, brother or sister, *doing* more than others who do not profess to do anything? Are you following any more closely the divine example? Are you more faithful, loving and kind? Do you cultivate a broader charity than *they*? Do you bear and forbear, forgive as you would be forgiven, help to raise the fallen, cheer the faint? Do you sacrifice self first, last and always, remembering only Him who lived and died for you? Do you thus "let your light so shine that others, seeing your good works, may be constrained to glorify your Father which is in heaven?"

Never has there been such a general, wide-spread interest in preaching the gospel to all the world as now. What are we doing, fellow-Christians, in this work? It is all very well to theorize about missions

and missionary plans, if by so doing hard feeling is not engendered and the important work neglected.

The work is to be done. What part of it are you doing? To be a Christian means to give—give yourself, your time, labor, money and prayers for the advancement of the Master's cause. Do you do this? "A stingy Christian" sounds like a contradiction, for the Christian spirit is, of necessity, a liberal spirit.

Yet how sad to see numbers professing to be Christians, abundantly blessed with this world's goods, yet doling out a pittance from year to year toward the support of the gospel. There are too many who economize on the Lord. Fine houses, fine furniture, extravagant living, must all be had, but really it is quite another thing when called on to contribute to the Lord's treasury.

What a privilege to be children of God—heirs, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ! But the privilege brings with it a weight of responsibility—a responsibility, however, which it should be the Christian's greatest joy to discharge. Did we who have named the name of Christ fully realize that the world is looking at us, judging the Master's cause by our unworthy lives, surely we would make greater efforts to adorn our profession. "No man lives to himself alone," and often our lightest, most thoughtless acts are destined to have a wonderful influence for good or ill. A professing Christian is known to do some unkind thing—take an undue advantage of some one—is seen engaged in questionable pastimes, and God alone can measure the harm done to the cause of the Master.

A Christian woman sits back in her easy-chair and turns a deaf ear to some poor creature's cry of distress.

Think you it ends there? Not so. That unheeded cry is sadly recorded above and here below. Some scoffing heart is moved to scoff still more at the abundance of precept and paucity of practice among church members.

We can not all do great things for the Master, but God measures the deed by the motive below it; and there are none but can show forth His glory if they will only open their hearts and take Him in. To have it observed, "Why, I didn't know you were a Christian," is a sad comment on either man or woman. It is not necessary to go forth heralded by a trumpet, but it is obligatory to so live that the world shall know the faith you profess. There is a beauty and pathos in the old song,

"Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?"

that is often overlooked.

Humiliating as it is to acknowledge it, especially to a mocking world, there are too many Christians who, from their conduct, seem to "fear to own His cause," and "blush to speak His name." They will talk with you on any subject you choose, political, scientific, literary, or social, but not once do they mention the name of Him who died to save them; not once do they urge upon friends and companions to obey His will. They seem to think that the pulpit must supply all the preaching for the benefit of the world, forgetful of, or indifferent to, the fact that a Christian life may constitute a better sermon than ever emanated from the brain of

man. They neglect the apostle's charge to be "living epistles, known and read of all men."

Christianity is essentially practical. It should enter into the smallest details of our lives, as well as into matters accounted of greater magnitude. And often, when least we expect it, a simple word or kindly act may be the means of causing some rebellious heart to acknowledge that there is reality as well as beauty in the religion of Christ. We can scarcely overestimate the influence we may thus exert. Let me give an example :

A laborer was engaged in spading up a strawberry bed, and relieved himself from time to time by swearing at the hard, rocky ground.

The young lady who had employed him sat by the window overlooking the garden, and necessarily overheard him.

"I can't stand that," she exclaimed, as oath followed oath.

"Oh, you'd better let him alone," remarked some member of the family. "No telling what he might say, if you go out there lecturing him."

"My strawberry bed shall not be spaded with oaths, that's one thing certain," replied the girl; and out to the garden she went. Kindly but firmly she told the man that she could not permit the use of such language.

"Beg pardon, Miss," said the burly laborer, "but you see this ground is powerful hard, an' enough to make a fellow cuss."

"Beg His pardon whose name you have profaned," said the young girl. "Swearing surely does not make the ground any softer, and I do wish you would give up such a sinful habit."

The man looked at her in astonishment. Evidently he was not used to being so taken to task. For a few moments the young lady talked to him on the sinfulness of swearing, and then left him to his work. No more oaths were heard while that strawberry bed was being spaded.

Six months later the young lady was astonished by a rough-looking laborer speaking to her on the railroad car.

"Excuse me," said the man, politely; "but I wanted to tell you that I have never sworn an oath since that day I worked for you."

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl, "are you the man who spaded my strawberry bed for me?"

"I'm the man," he responded. "I saw that you did not remember me; but I wanted to tell you that I had n't forgotten what you said to me that day, and that I never will forget. You see," he added, almost apologetically, "nobody ever talked to me that way before."

Such a little thing for a Christian to do, and yet no one had ever done it before! With such instances as this coming under our notice often and again, have we the right to neglect these things which we call little?

One of the fundamental principles of Christianity can be expressed in the simple word *help*. It brings to mind God's help to us—it bids us help our fellow beings. There is a great work for Christians to do in this world. Are you willing to help? If so, "What do ye more than others?"

ALLIE B. LEWIS.

(Selected.)

SONNETS FROM THE SWEDISH OF STAG- NELIUS

DUNA.

Deep slumber hung o'er sea and hill and plain :
With pale pink cheek fresh from her watery caves
Slow rose the moon out of the midnight waves,
Like Venus out of ocean born again.
Olympian blazed she on the dark blue main ;
"So shall, ye gods"—hark how my weak hope raves!
"My happy star ascend the sea that laves
Its shores with grief, and silence all my pain!"
With that there sighed a wandering midnight breeze
High up among the topmost trees,
And o'er the moon's face blew a veil of cloud;
And in the breeze my genius spake, and said,
"While thy heart stirred, thy glimmering hope has fled
And like the moon lies muffled in a shroud."

MEMORY.

O camp of flowers, with poplars girdled round,
The guardians of life's soft and purple bud!
O silver spring, beside whose brimming flood
My dreaming childhood its Elysium found!
O happy hours with love and fancy crowned,
Whose horn of plenty flatteringly subdued
My heart into a trance, whence, with a rude
And horrid blast, fate came my soul to hound;
Who was the goddess who empowered you all
Thus to bewitch me? Out of wasting snow
And lily-leaves her head-dress should be made!
Weep, my poor lute! nor on Astræa call.
She will not smile, nor I, who mourn below,
Till I, a shade in heaven clasp her, a shade.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF PRESIDENT G. H. LAUGHLIN.

George Hamilton Laughlin was born December 28, 1838, at Quincy, Ill. He is the third of a family of eight sons. His paternal ancestors were English, and his maternal, Scotch. Through the line of the former he is related to President Madison. Being now in middle life and of excellent physique, his greatest work is probably yet before him. He is five feet and eight inches in height, and weighs about 130 pounds. His hair is considerably tinged with grey, but his step has lost none of its elasticity, nor have his dark brown eyes lost any of their original fire and expressiveness.

His early training was received on an Illinois farm, and his first educational opportunities were such as were furnished by the "district school."

In October, 1857, he entered Berean College, Jacksonville, Ill., but, being dissatisfied with that institution, he left it in less than one year, to enter Abingdon College (Illinois), where he remained four years as student, and graduated with the highest honors of his class, delivering the Greek salutatory. He was baptized in February, 1859, and united with the Christian Church.

At Cameron, Ill., August 21, 1862, he was married to Debbie J. Ross, who has proven to be a devoted wife and helper. At that time he began teaching and preaching, and has since steadily continued in this twofold work. He regards teaching as his profession and preaching as an avocation.

For three years immediately following his marriage, Mr. Laughlin was engaged in teaching in the public schools of Illinois. During the next eight years he was Principal of the Ralls County Academy, at New London, Mo.; five years of this time he also filled the office of County Superintendent of Public Schools. During all this time his school work was supplemented by Sunday preaching. He has done much work in county institutes, in preparing teachers for their work.

In 1874, he was called to fill the chair of ancient languages, in Oskaloosa College, Oskaloosa, Iowa. After holding this position seven years, he was elected President of the institution. After a successful

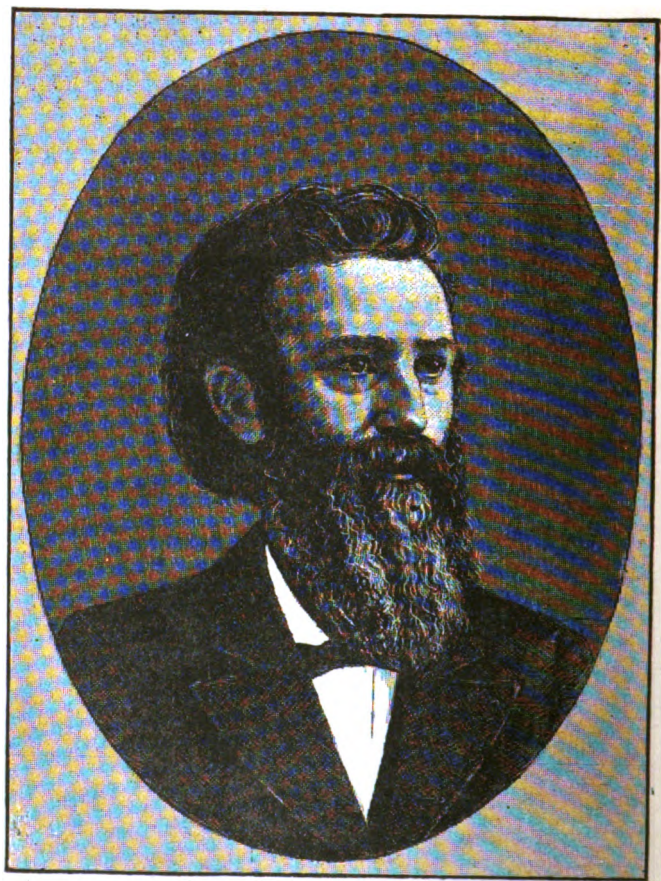
term of two years, he resigned to accept the Presidency of Hiram College, Hiram, Portage county, Ohio. This position he has held for three years past with admirable success, having won the approval and regard of the friends and patrons of the College. He is the recipient of literary honors, having received the degree of A. M. in 1865, and recently that of Ph. D. He is also a Councilor of the American Institute of Civics.

His life has been an active one, and will doubtless continue so until he shall lay aside the armor which he has never allowed to rust. In the midst of his active usefulness, he has found time to write for educational journals, both as editor and correspondent. He has given many public lectures on educational and religious themes.

He is of a metaphysical turn of mind, and is at present giving much attention to the metaphysical and the political sciences. As a minister, he is decidedly non-sectarian, and as a public speaker he is regarded as eminently successful.

He is logical and concise in writing, using pure diction and possessing a style clear and forcible, as well as oratorical. He has so applied his scholarly attainments as to become cultured in several lines of thought.

In character he is blameless, and throughout his life, including a public career of nearly a quarter of a century, "not a stain can be found on his shield."



G. H. LAUGHLIN.

THE HIGHER LAW.

A SERMON.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with **all** thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love ~~thy~~ neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang *all the law and the prophets*" (Matt. xxii. 37-40).

This language contains the answer given by the Divine Master to a lawyer who had asked him the question, "Master, which is the *great* commandment in the law?"

The age in which we live is a triumphant one for the gospel of Christ. Within the walls of our Zion is a steady, intelligent and hopeful growth. Beyond those walls the armies of the Lord are moving on from conquest to conquest, thereby preparing territory with which to enlarge the borders of Zion.

There have been several brilliant civilizations; but the civilization heralded by the advent of the Christ, and developed in His body and by His body, is the most unique and complete of all the civilizations.

The *higher law* reaches far beyond the limits of our visible Zion.

It is well sometimes to consider the worth and influence of the church from a worldly standpoint, from a commercial angle, and from an international view. The minds of thoughtful persons

may be turned into the channel of earnest reflection as to what extent international affairs and commercial relations are controlled by Christendom.

The strongest proof of the claims of Christianity is Christendom itself as an existing fact. The subjective existence of Christ within the spiritual temple, supplemented by the objective existence of righteousness in the visible body, is a primal element in the evolution and development of the civilization of the nineteenth century. A prominent characteristic of the Christian religion, and hence of the Christian civilization, is the partnership or neighborhood idea. There is neither misanthropy nor pessimism in the civilization based on Christian philosophy; but the optimistic view of all things, both within and without the church, prevails. The life that now is, instead of being regarded as a curse, is actually made the medium and the theater for the consummation of a divine purpose, and the preparatory school of a state of being for which, when rightly used, it is a natural introduction.

No religion is so well adapted to become universal as that of the Master; and hence no system of civilization is so well adapted to become universal as the Christian civilization.

The apostles were commanded to preach the gospel to "*every* creature." The idea of the brotherhood of the race becomes in Christianity a realized fact.

"We know that all things work together for good to those who love God, to those who are the called according to his purpose." This is a triumphant declaration coming from those who constitute the church—"the pillar and ground of the truth." This is a voice heard from within our Zion. But the follow-

ing, "Go ye into *all the world*, and preach the gospel to *every* creature," is now heard all along the line from Cavalry to Eternity. While this command comes from *within*, and from the watchers on Zion's walls, it yet reaches *far beyond* the limits of Christ's visible body.

The ancient civilizations exhausted their power, and so died. Imperfect civilizations have become petrified; but the Christian civilization has not as yet exhausted its power, and it is not likely that it will fail to be self-governed and self-propagated. I am now speaking of civilization in its broadest possible sense. Of course many forms of government in Christian countries claim to be Christian civilizations. But it is **emphatically** true that *the* Christian civilization leads. The ancient civilizations co-erced. Christ brought into the world a new ideal for all men. He also brought with Him the elements and forces which, when utilized, would be fully adequate to the realization of His ideal. As the ages go on, the dividing line between the church and the world is more clearly drawn; and the dividing line between Christendom—used in its secondary sense—and the world is more nearly erased. And all this is well and hopeful.

Christianity is distinctively the religion of Christ, but Christendom is only the attestation of Christianity. The sins indulged in in some of the primitive churches, if revived in modern churches, would cause revolution disastrous to the truth.

The higher law was perfected in the ideal given to the world by the God-man—the Giver and the Gift coinciding. There are a few names on record that stand out as colossal figures on the historic page, whose lives were characterized by a noble struggle to reach that law.

It may be truthfully said that pure morals sprang from Confucius, and a lofty philosophy from Socrates; but it is unquestionably true that a pure and undefiled religion springs from Christ, and from Christ only.

The gradual unfolding of the centuries has been like the gradual development in the successive cantos of some grand epic poem. Through all the grades of unfolding, there runs one great central idea, and that idea is the untiring search for truth and the desire for its ultimate supremacy. The precursor to every advancement and success has shown itself in an unwavering faith. Faith is the golden chain that links the known and the visible with the unknown and invisible. Faith has guided the hand of every successful enterprise in all ages and in all countries. The world's greatest advancement in art, in philosophy, in commerce, in literature, and in ethics, has been along the pathway of Christian faith. I take it that the operations of Christian faith are not seen in the church *alone*. The forward movement of law over the world, the possibility of a universal law of nations spreading itself like the gospel over mankind, is a matter well worthy the study of the best and ablest men of our times. The higher law, in my judgment, is not found in international law, nor in codified civil law, nor in the constitutions of the best governments, nor yet in the *formal* obedience to the commands of the inspired word; but in a rational obedience to that law, both scriptural and intuitive, which is the *Summum bonum* in all these. The very quintessence in international law is in harmony with the highest obligations found in the divine economy; for international law, in its purity, is "the aggregate of the rules which Christian States acknowledge as ob-

ligatory in their relations to each other, and to each other's subjects." The law of nations, in very rude forms, is as old as human governments; but the causes which have enabled Christian States to reach a higher point of civilization than any other, have made them the *first* to elaborate a *system* of international law. This system has developed wonderfully in most recent times. A few of the beneficial results flowing from a recognition of and a regard for international law, are the following: Colonial monopoly, which has been a fruitful source of wars, has nearly ceased; the African slave-trade has been condemned by all Christian nations, and prohibited by their separate laws; the practices of war between nations have been sensibly mitigated; and as a system of rules and regulations governing the mutual intercourse of nations, international law has improved with the general improvement of civilization; and arbitration is beginning to be substituted for the sword, in the settlement of national differences.

But the question is asked, "Is the higher law destined to prevail?" This question may resolve itself into the broader one, "whether true civilization built on sound morality and religion is destined to advance or to decline?" An examination of the philosophy of the rise, decline and fall of human governments opens up a large field for the student of history. The evolution of government is certainly no mean question. But we pass this by now, in order to consider the phrases more closely connected with our theme. A nation whose fundamental maxim is shown to be the golden rule of Christian ethics, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," is the heir of all the

ages in evolving "the greatest good to the greatest number."

Our own country, although cursed with the germinating seeds of all possible phases of infidelity, is yet, speaking after the manner of men, infinitely in advance of Germany and certain other European countries. One of the latest declarations adverse to every optimistic view of life comes from the apostle of superlative nonsense, Herr Johann Most. The thing, in a nutshell, is this: "All the affairs of society and of government are out of joint, and need immediate re-adjustment."

Most proposes to kill all governors, presidents and kings, together with all the rich, and lovers of law and order, such as clergymen and judges, and all officers of justice. Then he would rob the banks and public treasuries, and divide the plunder among the poor. All railroads and steamers should be free to the people; and all constitutions, charters, contracts and mortgages should be burned. This is indeed a new gospel. If such a philosophy of human affairs is to be taken as an index of the inner life of any considerable portion of the Germans, then we may safely infer that the civilization of Germany is on the decline.

Joseph Cook strikes a key-note where he says: "The life of the German churches can be described in one word—*petrefaction*." He also says: "Our churches are as superior to the German in their aggressive power, in the preachableness of their doctrines, as German learning, in matters of philosophical and scientific import, is superior to ours."

What a striking contrast between the philosophy of the Pauline epistles and Most's new gospel! In Paul

we have a man whose Christian life was one continuous obedience to the higher law. Even enemies have given him credit for being one of the world's greatest leaders. A distinguished French orator said of him: "Should any one ask me to name the man who, above all others, has been the greatest benefactor of our race, I should say, without hesitation, the apostle Paul." "His name is the type of human activity the most endless and at the same time the most useful that history has cared to preserve." Renan says: "He is the apostle of marching and conquering Christianity." Mighty political revolutions have taken place and governments have fallen, but Paul remains the same great moral teacher of a victorious faith and of Christian freedom and progress. His epistles have not only been the inspiration of the church in all these ages, but they have been the *Magna Charta* of freedom from bondage and the lever of reform in all countries claiming to be Christian. If the church be what the name in the New Testament Greek—"Ek-klesia"—etymologically signifies, viz., the "called-out," it follows that it should maintain its separation in doing at least these things: 1. In maintaining the truth—in being its pillar and ground. 2. In making conquests for the truth. 3. In honoring the truth. The apostle Paul (I. Pet. ii. 9) addresses the "called-out" in this manner: "But ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people; that ye should show forth the praises of Him who hath call you out of darkness into His marvelous light." Such a people as are here described, with the higher law ruling in their hearts and the sword of the Spirit gleaming in their hands, can make "the kingdoms of this world the kingdom of our

Lord and of his Christ." Such a people, with Him for leader of whom Richter has beautifully said, "He is the purest among the mighty, the mightiest among the pure, who with His pierced hand has raised empires from their foundations, turned the stream of history from its old channel, and still continues to rule and guide the ages."

"But why," it is asked, "is Christianity better than any other religion?" Buddhism has four hundred millions of adherents; Mohammedanism has two hundred and seven millions of adherents; Brahminism has one hundred and seventy-five millions of adherents; the followers of Confucius number eighty millions; the Jews number seven millions. This gives eight hundred and sixty-nine millions of religionists against three hundred and eighty-eight millions of Christians, including the Roman Catholics and the Eastern Churches. So far as numbers are concerned, Christianity lacks much of leading. So far as disseminating light to the world is concerned, Christianity is decidedly in the ascendancy. It is standing the test more successfully than any of the religions. A religion, like any other system, has to be weighed in the balances, has to be tested, and if found wanting in the things most uniquely and happily adapted to man's nature, must, at least in the most enlightened countries, decline and pass away.

But in answer, in part, to the above question, we would say that civilization has gone forward more rapidly in Christian lands than in other lands. In the second place, Christianity is matched to human nature as no other religion has ever been. No other religion has so fully met and satisfied the deep desires of the soul. It is the only religion for which a rational primal

cause has been satisfactorily found. In ascending the ladder of causation, the soul moves rapidly from effect up to cause, until it finds a cause which exhibits none of the phenomena of being itself an effect of some higher cause. Then, and not till then, can the rational soul feel content. The Christian system is this ladder of causation, and the God-man, the primal cause, all of whose divine phenomena are without any concomitant phenomena indicating that they are the effect of a higher cause. In the third place, the great victories of the cross have been gained by moral means. The small and humble beginnings of Christianity, when brought against the organized resistance and malignant forces of Judaism, prevailed. . This fact, to say the least, is suggestive of its divine origin and power. Mohammedanism achieved its success by means of the literal sword. Christianity gained its success by means of "the sword of the Spirit." Buddhism has been maintained by coercion and force. All religions have some elements of good, unless it be the Mormon religion. Notably is this true of the native religions of China. But all religions except those whose claim to be descended from the "*Great First Cause*," has been made good, have been shaped in human moulds, and indicate finite authors. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as *thyself*" is a primal element in the new ideal introduced by Him "who spake as never man spake." In the fourth place, Christianity is not only more distinctively individual than any other religion, but it is also more distinctively national and international, in the mode of its contact with government, than any other religion, and in consequence is bringing needed reforms in high stations. "Christianity fundamentally alters the view for-

merly taken of international relations." Christianity feels not less keenly the injustice done by one nation to another than the injustice done by one individual to another. In the fifth place, no religion so fully meets the demands of a rational sensibility as the religion of "the Man of sorrows." The very finiteness of the soul causes it intuitively to seek infinity as its ultimate satisfaction. It looks upon the finite causes found, and wisely pronounces them nothing but effects; but when it reaches a cause, all of whose power and characteristics are superhuman—a cause which is clearly demonstrated to be "the way, the truth, and the life"—then it rests satisfied in the possession of the "*Summum bonum*" of this life, and of the promise of a life incomparably superior to this. The saddest comment to be made upon skepticism is that it has kept many great and morally good men estranged from any sort of recognition of the *higher law* until the gloom of the night of death has gathered thickly around them.

La Plâce, born in an age of religious doubt, lived in a state of mental unquiet and unrest. This great astronomer had often uttered pessimistic sentiments in regard to the universe; and yet in his dying hours, he is represented as saying to a religious friend, respecting the religious status of England: "On this point I deprecate my great organic changes in your system, for I have lived long enough to know what at one time I did not believe—that no society can be upheld in happiness and honor without the sentiments of religion."

Goethe is another example of a man who earnestly sought to find the *Summum bonum* of human existence within the finite realm; and although he was considered by his friends as one of the happiest of men, yet,

"truly," said he, "there has been nothing but toil and care; and in my seventy-fifth year I may say that I never had four weeks of genuine pleasure." Like his own "Faust," Goethe turned away from every emotion beckoning him toward the higher law, to live upon the delights of finite things. He falls far below his ideal.

Lord Bacon's view of man's estate was far better. He said: "The inquiry of truth, which is the wooing of it; the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it; and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of our nature."

The saddest comment upon man in this transient existence, is that he is capable of ignoring the higher law, and of living like Mephistopheles, the cold, scoffing and relentless friend of Goethe's Faust.

England had her Jeremy Taylor and her David Hume; France had her Pascal and Voltaire; America has her Joseph Cook and her Robert Ingersoll. Thus in our most enlightened lands the extremes in the field of ethics meet. Carlyle has well said: "There are depths in man that go to the length of the lowest hell, as there are heights that reach the highest heaven."

He who hath found the useful employment of all his God-given powers, is in possession of the key-stone in the arch that spans this life. It is said to be a historic fact that all civilizations are born of violence. In human governments this is literally true. The greatest empires of antiquity furnish forcible proof in this direction. The same thing is true of modern governments, but in not so great a degree. Our own beloved republic was born of rebellion and revolution. In a figurative sense, the Christian Church was born of a revolution. We are impressed with feelings of wonder and

amazement when the battle-fields of Pharsalia, Tours, Waterloo and Gettysburg are brought before us in panoramic view; but wonder, amazement, and astonishment fill us when we behold that Jewish peasant uttering in the presence of Jewish peasants, on Mount Olivet, this language: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Obedience to this command has established a kingdom and brought about a revolution second to none in the world's history. This revolution was inaugurated in a seemingly most inauspicious place—even in Jerusalem. The greatest battles have been fought upon the territory of the human heart; and here the greatest victories have been won by the skillful use of "the sword of the Spirit."

"Go ye into *all* the world." What does the command mean? Is it sublimity, or is it nonsense? One of these two it must be. Is it the "emanation of a divine soul projecting itself in the shape of a divine purpose, or is it the most preposterous nonsense ever addressed by one man to another?" One of these two it must be. Let us for a moment imagine the Christian monuments of eighteen centuries to be no longer facts, and let us stand beside the despised and derided Nazarene, the condemned Galilean, the carpenter's Son. Think you that the scales would not be upon our eyes, and that we would see anything more than the earthly side of His character? Faith, under such circumstances, would be heroic. Faith was exercised, and the pathway from Calvary to the present is marked by enduring monuments. Viewed merely from the standpoint of the Master's humanity, such a command as this would be the culmination of folly; but viewed from the standpoint of His divinity, it has proved to

be the sublimest language ever uttered upon the earth. In the obedience to this command has come forth a revolution out of which the greatest of all governments has been born, and the grandest of all civilizations has been developed. With all the landmarks and historic facts of eighteen centuries before us, what shall we say of that Jewish peasant, with His handful of despised Jewish peasants? Was the command uttered by a mad enthusiast, or by Him who "thought it not robbery to be equal with God"?

Christianity has been thoroughly tested. Out of the many protracted and profound inquisitions conducted by scholarly men of all ages, friendly and unfriendly, as to whether Christianity be indeed all that it claims to be, Christianity has come forth triumphant. "The causes and influences set in motion by the Prince of Peace, and which have come down the ages, ever leading to a higher civilization, with accumulated and accumulating force, have enshrined themselves not only in the great body of Christ; but have embodied themselves in the activity of the world, until its very face is changed, and the name of the Master, at first the sport of scorn and hate, has become the august, enthroned and revered name of the highest, purest and noblest part of the human race." And here the borders of Christian influence and of Christendom extend far beyond the borders of our visible Zion. International and commercial relations attest this statement. The inhabitants of the world are becoming unified in all of their higher interests. We stand at our neighbor's door, and our neighbor stands at our door. Sub-marine cables are becoming grand civilizers and promoters of righteousness.

Even a cursory examination of the world's greatest empires—the Assyrian, the Medo-Persian and the Macedonian—reveals the fact that they lacked the saving element that characterizes in so high a degree many of the governments in our modern civilization. The great Roman Empire seems to be on the dividing line, so far as the distinction here spoken of is concerned. The advent of the Saviour in the "Golden Age" of Roman literature made its impress upon the empire, although the great revolution was in individuals, and not in the empire as such.

The fifth chapter of Daniel gives a graphic account of the downfall of the Assyrian Empire. The downfall was from a dizzy height. The awful judgment of the God of heaven was pronounced in these words: "God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it. Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting. Thy kingdom is divided, and is given to the Medes and Persians."

The empires of antiquity had not the power of reproduction and self-propagation. The Medo-Persian, with its vast territories, immense wealth and magnificent armies, was destined to pass away. "The brilliant sway of Pericles and the thunder-armed eloquence of Demosthenes, are lost in the gloom of the spreading might of the Macedonian." Notwithstanding the fact the eloquence of Demosthenes had been felt from Greece to Artaxerxes' throne, yet "Greece fell beneath the iron hoof of barbarism." Its glorious temples, master-pieces of art, and much of its literature, have gone down in the night of oblivion.

Next in order comes Rome, in many particulars the greatest empire that ever graced and disgraced the

world. Her wonders were shown, not simply in her clear sagacity and matchless valor, but in her abstract conception of art, and in her skillful management of her armies which made her the mistress of the world. And yet all her grandeur in the shape of "the most marvelous throne that was ever reared," crumbled, mouldered and passed away.

Following further on into the transition period, came the barbarism and desolation from the North. Attila—the king of the Huns—called the scourge of God, stood where Augustus had reigned; and Alaric—the king of the Visigoths—with his horde of savages, reveled in the splendor and luxury of the imperial would-be-eternal city. In all the empires of ancient times, from the founding of Babylon to the establishment of Cæsar's throne, the experiment of man's self-government was a failure. Without the moral philosophy of the Christ—the polar star of all stable governments—the futility and hopelessness of self-government have been most significantly and clearly demonstrated. But in the end of the ancient ages, "and in the days of these kings, shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom which shall never be moved; and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand forever" (Dan. ii. 44).

What a wonderful revolution has been wrought out of obedience to the command "Go!" This word was spoken by the God-man, and it was to ring with gathering echo, with increasing volume, and with unmeasured power. It was to go through all the earth and down the ages; and "obedience to this word was to be the measure of personal character, dignity and

moral worth." And as men, nations and ages have rendered to it submission, so have they prospered, and become established, so have they thriven; so has it been well with them: but as they have failed to render it allegiance, as they have forsaken it, as they have fled from it, so has it been ill with them.

The whole scope of ethics is embraced in the Saviour's answer: "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." Duty is two-fold—God-ward and man-ward. The commands themselves give us the "law of love"; and this law practically carried out, the only way it can be carried out, gives us "love as a law."

The center and circumference of all study are God and man. The data for these two problems given would make all other problems easy of solution. But the data for these two are not fully given. Sufficient data are given to encourage us to go forward in quest of additional data. The triple question of all the ancient ages and all the modern ages, may be thus formulated: "*Man—whence, what, whither?*" Two books—the written revelation and the unwritten revelation—are the fountain sources from whence flow all kinds of human knowledge. These books contain all kinds of problems. Some of the problems are solved for us, to show us how to solve others like them. Some have the answers in the book. Still others furnish us data with which to work, but *no answers*. He who devoutly seeks the higher law, reverently reads both of these books. Thus he gathers data for his triple problem.

In the first place, man knows himself as knowing; the second place, there is a thinker in the universe, because there is thought in it; the third place, there

can not be thought without a thinker; but in the fourth place, a thinker is a person; therefore, in the last place, there is a personal thinker in the universe. But practical demonstrations are not wanting to show that personality is everywhere superior to impersonality. The conclusion follows that a personal thinker controls matter. And as mind and matter make up the universe, master and servant must include all. Again, matter is inert, that is, it can not originate force or motion; if, therefore, matter moves or exhibits force or motion, that force or motion must originate in mind. *That* mind we call God. Matter does exhibit force now and here; therefore God is now and here, since when He acts there He is. Man finds nothing in matter as such, nor in blind force, with which he can claim kinship, further than that his temple is "of the earth earthy." As the body is not the man, he must claim kinship with mind, if with anything.

Paul, in his memorable sermon on Mars Hill before the learned schools of philosophy—the Epicureans and the Stoics—called the attention of these same learned men to what certain of their own poets had said: "For we are his offspring." The higher law everywhere—in both books—points man to God or the Infinite mind, as his *whence*. He feels secure as long as the enemy is unsuccessful in scaling his fortifications, viz., the sacred Scriptures and his intuitions. The higher law invites him to go higher, and he is led to ask, "What is man?" He takes his first and great lesson in the solution of this question as he listens to the Prince of apostles rehearse the characteristics of man: "Thou madest him a little lower than the angels, (or lower than the angels for a little while); thou crownedst him

with glory and honor, and didst set him over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things in subjection under his feet." Following out this discussion to its conclusion, so ably presented by Paul in the masterpiece of all he ever wrote—the Hebrew letter—we find a beautiful parallel between man and the "Son of Man." The phenomena of man are everywhere superior to the phenomena of nature. Man, as an animal, is natural; man, as man, is *supernatural*. But the Scriptures and the intuitions declare not only that man is the offspring of God, but also that he "was created in his image;" and that he is, therefore, his *image*. No higher estimate could be placed upon man than that he is the image of God.

But the third part of this question, "*Whither goes man?*" has provoked the profoundest study of the profoundest men of all ages, and is still the unparalleled problem of our best thinkers. If man were simply an animal, the question could be easily answered. In that event he would have no interest in the higher law, and the higher law could have no interest in him; but as he is a unified trinity, the question is involved in some mystery to many minds.

Long before the grave had been robbed of its terrors, Job said: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though worms shall destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." With Job this statement was largely the product of intuition. It was an inherent longing for immortality—a looking through clouds and darkness up toward the higher law. Greek tragedy is full of the dying faith of Socrates.

Æschylus strikes the central chord of his harp, as

he looks on the fact of immortality; and one terrific thrum of that harp is heard across the rolling stream of twenty centuries in these words: "Blood for blood and blow for blow; thou shalt reap as thou dost sow."

Paul, under more favorable circumstances, and with a faith fortified by inspiration and by a liberal culture in "the deep things" of both Judaism and Christianity, said: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens" (II. Cor. v. 1). Long before the "Man of sorrows" had come up from the grave, bringing "light and immortality to light," the heathen philosopher Socrates, with a handful of disciples, held a conversation on the immortality of the soul—a discourse that nowhere in the range of letters has an equal, except in *Holy Writ*. But Paul is sent forth as a chosen vessel to fortify the intuitions and faith of Job, Abraham, Moses and Socrates, with his positive knowledge of Christ's resurrection from the dead. "But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept" (I. Cor. xv. 20).

It is a hard lesson for the world to know truth when it is revealed. It need not hope to know *essential* truth. Abstract truth must become to us objective reality. When our thoughts accord with objective reality, we possess truth. Divine thoughts and objective reality stand to each other as cause and effect, and are therefore in perfect accord. And here, as elsewhere, the sum of our actual knowledge is so much of revealed truth as has been acquired by intellectual processes supplemented by the gifts of intuition.

Our knowledge and thoughts are *of* thing or *about*

things; God's knowledge and thoughts are the *things themselves*. Our knowledge must be acquired; God's knowledge is original and essential—that is, unacquired. Man's knowledge is partial, relative and incomplete. God's knowledge is absolute and perfect. No other view than this will be found to be harmonious with the higher law.

Honest science does not pretend to give us essential truth, but simply revealed truth as stamped upon nature's pages and proclaimed in the sacred Scriptures. That the earthly house of this tabernacle should return to the earth that gave it, is not repugnant to our sense of the fitness of things; but that the spirit should not return to God who gave it, contradicts an intuitive conclusion. Our intuition on this point, fortified by the Scriptures, refuses to be set aside.

It is evident that the *whither* of man is God-ward. To understand our God-ward duty and our man-ward duty, and to live in harmony with that understanding, is to obey all the demands of the higher law.

The work of the ministry is tantamount, if not paramount, to the other learned professions. Like the valiant Paul, the faithful minister of Christ's gospel, whose life is an embodiment of Christianity and an exponent of the higher law, will be able to say at the close of his enlistment in the Master's service: "The time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all those also who love his appearing."

G. H. LAUGHLIN.

(Selected.)

BY TWILIGHT.

[Mr. Swinburne's latest poem.]

If we dream that desire of the distance above us
Should be fettered by fear of the shadows that seem,
If we wake, to be nought, but to hate or to love us
If we dream,

Night sinks on the soul, and the stars as they gleam
Speak menace or mourning, with tongues to reprove us
That we deemed of them better than terror may deem.

But if hope may not lure us, if fear may not move us,
Thought lightens the darkness wherein the supreme
Pure presence of death shall assure us, and prove us
If we dream.

(Selected.)

ETERNITY.

Up through the ruins of my earthly dreams
I catch the stars of immortality;
What store of joy can lurk in heaven for me?
What other hope feed those celestial gleams?
Can there be other grapes whose nectar streams
For me, whom earth's vine fails? Oh! can it be
That this most hopeless heart again may see
A forehead garlanded, an eye that beams?
Alas! 't is childhood's dream that vanisheth!
The heaven-born soul that feigns it can return
And end in peace this hopeless strife with fate!
There is no backward step; 't is only death
Can still these cores of wasting fire that burn,
Can break the chain, the captive liberate.

THE WHITE CHURCH.*

CHAPTER XIV.

A NEW DISASTER.

Mr. Sarcott sat alone in his large library. He had just returned from the Justice's office, where Jake had been bound over to answer to the charge of arson.

"Now," said the village magnate, as he seated himself in his big chair, "now I will change the language of old Shakespeare a little, and say: 'now is the summer of my content';"—things could not have happened better if I had ordered them myself. Ha! ha! ha! Providence must surely be smiling on a poor sinner. I am afraid he has deserted the cause of old Dad Sales, and taken up with one of the unwashed. I believe the Bible says he is no respecter of persons, whatever the Craggy Hill saints may think. Ha! ha!" And the scheming man chuckled and rubbed his hands.

He finished this performance with a rousing clap, as though emphasizing some new scheme that had suggested itself to his fertile brain. Then he arose, and, lighting a cigar, he began his old habit of pacing the room. Now and then he would stop as he walked, fill

* Copyright, 1885, by STANDARD PUBLISHING COMPANY.

his mouth with smoke until his cheeks were distended, then blow a deep blue cloud toward the ceiling. As this cloud settled slowly, he would fix his eyes upon it with deep contemplation until it scattered, when he would resume his walking.

He continued to walk thus until he had finished his cigar, then, stepping to the head of the stairs, he called Nannie. The bright-eyed child quickly answered his summons.

"Nannie," said Mr. Sarcott, "put on your cloak and run over to Bob Loomis's for me."

"All right, papa; shall I tell him you want him?" asked the child, all in one breath.

"Not so fast, Nannie," said Mr. Sarcott, a little impatiently; "wait until you know my errand."

Nannie looked a little crestfallen, but said no more, as she stood awaiting her father's pleasure.

"You go," said her father, "to Bob's house; if he is not there go to the store, and if he is not there go to his shop; at any rate, find him and tell him I want to see him at once."

The child did as she was directed, and Mr. Sarcott seated himself at his table with his head resting upon his arm. He began his old habit of talking to himself.

"I must manage to get the boy's trial put off as long as possible," said he, half aloud. "I must prolong the widow's trouble a little. She hardly feels dependent on me yet. I know these women. She will be easily brought to consent when she finds it is the only thing that will save the boy from disgrace." Here Mr. Sarcott gave his accustomed chuckle.

"Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall into it; and he that rolleth a stone, it will return upon him."

The words came clear and sharp, and Mr. Sarcott jumped instantly to his feet.

A low, sarcastic laugh that might have been the echo of his own chuckle, came from the outer hall, and grew fainter as the great man started toward the door. It seemed to linger on the stairway, and at last to blend, he knew not how, with the breeze that came from the cold hall below, until, as he stood at the top of the stairs listening, he became conscious of nothing more unusual than a strange ringing in his ears and the low moaning of the wind without.

"Pooh! that's that half-crazy Mary again," said he, looking a little foolish. "I suppose she thinks she has prodded my conscience with a sharp theological spear now. Ha! ha!"

He returned to his chair, but somehow his mental state had undergone a great change. He tried to feel unconcerned—to persuade himself that the voice had not disturbed him—but his actions belied his attempts. His complacency was gone. A vague sense of insecurity oppressed him. The room seemed dark. And why not? for to him it was invaded by the veritable shadow of his own meanness. He lit another cigar, and waited impatiently for Bob.

That worthy was found by Nannie contentedly smoking his pipe in Mr. Dill's store. He received the message with an air of indifference; but bidding the child inform her father that he would come in a few minutes, he knocked the ashes from his pipe and started toward his home.

I will leave the reader to judge for himself why Bob took the trouble to array himself in another and more respectable suit of clothes before going to the big

house. He did not seem to be in a very good humor while effecting this transformation. His wife ventured to inquire about the disturbing influences.

"Laury," said Bob, in reply to one of her interrogations, "it are enough ter make a saint swar ter see the tricks of Jim Sarcott. I know he hez got the deadwood on us, and if I ain't mistaken he will soon hev it òn all Risin' Branch. Talk about yer big men! I war 'fraid enough all my life of Jim Sarcott, 'cause I never got close to him till lately; but, Laury, if his solidness ain't gone ter shadder as I come nigh onter it, I'll never hit an anvil agin. Mebbe he thinks I are goin' ter be his cat's paw without hevin' sense enough ter know it; but you wait."

"Laury," who well knew how Bob had, in former days, regarded Mr. Sarcott, and who knew, too, a little of Bob's habit of boasting, was nevertheless puzzled about his speech.

Bob continued: "I see yer not able ter take it in, Laury; but give it a good thinkin' now, and listen. I've been meditatín' some this winter, and I hev had my eyes open, too. Sarcott are continerly scoldin' me fur not keepin' them Italians inside the traces, yet he are sellin' likker ter them every day; and what's meaner, doin' it all in Dill's name. Here's not a year gone yit, and he's got half this neighborhood in his fist—holdin' of mortgages and the like. One feller hez been about killed, and poor Jeff Stormer are broke up. They say his Mollie are nigh about crazy. And that ain't the meanest. Hè are tryin' his level best ter squeeze the Conways ter the wall, just so the widder will hev ter marry him or go to the poor-house. I feel like kickin' myself ter think I ever got inter his

clutches; but mind yer, Laury, I am not the misera-blest humin bein' in this yer town, as folks hez allus had it. I hev been ter blame gittin' Jake inter this scrape and I am goin' ter be ter blame gittin' him out." At this remark Bob gave his boot a tremendous stamp, and continued for a while to beat the floor with his heel, as if grinding the life out of a prostrate enemy. He then took his way to the Sarcott mansion.

"The old man are up ter some scheme agin, and wants my help, I'll be bound," said Bob, as he walked along. "He'll be apt ter get it, too; but it is goin' to be after my own fashion, see if it ain't."

He had arrived by this time at the rich man's door, and, ushered by Mary, he was soon standing in Mr. Sarcott's presence.

"Well, Bob," was that gentleman's greeting, "we are having rather exciting times."

"Yes, sir," answered Bob, taking the chair toward which Mr. Sarcott motioned. "Things hez been a little lively, thet's a fact; but they are gittin' considerable quieter."

"Have you been down to the widow's to-day?" asked Mr. Sarcott.

"Yes," answered Bob, "and they're in a terrible bad shape. The widder is well nigh sick abed, and the girl ain't much better. They're takin' it powerful hard."

"Of course the widow believes the boy innocent?" queried Mr. Sarcott.

"Innercent?" repeated Bob, emphatically. "Is there any as does n't believe it?"

"Well, I do not know about that, Bob," replied Mr. Sarcott; "of course, we who know him hardly

believe him guilty; but I suppose some do. At any rate, he has been unfortunate enough to get himself accused, and as a result must stand his trial. What do you suppose took him out about the boarding-houses that time of night, Bob? David is positive that he identified him."

"For the life o' me, I can't tell, sir," answered the blacksmith. "In course I can't gainsay what David swars ter; but I'll venture to say if that boy war out, there will some reason fur it come out by and by."

"No doubt of it," rejoined Mr. Sarcott; "but now, since he has been bound over and I have gone his bail, I'll tell you what I want: I want you to persuade Jake to run away before his trial."

"What! and jump his bail?" asked Bob.

"Yes," answered Mr. Sarcott; "I am good for the bail, but I would like to have the boy gone."

Having come expecting that his employer would propose some new scheme of villainy, Bob did not manifest much surprise at this extraordinary desire. He merely asked, "When are his trial?"

"It is set for the last week in June," answered Mr. Sarcott; "about four months yet."

"The old scamp are at the bottom of havin' it staved off that long," thought Bob; but he asked aloud, "How am I goin' ter persuade him ter run off?"

"Oh, that will be easy enough," was the reply. "You see there is certainly a strong chain of circumstantial evidence against the boy. The Italian is positive that he saw him, and so is David. He admits himself that he was out, and gives no satisfactory reason; and they say that he was not on good terms with Mike. Now you persuade him that he is likely

to be convicted, and he will be glad to get away. You may tell him that you heard me say that the Grand Jury might possibly add the charge of attempt at murder to the indictment."

"Thet would be orful," remarked Bob.

"It would, indeed," continued Mr. Sarcott, "and I have good reasons for wishing the boy to forfeit his bail. What these reasons are, will appear in due time. I want you then, Bob, to persuade the lad away. You can do it; and as for compensation, you know I never forget my friends."

"I reckon I kin do the business fur ye, sir," remarked Bob, wearing a smile of apparent satisfaction. "In short, I'll see ter it thet the boy gits away. When do ye want him fur ter go?"

"Any time before the trial, Bob. Perhaps you had better not be too fast about it; and remember—you have not talked with me about this matter at all, you understand. And be sure to keep him away till after the time set for trial."

Bob nodded assent, and Mr. Sarcott showed him out.

The smith took his way home again, in no pleasant frame of mind.

"The old rascal!" he exclaimed, as soon as he had seated himself once more in "Laury's" presence; "didn't I tell yer he war up to some meanness? And he thinks I don't see through it. Laury, look at me right straight in the face. Look at this yer forrid." Here Bob tapped himself on the aforesaid "forrid" with his forefinger. "Laury, I ain't a clear igit yit, if I have ben countid shiftless. The idear of him think-in' that I don't know why he wants Jake ter skip

out!" A look of the utmost contempt settled on the swarthy face, and did not leave it while he was relating the interview to "Laury."

Bob's face remained nearly as dark as the gloomy winter day, that had now almost run its short course.

A great change had taken place in the weather. A warm wind blew up from the south, and, kissing the snow, began to soften its cold heart. Rain began to fall, slacking up at intervals, but leaving the earth wrapped in a disagreeable fog. Drip, drip, drip, from roofs, from trees, from the great coats of chronic visitors who were gathering early at Mr. Dill's saloon. The fog grew thicker, and poured out its water without rising. At intervals the dull note of the hoot-owl sounded in the low forest lands along the branch.

"Whew!" exclaimed Bob, as he crossed the road and took his accustomed way to Mr. Dill's; "whew! it are goin' ter break up, and if the Branch ain't boomin' 'fore mornin' I'll never lift a sledge agin." The smith waded through the melting snow until he had almost reached the saloon door, when suddenly, as if seized by a sudden impulse, he re-crossed the road and took his way toward the Branch. A heavy oilcloth suit protected him, and he strode on with the air of one who enjoyed the extreme dampness. The night had nearly come. The few village lights served but to reveal the presence of the mist. The sound of rising waters fell distinctly on the blacksmith's ear.

"The ice are goin'," said he; "if it should bust the dam at Craggy Hill, we'll git a fine lay out down here. But it are good and strong."

Bob stopped at the edge of the Branch, and gazed into its rapidly increasing volume. Just beyond arose

the railroad embankment, vague, indistinct, and growing more so in the thickening darkness.

Taking off his rubber hat, Bob managed to light a match inside of it, and apply it to his pipe. The sound of rain, the roar of waters, and the signs of a gathering freshet have a charm for some people. Bob seemed to be of the class. He stood puffing his pipe beside the Branch, while the outlines of his figure grew fainter as the night enwrapped him. With no motive but to enjoy the situation, he stood a long time in the same spot, the rain falling heavily from above and the snow melting as rapidly below. The darkness increased as the snow disappeared, and when Bob had finished his pipe it was with difficulty that he could discern the long line of embankment beyond the Branch.

"Hi!" said he, a thought suddenly striking him, "a big flood might make Jim Sarcott squirm—if it should damage that bank over yonder. 'T would n't be no more nor a judgment onter him. He are so greedy fur money! And a mis'able way he are takin' ter git it, too. Do n't make no diff'rence ter him who suffers. Hark! what on airth!"

Bob had been walking slowly through the slush as he mused, and now he paused and listened intently. A sound like a coming thunderstorm swept down the Branch. Bob raised his eyes and looked upward. The rain still fell heavily, but no tempest was in the air.

"Great!" said the smith, as the sound grew louder, "if the road were done I'd say a train was comin'; but listen!"

There was no mistaking that muffled roar.

"It are water! The dam are gone! Ho—o—o!"

shouted the excited man, flinging away his rubber coat and bounding toward the village. "Ho—o! the dam are gone!" He paused a moment for breath. "And it never went of itself with this little rain," said he, as he rushed on. "Hello! everybody! Hey—o—!"

"Ha! ha! ha! hey—o—o—o—!" The shrill tones cut through the rain and fog like a knife. Bob stopped as if a bullet had met him. That was not the echo of his shout.

"Ha! ha! hey—o—o—o—!" The sound was not ten rods away. Bob strained his eyes to make out what the indefinable figure that now loomed up in the darkness might be.

"Oh, ho! ho! listen to it coming. It will wash the money out of the bank. Yes, my money and Jeff's. He's buried it in there. Hurry up! Oh, come on!"

"Did n't I know it?" almost shrieked Bob, as he leaped toward the flying figure.

"Let me alone! I say, let me go!" screamed the maniac. "I know you, Bob Loomis. He sent you to stop me, but you are too late. Ha! ha!"

"We will be drowned!" cried Bob, while his sturdy arm encircled the raving Mollie. The screams of the demented woman, the pouring rain, and the steady roaring of the approaching flood, wrought Bob almost to distraction. Mollie struggled fiercely in his iron grasp.

"He got us to move to town," she screamed, "and he has taken all our money and buried it in that bank. He burned the house to get it, and it's all buried there. I knew the water would wash it out. And this was such a good night! Ha! ha! ha! I put

the powder there a week ago. How the rocks flew! Let me go, I say Bob Loomis, let me go."

Mollie had not half finished this speech before Bob had divined the truth. Crazy at the loss occasioned by the fire, and laboring under a strange delusion, Mollie Stormer had concealed a keg of powder in the dam at Craggy Hill. With all the acuteness of a maniac, she had chosen this opportune night to explode it.

A cool mathematician would not have reached surer results. For miles down the valley the flood tore away the embankment, destroying, in a single night, all the work of the previous autumn. Alas for Mr. Sarcott's plans! He was a heavy loser, and, worse than all, the opening of the railroad was indefinitely delayed.

"I had a terrible time gettin' her ter the village," remarked Bob next day, as he exhibited his lacerated arms to Laury. "If Jim Sarcott hez made anything in enticin' them two mortals ter leave their home and play inter his pockit, I'd like ter see it."

CHAPTER XV.

THE FLIGHT.

How did Mollie Stormer ever succeed in blowing up the dam breast at Craggy Hill? Nobody ever knew. Nobody ever had seen her go up there; but after the disaster, Mr. Dill found, on investigating, that a keg of powder was missing from his store. Poor Mollie was hopelessly insane, and had been sent to the asylum at Carterville.

The blow fell heavily upon Mr. Sarcott, and Mary, his housekeeper, did not lose the opportunity to thrust a spear into his side.

Silent and moody, the great man had just finished his breakfast, and sat tapping his coffee cup with an air of abstraction. It was about a week after the events of the last chapter. Jennie and Nannie had gone upstairs, and Mr. Sarcott was for a moment alone. Mary entered, and fixed her great dark eyes upon him.

"Well, James, Providence must have quit smiling on poor sinners, eh?" A wicked smile played about the woman's mouth.

"Go about your business!" returned Mr. Sarcott,

"and do not be too exultant, my black and tan saint; time may change the twist on your lip."

"Time works wonders," rejoined Mary, with her usual sarcasm.

"Yes," answered the magnate, "and it will work wonders that you are not looking for. I suppose you certainly think that Pharaoh is drowned in the Red Sea now. Had n't you better strike up the Song of Moses? Come, do."

"People will hear the song of Moses sooner than you think," retorted Mary; "in the meantime, defy the Lord, harden your heart, for your stubborn eyes refuse to look ahead to the death of the first-born."

"Yes," replied Mr. Sarcott, "that's a pretty God that you worship—a God that chastises his children, and then hardens their hearts so that they must repeat the offense! I believe in a different kind of God. How like a fool you will look when you see that a temporary disaster has not materially injured my plans. I may be able to cure you of some of your senseless superstitions yet; but I doubt it."

"So do I," returned Mary, emphatically.

Mary had read Mr. Sarcott aright. His mind was in a Pharaoh-like state of defiance.

"I will make things work," said he to himself, half savagely, as he returned to his library. "What's the use of my giving away now and then to these foolish superstitions? I declare they affected me last night. But pshaw! if I can show some of these leatherheads that a miserable sinner can beat their Providence in a fair and square race, it will do more good than all their cant."

Mr. Sarcott had hardly uttered this sentiment, when he felt himself possessed by a vague fear—a fear that

his insolent defiance might provoke some kind of wrath. Yes, but whose?

"Pshaw!" said he, picking up his favorite "Age of Reason," "there is no personal God. Tom Paine killed him dead forty years ago."

He continued reading for an hour, fortifying his unbelief; but when he lay the book down and mentally examined his ramparts, they were, he felt, weak and insecure. How strange that he should still defy the power of God!

While Mr. Sarcott sat reading, Bob Loomis was preparing to visit Jake Conway. The family in the cottage were certainly enduring their Gethsemane. A few of the faithful brethren at Craggy Hill had not deserted them, but alas! in this hour of deep affliction many of their town neighbors withheld their sympathy. Some had even gone so far as to make their adversities the subject of unkind remark.

Strange to say, a friend had arisen whom, in past years, the family had never dreamed of regarding in that role. It was Bob Loomis. So changed had he become in the last few weeks that the Conways could hardly credit their senses. He had dropped his rude way, ceased almost entirely to swear, and never lost an opportunity to do the widow a kindness. It was evident that some influence was rapidly transforming Bob. Mrs. Conway mused upon it, and wondered. Instead of the repugance that his occasional visits formerly awakened, the family now felt cheered by his coming. Indeed, since Jake's arrest, Eurilda had come to watch for him with a certain degree of anxiety. Next to Uncle Joe's, no face was now more welcome than his. To this rude and low-born man, the Conways looked for a sympathy

that no previous experience had shown him to possess. Yes, something was transforming Bob.

On this particular morning, Eurilda, looking through the window, saw Bob approaching.

"Oh, good!" she exclaimed; "there comes Bob; it seems good to see some one from town who cares for us."

"If there's anything that Laury could do fer ye," said Bob to Mrs. Conway, after announcing that he wished to see Jake, "she will be glad ter do it."

"Nothing, Bob, thank you," said the widow, "but if you find any new clew, oh, Bob"—here she broke entirely down.

"Never you mind, Mrs. Conway," said Bob, "this thing is goin' ter come out all right; and now all I want of yer a minute is ter listen ter me, both yerself and the darter there. What I tell yer I want yer ter tell to no livin' mortal, unless it are Daddy Sales."

Mrs. Conway and Eurilda promised, though in much surprise.

"Now, then," said Bob, "yer will be diserpinted, for it ain't infermation what I'm goin' ter give away. All I want of ye is ter give yer consent ter Jake's goin' away fer awhile."

"What! Oh, Bob, where?"

"Be calm, both on yer. I kin tell yer no more. All I ax is that yer trust ter me. I have a plan. Jake will be a clear man, and somethin' else 'll happen that yer will thank God fur the longest day yer live. I want Jake ter go away as if he war skippin' out. Mind yer, he will not jump his bail. Do n't trubble yer consence. I'll see thet he are here fur trial; but I want him ter skip out next week."

Astonished at this strange request, the widow and Eurilda were almost speechless. At any other time it would have been doubtful if their consent would have been given. Their desperate case, however, and their confidence in Bob, led them to give it. And when they had given it, they wondered in their hearts, and were more and more mystified.

Jake and Bob walked away together. The former had just returned from the barn. They took their way across the fields, now bare of snow, but still extremely wet. A few song-birds had ventured, thus early, back to the leafless woods. A few saucy jays were quarrelling in the trees, and here and there a crow cawed from some high oak.

On a dry knoll in the woods the two sat down, and Bob revealed his plans.

"But I can't for the life of me see why I should run away," said Jake.

"Just wait, boy, a little, can't yer? I ain't done yit. Now keep yer ears open. It is plain why Jim Sarcott wants yer to go away. He thinks that, hevin' jumped yer bail, yer won't come back—at least not very soon. He wants yer mother to be as dependent on him as possible. When yer gone he'll visit yer mother, and, findin' her seeminly helpless, will offer ter pay off that store debt at Dill's. Yer know yer have made a big one there this year. He'll do this, expectin' that, as yer mother has given up all hopes of yer help, that she'll feel it her dooty ter marry him, part for the sake of a home fur Eurilda, and part ter pay his kindniss. Now, boy, you go, and when he pays that bill, I'll signal yer ter come back all of a suddint. Do yer take it in?"

"Maybe he'll lift the mortgage, too," added Jake, rather earnestly.

"Never yer mind that mortgage, boy. Do n't try to know too much. I ax yer, do yer take in my scheme?"

The reader need not be surprised if Jake was puzzled over the casuistry that this scheme presented, nor need he be surprised that, being unable to unravel it, Jake, to help his mother, as he thought, consented.

A week after this interview, Jake Conway, with the help of Bob, left the village of Rising Branch at night. The whole neighborhood was excited when his flight became known. "Did n't I tell you?" was on fifty tongues. Mr. Sarcott, as he sought the seclusion of his library the evening after Jake had gone, was greatly elated.

"I tell you what," said he, rubbing his hands and chuckling, "this blacksmith is just my man. He is a regular Michael Lambourne; yes, a regular Lambourne."

"Put not your trust in princes, nor in the sons of men, for in them there is no salvation."

"If that woman is not a ventriloquist," said Mr. Sarcott, starting from his chair, "she is a demon."

CHAPTER XVI.

IN THE CONWAY COTTAGE AGAIN.

Mrs. Conway and Eurilda sat alone in their little cottage. Six months had wrought a great change therein, but not so great as had been wrought in Mrs. Conway's looks. She had grown perceptibly older. Gray hairs were plain among her dark tresses, and her eyes were red. Eurilda, too, was changed. It was visible in her emaciation. A troubled look, that was not made to be carried by so young a face, nevertheless haunted her expression. Six months—it was a short time, but the cloud that had been settling over the cottage was crammed with care.

Mrs. Conway was basting, and Eurilda was busy at the sewing-machine.

“Oh, Eurilda,” said the widow, after some moments of silence, “why am I so impulsive? Why do I not stop to think? I have consented to this strange plan of Bob's, I know not why. I ought to have waited. At least I ought to have seen Uncle Joe. Why did I trust so blindly to Bob, and yet fail to trust more to God!”

“Mamma, do not cry,” said Eurilda, tenderly; “I

am afraid we all trust what we can see before we trust what we can not see. It seems so hard sometimes to walk by faith, as Paul says, especially when we think we see a path."

"Bob has changed so in the last few weeks, especially since that man was hurt," said the widow, "that I felt some how he was a friend in need. He would not do us an injury, yet I can not feel wholly at ease. My mind is in a whirl."

"For my part, mamma," said Eurilda, "I consented to Bob's plan, because it will take Jake out of Mr. Sarcott's reach, at least for the present. Oh, I fear him, mamma. I fear that his influence on Jake will keep him from ever following what it was father's last wish for him to follow. Bob was here a few moments yesterday, and he assured me so earnestly that Jake was safe, and would be in no bad company, that I am much relieved."

"Well," replied the widow, "I have trusted Bob now, and, though I feel ashamed to do it, I must trust God for the result. I wish Bob had revealed his plans to me a little more fully."

"The way people are talking makes it a little bad for us," said Eurilda; "but I believe all will be well."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Uncle Joe Sales. He had knocked, but, without waiting, had opened the door and walked in.

His face wore an expression of deep sorrow, which the widow at once connected with his interest in her own affairs. Her face reddened a little, and she betrayed some confusion.

"I suppose you have come to scold me, Uncle Joe, for letting Jake go away," said she.

"Wal, Amelia," replied Uncle Joe, taking the chair that Eurilda handed him, "it war certainly a queer thing fur ye ter do. If Bob Loomis hed told me of it in time, I should hev protestid; but Jake war gone before I knowed it. No doubt Bob thought he war doin' ye a favor; but I'm sure if ye hed made Bob tell ye the plan, as I made him tell it, ye would n't hev give it yer sankshen."

"Why, Uncle Joe, is the plan so bad that Jake would have been deceived? I do not think he would do wrong, if he knew it."

"No, I do n't, ayther," replied Uncle Joe; "but the case is one as must hev presentid a queer shape ter the lad. All he seed, no doubt, was a chance ter relieve ye of difficulty fur a while, and give himself a better chance ter help ye permanintly. So he consented; but, knowin' Bob's plan, I hope, Amelia, ye won't allow Mr. Sarcott ter render ye any sich help."

Eurilda and her mother were both surprised when Uncle Joe revealed Bob's plan, as he had it from Bob's lips. Mrs. Conway felt more perplexed than ever. Again she reproached herself for acting so hastily. Alas! so many people act first, and then reproach themselves afterward.

"No doubt my looks is what led ye ter ax that question of me?" said Uncle Joe, in a moment.

"What question?" queried both.

"Whether I come ter scold ye," said Uncle Joe. "But I did n't. The truth is, Amelia, while I'm exceedin' sorry about this hull affair of Jake's, I am sorrier about another thing. What has happened is nothing more nor I expectid, and only what I said we could look for. I am only anxious that we do some-

thin' ter check the wickedness thet has begun ; but I am afraid we can't."

Uncle Joe, like many other men, sometimes sought encouragement in opinions that agreed with his own. And, like other men, he would seek to direct such opinion, in order that he might get the encouragement. He felt pretty confident that the events of the last two months would prove powerful helps in his efforts to get the church at the village. His remark was intended to draw from Mrs. Conway a confirmatory opinion. He succeeded well, for she replied :

"O, Uncle Joe! I am sure that you will now be able to turn these events into a channel for good. You can certainly show our brethren now the folly of buildin' anywhere but here."

"Mebbe I will be an instrument in the Lord's hands," returned Uncle Joe, with some complacency, "but it's nateral that I should hev a few misgivin's, especially since Elder Tribbey and them is a fightin' so agin me."

"It is so strange," said the widow, "that Elder Tribbey should oppose this movement so."

"Nothin' very strange, Amelia," rejoined the old man; "he is makin' friends of the 'mammon of un-righteousness,' and he is so blind thet he do n't see that he's standin' in his own light."

Here Uncle Joe repeated to Mrs. Conway substantially the same story that he had told Aunt Samantha concerning what he had heard at Hanaford.

"I told this ter Elder Tribbey, the other day, Amelia, and what do ye think he said?"

"I do not know."

"It's no wonder that I am lookin' sad," resumed

Uncle Joe, "fur in all the years that I've been tryin' ter serve God—and that's nigh on ter fifty—I never had one of the brethren ter question my word."

"Has Elder Tribbey done so?" inquired Eurilda.

"Yes, darter," said the old man, slowly, "he has done that very thing. As I war sayin', I told him what I had heard from McCracken and Wale, and says he, 'Brother Sales, I am afraid the devil has been temptin' ye, and ye hev give way. Ye are seekin' honor from men, and want ter have the glory of leadin' a movement ter build a new church in a new place. Ye hev fallin' in ter a grievous sin. I know yer have, fur I heard a story contrary ter yourn not more than a month ago; and now ye are sinful and foolish enough ter try and influence me by somethin' of yer own git-tin' up.'"

The old man was silent a moment, and then resumed:

"I was astonished beyond measure. But I was more so ter see how stubborn the Elder war. He would n't listen ter me, but became angry, and said it war a shame that I should set up fer a leader in a generation that had growed away beyond my old idears and notions."

"How strange that is," remarked Eurilda. "Elder Tribbey always used to think we could not get along without you, Uncle Joe."

"No, darter; let me remind ye agin that it are not very strange. I know what is the matter with Elder Tribbey, and who is influencin' him. It are James Sarcott; and now, Amelia, a part of my errand here this mornin' is ter warn ye agin ter keep out o' his clutches. He hez takin' away yer horse, so 's ye can't

go ter church. He knew that ye'd never git ter go with Colby Haines. He has Colby where he's tryin' ter git a lot more, and yer among them. He wants Jake ter stay away, and ter be missin' when the time comes fur his trial; fur he wants ter bring ye inter sole dependence on ter him."

Mrs. Conway had bowed her head, and her eyes were full of tears.

"I know what ye are a thinkin' of, Amelia," continued the old man; "he hez a mortgige on yer home; but trust the Lord ter see a way clear out o' this. Don't let James Sarcott git a mortgige on yer soul. Now, see ter it, and I will help yer ter have Jake come home at once. He are innercent, and will be cleared; and then, with two strong children like Jake and 'Rilda, why need ye ter fear trubble?"

"I know I am a fearful, faithless soul," answered the widow, weeping; "and if I had not been so weak, we would not have seen this trouble."

Uncle Joe made no reply. He only watched with extreme satisfaction the attempts of Eurilda to comfort her mother. At last he spoke:

"I suppose," said he, "that we shall have ter wait till fall before we kin have another meetin' ter decide the question of buildin'. I wos over ter Brother Gimler's yisterday, and I see that Elder Tribbey has about got him convertid to his views. Bro. Gimler has been buyin' some o' them town lots; and fer this his wife are ter blame. By the way, Amelia, what fur a foundation is that they 're layin' up there beyond the store?"

"Have n't you heard, Uncle Joe; that Mr. Sarcott is going to build a large hall there?" answered Eurilda.

"A hall!" said Uncle Joe; "ah, yes, I see; he hez

learned nothin' by kerlamity yit. One would hev thought that Mollie Stormer's explite would hev teachd him somethin', but he's bound ter go on settin' snares till he's catched and held."

The old man shook his head mournfully, as he took his hat to go.

"David," said Mr. Sarcott on the evening that followed Uncle Joe's visit, "did you say you saw old Dad Sales down at the widow's to-day?"

"Yes, sir," replied the hostler; "he war there when I come by this forenoon. I seed him hitchin' his horse."

"He is up to some of his saintly nonsense," was Mr. Sarcott's soliloquy. "I will have to go down and make another call. I must undo the old man's work. I must weaken the widow's faith in him, or," he added half aloud, "strengthen it in me." He gave his peculiar chuckle; he thought he heard it prolonged. He listened; "pshaw! it is only an echo." He walked on from the barn toward the house, having given David orders to bring the buggy around to the front. Again he found himself ill at ease. A feeling that what he was about to do was exceedingly mean took possession of him.

"Pshaw! what is the difference? Everybody has to hang his pictures to suit him best. One must manage the world to get the best out of it. And then he will not get much."

"What is best?"

Mr. Sarcott started and turned around. "That girl again! If she would sell her ventriloquism to some traveling show she might make a fortune. This

foolish habit of mine, talking aloud, gives her a good hold on me." He looked about expecting to see Mary, but there was no one around. "Singular!" said he, and resumed his way.

Twilight had melted into night and in the eastern horizon a bright star had poised itself just below the disc of the rising moon. It looked full into Mr. Sarcott's eye, as if to say "I am here; why do you not look at me?" And he did look at it. Who made it? How came it there? The questions came into his mind so suddenly that he almost fancied he heard a voice asking them. There was a voice and it was clamoring at his heart. "Yes, who made them? and yonder moon, and this rolling earth? They are here. They exist. How came they hung thus in space?"

The great man had paused on the step of his house, and somehow his eyes were riveted upon the sky. "They never sprang into being by chance. There is a power behind them." He could not banish the thought nor turn away his eyes from the heavens. "A power! yes, and one that thinks and wills, else why should that star and that moon follow forever the laws of their rising? Why do they hang thus above, never approaching, never receding, never growing brighter or dimmer, except as they follow law?" The fragment of a psalm glided into his mind. He had known it in years ago, and now memory, unsolicited, brought it back and whispered it into his mind. "The heavens declare the glory of God"—and these words were not completed, but were changed into "Justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne."

The rattling of the buggy broke his reverie, and he was glad. "It does make a fellow feel mystified a

little to look at the sky," said he, inwardly. He jumped into his buggy and tried to get rid of his thoughts. "Who made them? Who made them?" kept resounding in his ears until just before he reached the cottage, the sound had changed and he heard only a whippoorwill vigorously calling from the woodland beyond the branch. "Spring is coming," said he, alighting at the widow's door.

"Good evening, Mrs. Conway," said he, as that woman opened the door; "I thought I would quit meriting the reproach of indifference, and call now and then."

Mrs. Conway bowed. She was a little stiff, Mr. Sarcott thought. Eurilda had gone to a neighbor's, and this the magnate was glad of.

Mrs. Conway gave him a chair. He sat down, and remarked playfully: "Well, I see formality begets formality. 'Amelia' sounds more natural, does n't it?"

"Of course," replied the widow; "since you have known me from a girl, I suppose it does." She paused, and there was an awkward silence. Mr. Sarcott broke it.

"Well, to tell the truth, I came down, Amelia, on a matter of business. I am sorry Jake has seen fit to leave home so suddenly. I may say I am both sorry and glad. Sorry for the pain it is causing you, and yet glad for the boy's sake."

"Why glad, James?" asked the widow, quickly, and at the same time losing all her reserve.

"Well," answered Mr. Sarcott, "I may as well tell you a bad piece of news."

The widow was nervous, but she managed to say: "Nothing worse than I have heard, is it?"

"I do not know, Amelia, what new thing you have heard lately; but I know you have not heard this. Dill, it seems, is getting cranky; he professes to think that, now Jake is gone, you will be left without means to settle an account which has been growing through the winter. He was threatening to sue you and attach what little personal property he could lay his hands on, but I persuaded him not to. Now, I am as good at revealing good news as bad. The way I persuaded him was to-pay the debt myself. I have no fears of you, Amelia. I know the debt will be paid in your own good time. All I want is to be true to my habits of business, and have you give me your personal note for the amount. It shall never be collected. I will not ask it in my lifetime, and if I should 'shuffle off,' as the poets say, my will shall be found to order the forgiveness of the notes. A little word more, Amelia. I hope, for the sake of old acquaintance, you will not refuse my assistance for a while, for I tell you candidly, Jake will not be in shape to help you much this many a day. I think, now he is gone, he had better stay. I will see that he enters some honorable business, and under an assumed name he may do well until he can be honorably cleared."

"What do you mean, James Sarcott?" asked the widow, her eyes suddenly flashing; "do you mean that Jake can not be honorably acquitted now?"

"Be calm, Amelia," was the reply; "I do mean that very thing. I have no doubt that the Italians kindled the fire; nevertheless, the circumstantial evidence against Jake is strong. I believe the Italians will let the cat out by and by; but I believe as firmly that if Jake stands trial now he will be convicted. One

thing against him is his failure to explain why he was out at all that night."

"He has explained all to me," said the widow, "and satisfactorily, too."

"Well," rejoined Mr. Sarcott, "the law is a thing so uncertain; and another bad thing is this: our new Prosecuting Attorney is a young man, and unusually brilliant. He sees in this case a chance to make a reputation, and he will improve it."

Poor Mrs. Conway! Fear again triumphed over faith. She recalled Uncle Joe's admonition of the morning; but she was powerless to heed it. Oh, if Jake should come back and be convicted! The thought absolutely terrified her. And yet how should she get along if the boy could not help her, and that a great deal? Alas that Eurilda was gone! Alas that a voice had not whispered to the widow when Eurilda went out, a sentiment like that of Paul: "Except these abide in the ship, ye can not be saved." The widow yielded, and signed the notes. She thanked Mr. Sarcott for his kindness, and tried meanwhile to persuade herself that Uncle Joe was mistaken in his opinions. Though Mr. Sarcott remained some time longer, he made no other allusion to this subject. Shortly after Eurilda returned, he left the cottage and proceeded homeward.

"I think I'll soon have affairs in shape," he said to himself as he went; and he gave his accustomed chuckle. "I must look out for any more crazy Mollies, though."

JUDGE RICHARD REID.

[By request, the following sketch was furnished to us by Prof. J. W. McGarvey, of Lexington, Ky.]

The subject of this brief notice ended his career on earth May 15th, 1885, in the forty-seventh year of his age. In youth he received a classical education. He graduated with the highest honor of his class, and for the next two years he served as a Professor in his Alma Mater. He was undecided, for a time, whether to devote his life to the study of law, or to the preaching of the gospel. He finally decided upon the former, and commenced the practice when but twenty-two years of age. His studious habits, his extensive knowledge of law and of general literature, his well-balanced judgment, and the fidelity with which he executed every trust, secured to him a successful career as a lawyer.

Having entered the church while yet a boy, he allowed neither the enticements of college life, nor the stronger temptations of a lawyer's career, to draw him away from his duty, or even from activity in the church. A faithful teacher in the Sunday-school, a regular attendant at all the meetings of the church, a leader in prayer and exhortation, and a liberal contributor to all benevolent funds, when the years of maturity came on he was chosen as one of the elders of the church, and he honored the office until the end of his days. He often administered religious comfort to the sick, the sorrowing, and the dying. The family altar in his pleasant home was never neglected, and the prayers which he sometimes wrote in hours of meditation and left between the leaves of his Bible, were models of supplication and thanksgiving. His personal appearance is admirably represented by the accompanying portrait. He was childless, but he married a widow (Mrs. Elizabeth Rogers) with an only son, whom he loved and cared for as his own. Two orphan girls were brought up in his house, well educated, and happily married. The current of his life flowed on smoothly, usefully and honorably, and he would have been remembered only as a rare man who had been at once a cultivated gentleman, a successful lawyer and an ever faithful Christian, but for the mournful circumstances connected with his tragical death, which,

while they caused these high qualities to stand out more conspicuously, have indissolubly connected his name with one of the most serious problems of our social and religious life.

In 1882 the judicial district in which he lived, including about one-third of the State, was called upon to select a judge for the Superior Court, a court intermediate between the Circuit Court and the Court of Appeals. He was a candidate for this office before the Democratic convention of the district, was nominated by acclamation, and was elected without opposition. In 1885, a vacancy having occurred in the Court of Appeals, he was a candidate for this position, and it was while he was engaged in the canvass for the Democratic nomination that the assault was made upon him which resulted in his untimely death.

This assault was made by J. J. Cornelison, a lawyer in Mt. Sterling, a member of the same church and of the same political party with Judge Reid, and an avowed supporter in the canvass then pending. On the morning of April 16th he was in the law office of Reid & Stone, taking part in the counsels of Reid and his friends. Mention was made of injurious statements that were being circulated by an opponent of Reid, when Cornelison remarked that he had in his office a deposition in which said opponent had sworn to the contrary of these statements. He invited Reid to come to his office and see it. He did so at 2 P. M. Cornelison met him on the sidewalk, went with him upstairs into the office, gave him a seat, and handed him, instead of the deposition, a transcript of a recent decision of the Superior Court in which Cornelison was pronounced by the Court guilty of a conspiracy with certain parties in a complicated suit, for the purpose of defrauding other interested parties. Reid took the paper, and, leaning forward, commenced turning the leaves of it, when Cornelison suddenly exclaimed, "I hold you responsible for that," and then, with a heavy hickory cane, let fly upon his head a rapid succession of blows which cut through his felt hat, made a great contusion on the back of his head, and bruised to blackness the back of his neck and the lower part of his left arm with which he tried to ward off the blows. Stunned and confused, not knowing what he was doing, Reid managed to get out of the room, staggered down stairs and into an adjoining store-room. In the meantime Cornelison had drawn a cowhide from its concealment in his clothing and followed his victim, flourishing this instrument of shame. Friends interfered, the assault terminated, and Reid was led to his own office stunned, bruised, and unable to give an intelligible account of what had occurred.

We shall not enter into the motives of the miserable creature who made this assault, farther than to say that the judges who rendered the decision declared in the face of it that Judge Reid did not sit in the case, and that Reid had previously told Cornelison that he had taken no part in bringing about the decision.

The news of the event spread rapidly through the town, and Judge Reid's friends rushed to his office. Some were wild with passion, and urged him to take a shot-gun, hunt up his assailant, and kill him on sight. It was even proposed that friends would go with him and see that he obtained revenge without harm to himself. Others, remembering his position as a Judge, and an elder in the church of God, and as a consistent and life-long disciple of Christ, advised him to keep his hands free from blood. Dr. Hannah, a venerable man, a fellow-elder, and an intimate friend, was one of the first to reach the couch on which he lay, and to remind him in brief but emphatic words of the teaching and example of the Master. His wife, too, though she had seized a pistol and rushed in great excitement to the spot, on meeting squarely the question, What shall be done? insisted that he should not shed the blood of his assailant. Reid's own gentle nature, his high sense of duty as a judicial officer, and his scrupulous conscientiousness as a Christian, necessarily impelled him in favor of the latter course, and as soon as he recovered the full use of his faculties, which was not until the following Saturday, he announced to his friends in emphatic words that he would pursue it.

This was on Wednesday. On the following Monday he was sufficiently recovered from the effects of his bruises to make a speech to the public by way of announcing and vindicating the course on which he had resolved. It was county court day, a day in which it is common in Kentucky for nearly all the citizens of the county to congregate in the county seat. When the word was circulated that Judge Reid would make a speech, the spacious audience room of the court house was soon crowded to its utmost capacity, and a speech was delivered which sent a thrill of delight through the hearts of all lovers of peace in Kentucky and the whole country. The question was now to be tested, whether a man who had been thus assaulted, and had deliberately, for the sake of conscience, refused to avenge himself when he could have done it, could be elected to office in Kentucky. Never till then had such an issue been placed before a Kentucky constituency. Never had any man under like circumstances dared to offer himself as a candidate. The result was considered doubtful. True, the newspapers of the State and of the whole land applauded Judge Reid with almost one voice, while men of influence

and character from all the walks of society and from every part of the State and of other states, poured in upon him a flood of congratulations in private letters; but on the other hand there was a deep undercurrent of popular feeling which held in contempt the man who would not "vindicate his own honor," as the expression goes, and politicians of the baser sort know well how to work upon this feeling. They did not scruple to do so.

One month was spent by Judge Reid in visiting the various county seats of his district, making speeches and consulting with his friends. On his return home a council was held in regard to the prospects in his county, where Judge Riddell, the competing candidate for the Democratic nomination, was making a vigorous canvass in violation of the courtesies which prevail in the party. The prospect was encouraging, but to turn probability into certainty a number of his friends agreed, Monday, May 12th, to ride over the county, each in a given part, and ascertain how every Democrat intended to vote. On Thursday morning Judge Reid started to his office in unusually good spirits, and mingled with his friends for a while in his accustomed way. About 9 o'clock he was in the law office of a friend, Judge Brock, and after conversing with him for a few moments remarked that he was suffering intense pain in the head, and asked the privilege of lying upon a bed in the room above the office. Judge Brock went up with him, saw him lie down, returned below, and soon left the office. About 11 o'clock he returned, went up into the room, and found Judge Reid dead on the floor with a pistol-shot through his head. The pistol was near by, and a card on the bureau, on which were written these words: "Mad! Mad! forgive me, dear wife, and love to the boy." The coroner's jury rendered the verdict that "he came to death by his own hand."

We shall not attempt, in this brief sketch, to depict the public excitement connected with either the assault, the death, or the funeral. It is sufficient to say, that never, in the history of Kentucky, has excitement so intense and so universal been aroused by a personal affair.

The sudden close of Judge Reid's canvass left the field at first to his opponent Judge Riddell, who finally received the nomination of his party. But such was the popular feeling in favor of supporting the sentiments of Judge Reid, and such the indignation of many toward Judge Riddell for the manner in which he had conducted the canvass, that Judge Holt, a Republican, and a warm admirer of Judge Reid's course, was encouraged by Democrats to come out as an independent

candidate. He did so, and a district which, only one year previous, had given the Democratic candidate for governor a majority of 6,300, now gave this independent Republican candidate a majority of 625. This shows, as nothing else can, the extent to which public sentiment in Kentucky supported Judge Reid, and the certainty that, had he lived, his course would have been vindicated by a triumphant election. Let it be set down to the credit of the people of Kentucky, a credit which has not been accorded them, that no community in our broad land has the heart to give a more generous support than they to a man who, for the sake of conscience toward God and respect for the law of the land, refuses to avenge by violence even the deepest personal wrong that an enemy can inflict.

Our theme is so prolific that we are tempted to say much more, but the limits of space compel us to desist. Fortunately for the reader who may desire to know more of our lamented friend and brother, the excellent biography of Judge Reid written by his wife contains an exhaustive account of his truly admirable career.

EDITORIAL.

CURRENT COMMENT.

THAT the history of the Israelites is not a myth or legend, devised by human genius, is proven by its exact correspondence with the *philosophy of history*, which was never understood by historians themselves till these modern times of large experience and general ideas. We find them like all nations whose beginnings are open to us, at first a migratory horde. Their nomadic wilderness life was as much the result of circumstances as of divine interposition. After coming into Palestine, they clung tenaciously to their semi-military camp-life, and when at last compelled to disperse, broke up into the chaotic disorganization, of which feudalism is the legitimate outcome. A spirit of feudal independence characterized the long period when there was no king in Israel, and every man did what seemed right in his own eyes. Through all the stages of feudalism they passed to the zenith of national glory in the monarchy of David. What happened to them is what has happened to the different tribes which have developed into the great nations of Europe, and shows that in giving their history the Bible has met the severest requirements of the philosophy of history, and it is

the only ancient history that does meet these requirements.

But it is chiefly in the domain of human nature, in its varied aspects and in its relation to divine government, that we mark the greatest superiority of the Bible to all human science and philosophy. It is here characterized by the same clear insight, comprehensive grasp, exhaustive analysis, and disregard of contemporaneous science and philosophy, that have been noted in the fields of natural science.

The brief account of the temptation of Jesus covers all possible ground, and discloses every avenue by which temptation assails our human nature. The temptation in the wilderness represents all of those which come to us by way of physical appetite and sensual inclination; that upon the mountain, those which come by way of pride and social ambition; and that upon the temple, those of unbelief—the all-including spiritual sin. The first pertain to self—lie in the wilderness solitude of one's own individuality; the second pertain to social relationships in the "Kingdoms of this World;" and the third, to God and his providence. Moral philosophers regard the classification of sins and duties into those respecting, 1, self; 2, fellow-men; and 3, God, as one of their cleverest specimens of exhaustive analysis and generalization. Yet, long ago, an unlettered tax-gatherer wrought all this deep philosophy into a simple story, which, while it shows every avenue of perilous assault, points out the surest means of defense and victory.

Nevertheless, the tempter is often victorious, and man falls before him. What then? Sin, in its nature, consequences and remedy, has ever been too vast and

intricate a problem for human wisdom. Yet how simple, philosophic and consistent the whole treatment of it by the Bible! How clearly is it defined; how faithfully its consequences portrayed; how plainly the remedy pointed out!

Sin is the transgression of law. But a law which can be *broken* is no law. If a ball tossed in air a million times should but once disobey gravitation, away would go the whole splendid generalization. Now, the utter inviolability of law in the spiritual world is never lost sight of in the Bible. Disobedience in one particular, is an attempt upon the whole law, and if it could succeed, would destroy the divine government. Every transgression receives a just penalty, and the soul that sins shall die.

But while a law may not be broken, it may be made to work out two wholly opposite results. All law is "just and good," and if unresisted, works out order, harmony and life; but if transgressed, that which was ordained for life is found to be unto death. The law which drives the majestic steamship, a thing of life and grace, if resisted, hurls her to fragments without mercy.

The law which fills our solar system with order and rhythmic harmony, and the cycle of seasons with glorious pageantry and perpetual delight, would punish a single disobedience with the "wreck of matter and the crush of worlds." Many an invalid knows that the laws of his being, which were ordained for life, have, by transgression, been changed to instruments of suffering and death.

Now the domain of moral law is preëminently the domain of *will*. In our metaphysics it is cumbered with many refinements, but, stripped of those, will is

simply the power in view of a law, not to break it, which is impossible, but to direct it to one or the other of these opposite results. In the face of any moral law, we are conscious of the power to obey and receive the blessing, or disobey and take the penalty. The power is *will*, and of it the parent cannot deprive the child, the king the subject, or the Creator the creature, without destroying his moral nature. So the Bible always represents God as respecting man's will. God's moral law is his revealed will, and while man can not break it, he can, by transgression, turn it to his own hurt.

But still the law is just and good, and it is infinitely better to obey than disobey and suffer penalty. He is a better citizen who keeps the law than he who transgresses, though he cheerfully pays the fine. It is true, there is breaking and mending; disease may be cured, and can not sin be atoned for? But the mended china is never quite as good as new, even with patent cement; the nose once out of joint, never gets quite straight; and it seems that an insulted law never forgives. Is it not better that the laws be obeyed, even though transgression fill the treasury with fines?

Then there is a breaking beyond all mending; a disease that is incurable; a transgression beyond all atonements. In every sphere there is a sin unto death. In medicine, and jurisprudence, and everywhere, remedy, even in the most honest and skillful hands, is no better than a necessary evil, always fraught with dangers, uncertainties and limitations. But this has been the teaching of the Bible for forty centuries. Among the Jews the whole matter of moral remedy was represented by sacrifice; but not comprehending its nature, they

sought to glorify and perpetuate it by investing it with splendid ceremonials. While righteousness was permitted to languish, sacrifice was exalted, as if a city, neglecting all sanitary measures, should glory in physic and surgery. This is the left-handed way humanity has always battled with its ills, and has understood no better than the Jews themselves, the deep import of the words of the old prophet, Samuel: "Obedience is better than sacrifice."

But it is so much easier to indulge appetite and swallow drugs, than to practice self-denial; so much easier to sin and pray for forgiveness, than to live in holiness. A smart thief can steal twice as much in a week as will pay the priest for absolution, while many a sanctimonious man manages to cheat his neighbors out of enough during the week to make a large contribution Sunday morning, and still have a clear gain, which he is apt to take for a clear conscience. The husband cheaply atones for the year's neglect and brutality by a dollar-and-a-half album at Christmas; and the wife remedies her infidelity by a fifty-cent smoking cap. The pious Jew managed to make enough by "selling at cost" to afford a magnificent offering for the stated sacrifice and leave a comforting balance. This was highly offensive to Jehovah, and doubly sinful, for he had taught Israel that sacrifice and offerings he did not desire; and that in offerings for sin he had no pleasure.

Christ's suffering and death was a painful sacrifice; a remedy rendered necessary for sin. But if the *sacrifice* was the chief end of the incarnation, then was the declaration, that "obedience is better than sacrifice," untrue? But what says the Scripture: "Wherefore, when he cometh into the world he sayeth, sacrifice and

offering ~~thou wouldst~~ not, but a body thou hast prepared ~~me~~. ~~In burnt~~ offerings and sacrifices for sin thou hast had no pleasure. Then said I, lo, I come to do thy will, O God." So God, finding fault with sacrifice, the Son had something better to offer—*obedience*. That he might illustrate this obedience in our humanity, a body was prepared ~~him~~; and that the example might be perfect, he carried obedience to the utmost limit possible to us in the body—even unto death. Not that he obeyed death, but carried obedience to the Father to the extremity of a painful and humiliating death.

In the light of this deep and consistent philosophy we can understand those hard sayings of Bro. Paul, dangerous *only in the hands of* ignorance and prejudice: "The Captain of our salvation was made perfect through suffering;" not subjectively, as imperfect in himself, but objectively, as an example of perfect obedience for us. "If we are reconciled to God by the death of his Son, we shall *much more* be saved by his *life*." Here the death represents sacrifice, and the life, obedience, which is greater; and we find that in all its utterances on this perplexing problem, from Samuel to Saul, of Tarsus, the Bible is consistent, and characterized by a wisdom still far in advance of the theory and practice of mankind.

But we have seen that remedy and sacrifice are not permanent elements in grace or nature, and the final resort to remedy is always fruitless. The sick are *saved* by physic, but do not *live* by it; so redemption may be *purchased* by sacrifice, but perpetual salvation must be *worked out*. But the danger of remedy is greatly increased by unskillful administration, and there is nothing under the sun so beset with quackery

and superstition; and this is as true of spiritual disease and remedy as of physical. Cause and effect, which are decently married everywhere else, are here utterly divorced. Warts and moles can be removed by invoking the moon, or rubbing them with a piece of paper and laying it at the cross-roads; while five drops of a black cat's blood (the cat must be killed by moonlight) will cure the worse erysipelas. Those who laugh at the idea that wearing a coin marked with a cross will cure fits, yet have unbounded faith in electric belts and liver-pads.

But we are beginning to understand that remedy must be administered in accordance with the patient. Does the Bible note this in prescribing the remedy for sin? The mental philosophers tell us that intellect, emotions and will make up the whole man. You reach the emotions through the understanding, and the will through the emotions. This is the logical order and cannot be reversed, nor any step omitted. To believe, is to assent to divine truth; to repent, is to surrender the emotions to divine love; to obey, is to yield the will to divine authority; and this is the order and limit of all moral activity. How simply and perfectly is the gospel adapted to our moral constitution, and how little understood by the theological quackery of this age!

THE Bible everywhere recognizes not only the necessity but also the dignity of labor. Jesus said, "My Father worketh even until now, and I work." Adam, even in Eden, was not to be idle. Abraham, Moses, and David were men of toil, and Jesus in his private life, as well as in public ministry, was an humble laborer. Yet, that labor is honorable is not the world-

idea. On the other hand the sentiment has prevailed in society that useful employment is degrading. No matter how active one may be, he is not likely to lose caste with the social aristocracy unless he attempts something useful. The dude may burden his slender legs and weary his delicate hand with a cane, without a sense of degradation, but to carry a basket of eggs home from market would crush his heart; he may swing a polo club by the hour, but to swing a broom across the sidewalk would sweep him into the gutter of contempt. All Snobdom would be scandalized. Miss Flora McFlimsy can drag a long train of dry-goods everywhere, as proudly and aimlessly as any other bird of bright plumage, but to carry a two-ounce parcel home from the store would break the back of her gentility. With her to blacken a stove is to lose caste, but to perform the same office for the reputation of a rival is safe enough; to paint a patch of canvas is commendable, to paint the kitchen floor is menial. It is astonishing how many of the arbitrary decrees of fashion are specially designed to preclude the idea that we could do so vulgar a thing as to work. The wearing of gloves, the carrying of canes, the dragging of trains, the crippling of feet among ladies of rank in China, and delicacy and elaborateness of raiment, all serve the same purpose. If Mrs. Shoddy calls, our wives and daughters feel very uneasy if they are caught with their calico dresses and large aprons on. No matter how neat and tidy, and clean and comfortable, they are badges of labor. If the professional man is surprised in the act of splitting kindling wood, or harnessing his horse, he feels called upon to explain that his hired man happens to be away, or sick, and to call attention to his

evident awkwardness. This sentiment is largely a survival from those old times when the honors and wealth of the world were in the hands of the idle and predatory, and labor was represented chiefly by slaves.

But the Bible idea is leavening the world, and we are coming to see more and more clearly that idleness is the most fruitful parent of mischief and crime. The workshop is the world's moral sanitarium. A man, a party, or a church, that has nothing to do, is a dangerous and troublesome thing. Do not lay out work enough for half a life, and expect to find rest and satisfaction after it is done. When the rich man, whose fields brought forth the great crop, proposed to do nothing the remainder of his life, and have a good time, God said, "I will remove him." Too many are looking for only half of a day's work in this life, expecting to go fishing in the afternoon.

Real progress in civilization is putting all things to work. The Winds must waft sails, and turn mills; the Lightning must leave the fields of its aimless sport in the sky and come down to earth, to carry our message and hold our lamps; the Cataract that used to think of herself only as an ornament to the landscape, and flaunted her rainbow-tinted veil in the unrest of idleness, has been wedded to toil, and sits contentedly by the mills of Minneapolis, grinding our daily bread. By and by the wild maiden Niagara, who has so long been trying to play prima donna in barbarous speech and untutored voice, will be domesticated and put to work. The same is true in the mental sphere. Since the gospel began to be preached to the poor, Eloquence has found that she has some higher mission than to tickle the ears of kings and courts with aimless

rhetoric and verbose philosophy. She has laid aside the soft raiment of the king's house, and gone forth into the wilderness to plead for human rights, and teach practical truth. Poetry has grown tired of romancing in palaces and castles, and gone forth into the fields of toil, "yoked her fancy to a breaking plow." Genius has at last come to be recognized as only a sportive donkey in a lion's skin, and is being taken back to the treadmill where he belongs. So in society, and in the church, let all things be put to work; all forces turned to some useful account. We begin to see that the earth's great ones are servants, not masters. What we demand of teacher, preacher, governor, president, king, is not lordship, authority, but *faithful service*. It is the condition of life in all stations. None can escape its obligation. But service without reward is slavery. This is the service of sin. Its wages is death. The reward of serving God is eternal life.

Surely a duty so universal and constant as labor ought not to be painful. "Labor is irksome," is a fiction of the economists. Whatever one learns to do well he likes to do. To become skillful in any labor is to delight in it. Push labor into an art, and it will no longer be drudgery; and this is as true of farming, housekeeping, or blacksmithing, as it is of painting or teaching. It is God's will that we be useful, and we ought to practice our craft till it becomes our meat and our drink to do His will.

IT is easy for a man of elastic conscience to misrepresent things. It is almost as easy for a man of very rigid conscience to do the same; for things may be very grossly misrepresented when only truth has been told.

There are at least two sides to things, and these are not only opposite in location, but, by the nature of things, in appearance, quality and value. The properties of things are strangely and conflictingly double. It is not that things are hot *or* cold, light *or* dark; but that they are mysteriously hot *and* cold, light *and* dark, good *and* bad, pleasant *and* painful. Every object seems to be disputed territory, and the battle-ground of opposing and contending forces called properties. The old mythologies that allegorized the mighty struggle between good and evil in our universe as a contest between light and darkness, and worshiped the sun as the embodiment of the good, were not wholly silly. Whoever looks upon these belligerent forces is apt to recognize the one or the other side as in possession; partly from his point of view, and partly from his sympathies—often from both. If we are informed of the evil a man does, and none of the good, we condemn him, though the good outweigh it many times. This is the slanderer's advantage. He may persist in seeing only the evil, because he dislikes the man; or because he loves to encourage evil, and so proclaims its presence wherever he can. Still he is a slanderer, a false accuser, of the man.

Much misrepresentation comes from reporting what comes of such partial observation, or from a single point of view. Suppose a being should know nothing of the earth, more than might be gained from a week's sojourn in the arctic regions, in the midst of a polar winter; or in the Sahara Desert; or the barren summits of the Himalayas. How different would his report be from that of one who should sojourn in the luxuriant tropics, or in our own fertile plains and valleys. Much

misrepresentation is more malicious, and is born of a love of evil, and a hatred of a man, a party, a doctrine, or a nation. When we were in our gigantic struggle with treason, there were our "advocates" and our "accusers" in England. The one class pointed out all the good in the present, and prophesied hopefully of the future; the other saw and predicted only evil to us. In its terrific conflict with sin, humanity has for its accusers, its slanderers, all demons incarnate and uncarinate, with the Chief Slanderer, the Devil—*Diabolus*—for leader; and for its advocates, its sympathizers, all the good, earthly and heavenly, with Jesus, the Christ, our "Advocate" with the Father, as leader and inspirer. Our humanity has long been the field and prize for these contending hosts of good and evil.

The marshalled hosts of heaven and hell
Have fought o'er all the beaten ground
Six thousand years, yet who can tell
If either hath advantage found?

Here is abundant occasion for division of sympathies and of prophecies. Jesus is *for* humanity and good; Satan *against* humanity and *for* evil. Where should our confidence be placed?

Again, Jesus is our friend in the legal sense of representing our cause in heaven. We are his clients. A friend to plead our cause is a great boon, in life and death; for who could wish that his enemy should write his epitaph or his biography? It is also important to have a friend at court. He is that for us, seated at the right hand of power. Satan is the accuser, the opposing attorney, who blackens and damages us all that is in the power of his intimate knowledge of us

and his measureless cunning. See how he slandered Job, and yet so wily is he that he cheats us into a confidence in himself. What chance has the accused when his own chosen attorney is ready to betray him? It is even more disastrous than the treason of one's "own familiar friend."

IN THE WORKSHOPS.

GENERAL LEW WALLACE has garnered fame and profit from his "Ben-Hur." Over one hundred thousand copies of it have been sold.

DR. J. E. RANKIN, whose beautiful hymn, "God be with you till we meet again," is so generally known and sung, is preparing for publication a cyclo-pædia of Christian song.

- THE second volume of "Evenings with the Bible," by Isaac Errett, will be issued from the press of the Standard Publishing Company, Cincinnati, some time this fall. We need not remind the readers of the DISCIPLE, who have enjoyed these helpful "Studies in the Old Testament" as they have appeared from month to month in its pages, what a rich treat lies in store for us in the completed volume. The author of the "Studies" will never know in this world to how many hearts he has made the reading of the Bible, and especially the reading of the Old Testament, less of a task and more of a delight.

THE announcement of the visit of Mr. Justin McCarthy to America will be received with general interest, especially as he is expected to lecture here. Mr. McCarthy's writings have been much read in this country, and the great novelist has shown a warm side for the American people. He furnishes a fine example of what may be achieved by perseverance in hard work. His early literary ventures were nearly all unsuccessful, but he held bravely to his purpose, and at last he won a hearing and a name.

FEW authors have been more fortunate in their mode of living than has Donald G. Mitchell, the beloved "Ik Marvel" of literature. Fond of domestic and rural life, he has, in his capacity of "country gentleman," escaped the snares of Bohemia and the uncertainties of a literary career. He has been able to entertain the friends whom his pen has won for him, in his beautiful home and in the midst of his family; unhampered by the routine of office work, he has been able to cultivate journalism as a pastime and authorship as a recreation. It is now thirty-five years since his never-to-be-equalled "Reveries of a Bachelor" stole over the hearts of our fathers and mothers, and filled them with admiration for their author; but Mr. Mitchell began his literary work when young, and is not yet a very old man. Of late years he has written but little, and that little mainly on agricultural topics; but the fine sympathetic quality which makes all his work attractive, will doubtless stay by him till the end. His sympathy with children and young people is especially apparent, and if, as we certainly trust, there are some boys and girls who read this department of the DISCIPLE,

we will venture to whisper a secret to them. If they would learn something of the princes of English literature,—how they lived and what they wrote,—and at the same time learn to like one of the most graceful writers of modern times, let them read “Ik Marvel’s” “About Old Storytellers.”

THE variety of ways in which great authors do their work is enough to convince any one that genius is a whimsical affair, and affects no two persons in the same manner. Occasionally there is a literary man who has a regular and careful method of work; who writes in his study, and at certain times and seasons; but oftener genius drives all order and method out of a man’s character, and bids him say his say in all manner of queer places, and at the most unseasonable times. W. D. Howells is one of the most methodical of literary workers. He writes during a certain portion of each day, and is considered a rather slow writer, as his day’s work only fills one page of a magazine like *Harpers’s*; yet, so regular is he in his work, that he is one of most prolific authors of the day. Anthony Trollope, one of the most industrious authors—one, who, in fact, owed his success rather to his industry than to his genius—used to say that he could do his work anywhere and under any conditions. He had trained his mind and pen to the production of a certain number of pages each day, and wherever he was, whether at home, or visiting, or traveling, that quantity of copy had to be forthcoming. He used to rise early in the morning and write for three hours, at the rate of about a thousand words per hour. Sir Walter Scott was a very rapid writer, and wrote or dictated his marvelous romances

with almost equal readiness under all circumstances. Carlyle cared little where he wrote, so long as quiet could be secured to him. Hawthorne, when his imagination began to work on a new novel, would grow even more than usually silent and absorbed; he would shut himself into his study, at the top of the house, and be almost inaccessible until his plot had worked itself out. His wife says that during the winter in which "The Scarlet Letter" was written, he seemed almost unconscious of everything except the work on which he was engaged. At last he said to her: "I have written a story which I should like to read to you." So that evening he began the reading, which was continued the evening following until the end was nearly reached. Then Mrs. Hawthorne, who was strongly imaginative and susceptible, became so intensely excited that she could bear the strain no longer. She slipped from her low seat to the floor, and pressed her fingers into her ears, saying to her husband that he must cease reading, for she could not stand the excitement. He looked at her a moment, and then said: "Do you feel it so much as that? Then there must be something in it!" There *was* something in it, as the world has since testified. Dickens was industrious and businesslike in his work. At the beginning of his career he wrote rapidly and with little revision, but later on he became one of the most painstaking of writers, and would rewrite each sentence until he was sure that his thought had been expressed in the best possible way. He often wrote until very late at night; and he records the fact that on the night when he finished his "Christmas Carol," he felt so rejoiced over his performance that he went out and tramped about the London streets for awhile, enjoying

his achievement and wishing for some one with whom he could share it. But it was at the dead of night, and the streets were empty. "And then," he wrote to a friend, "I felt so happy that I just went up and hugged a friendly-looking lamp-post in sheer delight over what I had done." George Bancroft is particular about the furnishing of the room in which he writes, insisting that elegance in his surroundings contributes to elegance in his literary style. Frances Hodgson Burnett writes in her nursery with her children about her, and, when weary of using the pen, lays it down and indulges in a romp with her boys. Edmund Clarence Stedman, the graceful poet and kindly critic, gives his day-times to Wall Street and its speculations, and his evenings to literary work, reading his productions, first of all, to his wife, who is, as he says, his gentlest and yet his most exacting critic. The Cary sisters were fond of pleasant surroundings, and they were not without method in their busy life—it would hardly be true to the fact to say "lives," since every thought of their hearts was held in common. Each wrote in her own handsomely furnished apartment, and at certain hours of the day they came together to read their work to each other. So necessary were they to each other that, when Alice died, Phœbe found that the work which had hitherto been her joy had suddenly become drudgery. She threw open the house where she and her gifted sister had been so happy together; she invited her friends into it; she tried, with all the strength of her ardent, hopeful nature, to rally from the shock, and to go on with her singing, even though the one human heart that had fully understood the songs was still in death. But it could not be. The responsive chords were hushed, and

without them there could be no harmony. And so Phœbe Cary passed out of the loneliness of this life, and was reunited to her other self, as we may reasonably believe, by Him who had linked their human lives in a dual existence by more than human bonds of sisterhood.

POT-POURRI.

VANWINKLEDOM itself may rest secure ;
 No new Columbus shall disturb its rest
 By bold apocalypse of unknown shores.
 Our kosmos has been sailed, and tramped, and fought,
 All round ; so marked and mapped so tilled and
 tamed,
 That no wild region of romantic dread
 Remains to challenge hardy spirits ; yet
 The wonders hypothetical within
 That wild-goose paradise, with crystal walls
 And roof of leaden sky, about the pole,
 Still stand, the windmills of the arctic storms,
 To stir the quixotry of sundry those
 Who can not relish this tame work-day world.

IN the dim-lit depths of the sea, knowing only the
 drop-world in which it finds its food and expends its
 energy, experiencing but the hour in which it completes
 its round of growth and falls into decrepitude, a tiny
 insect lives and dies, and is gone forever ; save that an
 atom is added to the vast, hidden reef, that by such in-
 crements infinitesimal, grows on from age to age, until
 at last it overtops the storm-swept waves, and in a

light and air it knew not of, yet blindly sought, it takes a crown of living glory unforeseen, and spreads abroad a new-born continent—a world of nobler life. So have I fancied that we sons of men, so short of life and circumscribed in sight, within this deep and sunless sea of sin and suffering, called human life, by growth and death contribute, each, an atom to the growing reef of a mysterious Providence, which shall at last o’ertop all angry waves, and in the light and air of immortality, beneath the cloudless azure of eternity, outspread, the stable continent of endless life.

EVERY dream-child of Night is begotten of Day,
 Else she would be childless for aye, and for aye;
 And that dreams are still born of mortality’s Night
 Is full proof that she somewhere hath commerce with
 Light.

WITH a chill to our hearts came the words gravely
 spoken,
 And vainly we sought to reverse the decree;
 The pitiless law was insulted and broken,
 And little was left us of prayer or of plea:
 We were only permitted to sob and to cry
 At the terrible sentence that “Taylor must die.”

But who was this judge with such absolute power?
 And who could have been the disconsolate “we”?
 And who the brave Taylor, thus brought to his hour
 Of doom and disgrace by that solemn decree?
 Ay, who was the culprit, and what had he done
 That no place was found for him under the sun?

The judge? It was Father, now long since in heaven;
 And we were two homespun, unkempt little boys;
 The one had seen ten, and the other but seven,
 Of years that show heaviest balance of joys;
 And Taylor? *Our* dog who was killing the sheep
 He was trained and was trusted to watch and to keep.

Long years have gone by since that season of sorrow,
 The one that was seven is thrice as long dead;
 But well I remember we wept on the morrow
 Beside where the treacherous Taylor had bled;
 But I can not make out, through the distance and fog,
 Why we bitterly wept for that sheep-killing dog.

HOW vast is the difference between idleness and
 rest—between sitting down to dread work that is
 to be done, and sitting down to enjoy the rewards of
 work that has been done!

CHURCH members who would rather grumble than
 work will usually be permitted to do so. A
 wide-awake, sunshine-loving Christian would rather do
 a grumbler's share of the work than to be obliged
 to work beside him; and while the shirking fault-finder
 is complaining, another will have performed his task
 and received the wages which might have been his.

TO die, it sometimes seems to me,
 Believing only good of men,
 Were better than to live to see
 How selfish human hearts can be,
 And long for early trust again.

Yet, better still to live to find
 One spirit, even, strong to bear;
 One life that bids us hope mankind
 May one day leave the clods behind,
 And mount the hights to purer air.

IDEALS are troublesome things. They haunt us with their presence. When we pause in our tasks, they urge us to be up and doing. When we are tempted to leave a result half gained, they urge us to complete the conquest. We often wish that they would go to sleep, and leave us to enjoy life without their constant reproaches and entreaties; but they are as hard to lay as was Banquo's ghost. And, however weary we may grow of their company, we would, without them, be but little better than the brute.

WE do not love people for their brains. Brains are useful; they have their proper place, and it would be embarrassing to be obliged to get along without them altogether; but never, since the world began, have they been able to fully take the place of a good temper, a generous spirit, or a due regard for the rights of others. Mr. Greatman has a fine intellect, but, unfortunately, Mr. Greatman is a bear. Mrs. Blue can speak five languages, but, sad to say, Mrs. Blue is a vixen. And every man who knows these highly endowed mortals, knows that he would rather spend an hour with tiresome Mr. Goodheart, who has never had an original idea in his life, or with poor old Miss Patience Plodder, who can hardly write her name, than with either of them. People who have fine intellects may as well make the most of them and be

thankful for them, but with the full understanding that intellect does not take the place of heart.

I KNOW the Summer has gone by,
But Summer's azure tints the sky,
And Summer's timid zephyrs sigh,
And, hush ! I heard,
A moment since, a far, faint note,
Uprising softly from the throat
Of some wild bird.

Oh, what a day ; to which belong
The Summer's sky, and breeze, and song,
And Summer's backward-trooping throng
Of sweet delights ;
With Autumn's wealth of garnered sheaves,
And Autumn's glow of frost-touched leaves
On distant hights.

If, back to life's calm Autumn, days
Like this come ever, when the rays
Of Summer's sun shine through the haze ;
When sheaves of gold
To earth's storehouses have been borne,
I do not see why men should mourn
That they grow old.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"The Evolution of a Shadow ; or, The Bible Doctrine of Rest," is the title of a new book just put forth from the press of the Standard Publishing Co.

It is a superbly printed volume of 292 octavo pages, and is beautifully bound. The author is my quondam colleague in the faculty of Eureka College, Prof. A. M. Weston, and this curiously-christened offering of his is really an exhaustive and thoroughly scriptural treatment of the much misunderstood Sabbath question. Before the reader gets far he feels convinced that the writer has not begun his task without thorough and conscientious preparation, and is ready to give to his opinions and conclusions that weight and credence which belong to the utterance of one who has studied the subject in all its bearings. As a part of the preparation for this work the author mentions that, "when humble circumstances supplied few other books, he read the Bible through many times, from beginning to end." He then very justly claims that "a fair mind, unbiased by early training, willing to believe and apt to understand, will not readily go astray on any religious subject, if his knowledge of the Bible is acquired from reading it in course."

Another feature of the work, which is not only worthy of notice but of imitation, is its literary excellence. The work is an excellent example of clear, strong, readable English prose. It is far above the average, and even ranks among the best in this particular. The line of thought is always clearly marked and easily followed. There is no Queen Anne verbal architecture; no useless coloring; no wild speculation. All is solid, square, honest. It is a good specimen of what the Germans call "objective writing;" that is, the writer has not written much of himself into the text—neither his prejudices, his learning (aside from the matter in hand), nor his denominational bias. The lan-

guage is always pregnant, often epigrammatic. Speaking of the intricacies of the Mosiac Law, p. 53, he says that the common mind without the necessary preparation, "will make little out of them without a guide—with a blind guide much less." On the purpose of the Sabbath we have, p. 282: "We have been unable to think, for one moment, that the purpose of any great institution, which ran through centuries of time, which had branches, reduplications and dependencies; which was remarkably prominent in its recognized importance, sternly protected under the law, and carefully outlined in its history for the benefit of coming generations, could have been anchored in its purpose to the past."

The author's idea of the Sabbatismos of Hebrews is clearly suggested in the inscription of the volume to his "venerable friend, Hickman New, already very near to that rest which remaineth to the people of God," and is fairly established in the argument which ends with this joyous, triumphant, truly sabbatical note: "An investigation which began at the head of the stream of time, has brought us in its conclusion out into the broad, boundless sea, where not a hidden rock nor breaking wave threatens the security of the happy voyager. Such is the termination of any just survey of the word of God, from whatever point of view taken."

CHILDHOOD, BOYHOOD, YOUTH, by Count Lyof N. Tolstoi; translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. New York: Thomas F. Crowell & Company, 13 Astor Place.

We fancy that it would never have occurred to anybody but Tolstoi to write a book like this one. It purports to be a novel, or, rather, three novels forming a

continuous narrative; but it is as oddly unlike the traditional novel as can well be imagined. It reads more like an exact and almost painfully minute record of the every-day events of a real childhood, boyhood and youth, than like a romance; and, indeed, there can be no doubt that it pretty clearly relates the early life of the author himself, though it deviates from fact in many minor points. The translator prefaces the work with a sketch of the author's life, and while there is so much enthusiasm on the subject of Count Tolstoi and his works, perhaps we can do no better than to outline a few of the important incidents of his eventful career for the benefit of our readers. Count Tolstoi was born August 28, 1828, and was the son of a retired colonel of the Russian army. He entered the University of Kazan at an early age, but did not complete the course of study. He lived in the country for some years, and then went into military service in the Caucasus. It was here that he gathered material for much of the literary work which has made him famous. It was during these military campaigns, and while he was enduring all the hardships of soldier life, that he produced his first stories, and that the first part of the present work was written. When the Crimean war broke out, he was transferred, at his own request, to the scene of strife. At the close of the war he retired from the army and devoted himself to literature. He soon took rank with Tourgenieff and the rest of Russia's great writers, and might, perhaps, have won a place above them all if he had sought only fame; but the aim of Count Tolstoi's mature life has been rather to do good than to gain honors. He is especially devoted to the much-needed work of uplifting the condition of the

laboring classes of Russia, and, in order to achieve this end, he lives among them and tries to make himself one with them. He is profoundly religious, and his writings, particularly the later ones, are full of practical morality. For many years Count Tolstoi has devoted himself almost wholly to domestic life, and to the study of social and religious problems; but Tourgenieff, on his death-bed, begged his great contemporary to return to the field of literature, and it is to be hoped that he may yet add to the list of the works which have made him known in many lands.

So much for the author. Of the book, we have already said that no one but Tolstoi would have thought of writing such a work. It is a story of every-day life in Russia, and some of its chapters read a good deal like that memorable diary of Mark Twain's boyhood, in which each entry was a repetition of the statement: "Got up, washed, and went to bed." And yet, despite its provoking tediousness, and the paucity of the materials out of which it is made, it is entertaining. One has a feeling in reading it that the phrase "true to life," has been entirely out of place in all the places in which generations of book reviewers have used it, and that it should have been reserved until now, to be applied, first of all, to the volume in hand. The homely, awkward, blundering lad who tells his story in these pages, tells it so honestly that we can not help loving him, though he gives us to understand clearly that he does not expect love from any one. And the majestic grandmamma, the self-indulgent father, the gentle, beautiful mother, the slovenly step-mother, the much-put-upon tutor—do we not know them all? Of course we do, though we have never been to Russia, and

though all we know of the Russian people could be told on one page of the DISCIPLE. They bear unmistakable evidence of their genuineness, and we should never dare to think of disputing it.

The story here given is incomplete, it having been the author's design to write three more parts, dealing with the mature life of his characters. As the narrative now stands, it is interesting rather as a close and conscientious study of Russian life and manners, than as a work of fiction.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By George Makepeace Towle; author of "History of Henry V.," "Heroes of History," "Modern Greece," "Modern France," "England and Russia in Asia," "England in Egypt," etc., etc.

Mr. Towle's success as a popular historian is so well assured that there is no need for us to say that he has succeeded in the present volume. The same qualities which have made him an attractive magazine writer, serve him well in writing especially for the young.

But let none be deceived by the title of this book into supposing it to be an affair for children. It is not a volume of stories about King Alfred's burnt cakes and the Gunpowder Plot. It is a history, graphically written, and having a rapidity of action which makes it easy and delightful reading. Unlike most histories which are written with a view to the tastes of young readers, it deals rather with the progress of the English people than with the quarrels of the English kings, and war and bloodshed are kept in the background in a truly commendable fashion. The epochs of history which have been the subject of most discussion, and about which conflicting opinions have been expressed, are wisely passed over with the bare statement

of well-authenticated facts. Thus the mind is left unbiased, to come to the deeper study of these difficult passages of history in later years without any of the early prejudices which so often refuse to be shaken off.

This pretty volume, with its breezy narration of events and its enticing illustrations, might well be called "An Introduction to the Study of English History." We feel certain that no young person could read it without feeling a quickened desire to learn all there is to be known of the early life of that great nation on whose territory the sun never sets, and that seems, in its growth and progress, to hold some strange secret yet to be revealed ;—some Providential preparation for the out-reaching of a Christian civilization into the waste places of the earth, and the spreading abroad of the religion of Jesus Christ.

A little care-taking on the part of parents would lead their children into a hearty and enthusiastic love for the study of history ; and with Cromwell taking the place of "Buffalo Bill" on the list of boys' heroes, the police courts would be saved a good deal of work, and the world be made better.

SUMMER HAVEN SONGS: By James Herbert Morse.

These graceful verses have not much that is markedly characteristic about them, but we can imagine that, read on a summer's afternoon under the summer sky, with the summer breeze keeping time to the gentle movement of the rhythm, they would afford pleasant companionship. The author's muse seems to have found a happy "haven" in the heart of her to whom he sings ;—a haven when the summer is perpetual, and where winter and its storms are never even named.

GIRLS WHO BECAME FAMOUS, by Sarah K. Bolton, author of "Poor Boys Who Became Famous," etc. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., 13 Astor Place.

Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton is a resident of Cleveland, O., and is the wife of Mr. Charles Bolton, a gentleman whose tastes are similar to her own, and who has been her companion in literature as well as in all things else. Both are well known through their frequent contributions to newspaper and magazine literature, and last year Mrs. Bolton greatly pleased the public with her book, "Poor Boys Who Became Famous." The present volume is a companion to that one, and deals with the lives of women who, through scholarship or special gifts, have risen to eminence. Among those whose lives are here briefly narrated are: Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mary A. Livermore, Louisa M. Alcott, Maria Mitchell, George Eliot, Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Jean Ingelow. Many of the sketches are made up of the personal reminiscences of the author, who has traveled extensively, and has met many of her famous women face to face. Her outlines are all delicately drawn, and show a fine appreciation of what it is wise to say and what is best left unsaid. To write a biography of a living woman tests this faculty to its utmost limit.

We do not know where there is a better grouping of the lives of the women in whom the world is most interested than in this volume. No thoughtful young woman can read the story of how these women whose names we delight to honor, toiled and struggled and endured, without being impressed with the thought there is no royal road to success; that to achieve means to work and to suffer. When we think of how these

brave women fought, some of them against poverty, some of them against the opposition of unsympathetic friends, some of them against the prejudice which refused to call any work good when it bore the stamp of a woman's name, we can hardly wonder that they achieved great things.

Each sketch is accompanied by a portrait, and this gallery of earnest faces furnishes a study full of interest.

THE address delivered by Isaac Errett, before the Ohio Christian Missionary Convention at New Lisbon, last May, has been just put into a neat, covered pamphlet of 32 pages. Its title is "Fifty-nine Years of History," and it is the best synopsis of the progress we have made to be found in print anywhere. While it is compact, and crowded with fact and philosophy, it is in the author's happiest vein, and is not only profitable but entertaining. It is a worthy companion of "Our Position," and the two together would be excellent material to distribute among those who know little or nothing about us. It is printed in clear, beautiful type, and is for sale by the Standard Publishing Company, at 10 cents per copy, or \$1 per dozen.

MY MOTHER.

My mother! ah, how the old memories are stirred
In my world-wearied heart by the sound of that word,
How all the remembrance of childhood's bright days,
Comes over my heart like the sun's cheering rays.
How memory's bright thought weaves with pleasure or
 pain
The scenes I have known to know never again.

How gentle your love, and how tender your care
When I knelt at your knee with my first lisping prayer;
E'er my heart had grown bitter with sorrow and strife,
Or the shadow of mourning had darkened my life
Dear mother, the pleasures of life or its pain
Can ne'er fill my heart with your presence again.

Ah, how the sweet love filled your dear eyes again
When I tossed in a torture of feverish pain;
How tenderly loving your hand touched to peace
My parched, aching brow, as with never surcease
The weary days passed from the dawn to the close;
Yet love was still there, and there ever arose,
From the valley of shadows, the incense of prayer,
As you asked that the Father might pity and spare.

You love me, my mother; I love you. I bring
A love that surpasses all language to sing:



My heart throbs in safety, for stronger and surer
Than all other love is, and sweeter and purer
Is your glorious love, that vibrates in vain
For a chord of such love, or an answering strain,
No music is sweet to my heart as your love,
And its answering chord is the great Heart above.

And though your dear forehead is furrowed by care,
And the shimmer of silver is over your hair,
Yet never a face 'mongst the faces I see
Is so tenderly loving and gentle to me,
And ne'er till my throbbing heart ceases to beat
Will a voice ever cheer me with cadence more sweet.

The shadow of pain fills my heart when I trace
The thought that perhaps I may see your dear face
In calmest repose; your brow cold and white,
Your loving lips still, and the sweet, gentle light
Vanished out from your eyes; when God calls you
above
My hungering heart will be faint for your love.

My mother, if I should be counted among
The glad host who join in the glorious song
Of redemption, I know I shall be with you then;
And the old love, grown sweeter, will come back again,
And the strain of the music more joyous will be
If your voice is the first that shall waft it to me.

S. E. SIMMONDS.

PETER COOPER.

Peter Cooper was born in New York City February 12, 1791. He was called Peter after the apostle Peter, because his father felt that some day he would amount to something. His parents were poor and unable to give him such an education as many now enjoy through his bounty. On account of delicate health, he never went to school more than a single year, and then only every other day.

When he was seventeen years of age he was apprenticed to John Woodward to learn the trade of a coachmaker. He was bound for five years, and received twenty-five dollars a year and his board. From the first he refused to spend his evenings with his associates in a tavern; he preferred to read. Earning a little money by extra work he employed a teacher to whom he recited. When his apprenticeship was finished his employer offered to set him up in business for himself, with the privilege of paying as he was able. Peter had no capital, and, having formed a resolution never to go into debt, gratefully declined the generous offer.

After working at his trade for several years he bought a glue factory, with all its buildings and stock, and a leasehold right for twenty-one years of the ground on which it stood. This was the foundation of the great fortune he subsequently acquired. He made a better quality of glue than could be imported, and soon had the entire trade of the city and surrounding

towns. When the lease of the ground expired he was a very rich man. He made money rapidly, but he made it honestly. It was not by gambling in Wall Street, nor by wrecking railroads, nor by any other legalized system of robbery that he accumulated wealth, but by diligence and economy and prudent investments. Once he said to a partner; "I do not feel quite easy about the amount of money we are making. Working under one of our patents, we have a monopoly, which seems to me to be something wrong. Every one has to come to us for it, and we are making money too fast." The price was immediately reduced.

Peter Cooper was a mechanical genius. While yet a lad he determined to make shoes for his brothers and sisters. Finding an old pair he took them apart that he might learn how they were made. Then procuring the necessary materials he made all the shoes that were needed. After his first child was born he invented a cradle that would not only rock itself, but made music to lull the baby to sleep, while a fan kept the flies away. When the Baltimore and Ohio railroad was in process of construction it was feared by some that the curves were so sharp that no locomotive would run over them. He built a locomotive and ran it over the sharpest curves and demonstrated that the fears that were entertained were groundless. Thus confidence was restored; money was contributed; and the road was saved.

Peter Cooper was one of the prime movers in laying the first Atlantic cable. Other men got most of the credit of this enterprise, but if it had not been for his money and pluck the cable would not have been laid when it was. When the banks refused to take the notes of the

company, he gave his check for the amount necessary to carry on the work. The first cable across the Gulf of St. Lawrence was lost ; this cost the company over \$300,000. The first cable across the Atlantic was laid successfully, but on account of an error in construction it soon began to fail. It grew weaker and weaker until it could not be understood at all. The messages that were sent satisfied the projectors that the scheme was feasible. Money was raised again and a second cable laid. The first was then taken up and the error in its construction rectified.

The great work of Peter Cooper was the establishment and endowment of Cooper Union. While yet an apprentice he used to say, "If ever I get rich, I will build a place where the poor boys and girls of New York may get an education free." He was then earning fifty cents a week, and thinking of founding reading rooms and public institutions. He felt the need of an education himself, and he would devote the savings of a lifetime, if need be, for the benefit of those who through poverty could not attend the public schools. This was the goal of all his plans and hopes. Everything was made to serve this cherished purpose. It is said that for thirty years he carried on his business with no salesman and no book-keeper. He rose every morning at daylight, kindled his factory fires, worked the forenoons making glue and the afternoons selling it, keeping accounts, writing letters, and reading in the evenings with his wife and children. He did this when his income was \$30,000 a year. He did it that he might build a school for the poor. He never went to Europe ; he had no time for parties or pleasures. He

had a great plan in his mind, and he could think of nothing else until it was realized.

The building was begun in 1855. In a box placed in the cornerstone he placed these words, "The great object that I desire to accomplish by the erection of this institution is to open the avenues of scientific knowledge to the youth of our city and country, and so unfold the volume of Nature, that the young may see the beauties of creation, enjoy its blessings, and learn to love the Author from whom cometh every good and perfect gift." When he began he thought that the building would not cost over \$350,000; it cost when completed \$630,000. He gave to this institution in all \$2,000,000.

In founding Cooper Union his desire was to minister to the improvement of the working classes, and to help them support themselves and their families. He provided that the pupils should be taught the practical arts, personal hygiene, and social and political science. Young women are taught Phonography, Telegraphy, Type-writing and Drawing. For eight months in the year day and evening schools are maintained, and more than five thousand have already been taught the rudiments of Science and Art. The professors deliver lectures on Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, English Literature, Rhetoric, and Elocution. Every Saturday evening two thousand pupils come together in the great Hall to hear lectures from the most famous men in the land. Excepting the classics as good an education can be obtained at Cooper Union as at any college in the United States. The current expenses of the institution's amount to \$53,000 a year.

Peter Cooper was loved and honored while living

because he was a friend of humanity. It is said that every drayman and omnibus driver would turn aside to let him pass. The roughs of New York City would form a body-guard to protect him from injury, if need be. It mattered not that he was a millionaire; he was their brother, and they were proud and fond of him. He did not waste his money in riotous living, but used it for the betterment of the condition of the poor. They loved him, because he first loved them. His name will be held in everlasting remembrance. The forty thousand young men and women who have gone out to earn an honorable support, with not a cent to be paid for their education; the countless thousands yet unborn who shall profit by his bounty in the same way; the half a million who read in the Library and the free Reading Room annually, will cherish his memory. Thirty-five hundred pupils came from Cooper Union to lay garlands on his bier. These were the first-fruits of that vast host that shall rise up in the judgment day and call him blessed. If rich men would use their money as Peter Cooper did, there would be no conflict between Labor and Capital. Socialism, Nihilism, and Anarchy would be unknown. The Knight of Labor and the millionaire would be brothers. The world delights to honor a man who made the poor of all ages his beneficiaries.

An Arab said to Mohammed, "What monument shall I build to my friend?" The Prophet replied, "Dig a well." Peter Cooper dug a well in the desert at which souls that thirst for the living water of knowledge may drink. That well is his monument. He needs no other. The rich man who is anxious to know what monument he shall build to his friend or to himself should do the

same. A monument like that will keep his memory green and fragrant for all time. The Taj Mahal will crumble into dust, but this will fertilize and bless the world for all time.

A short time before his death he said, "My sun is not setting in clouds and darkness, but is going down cheerfully in a clear firmament, lighted up by the glory of God. I seem to hear my mother calling me as she used to when I was a boy: 'Peter, Peter, it is almost bed-time.'"

ARCHIBALD McLEAN.

THE FEAR OF DEATH

A SONNET.

Though now the thought of death is full of dread,
When we have passed the shadow, we shall know.
How slight a thing is that which awes us so;
For what a little while goodbyes are said;
How narrow is the Valley of the Dead
Whose damp winds now across our foreheads blow;
How near this land of pain which mortals tread
Lies that dear land where trees of healing grow.

And as we then shall backward turn, and mark
How many rougher ways our feet have pressed
Than that calm vale through which we pass to rest,
It may be we shall wonder at our fears;—
As, looking back upon our childhood years,
We wonder that a child should fear the dark.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

521

TALE OF A PIONEER CHURCH.

CHAPTER XIII.

A TRIO OF MALES—CONTINUED.

Jeremiah Sullivan Black was born January 10, 1810, on a farm called Pleasant Glades, lying along the Bedford pike, seven miles east of Somerset. He was of Scotch-Irish and German ancestry. His father, Henry Black, had served as Justice of the Peace, Associate Judge of the county, had been a member of the State Legislature, and died in 1841, while filling the Whig seat in Congress vacated by the death of Charles Ogle.

In personal appearance, as well as intellectually, J. S. Black was a giant. He was six feet high, weighed over two hundred pounds, had dark-brown hair, gray eyes, a prominent nose, and heavy, projecting eyebrows which gave to his forehead a somewhat receding appearance, though it was quite full.

At the age of five he attended school, first at Storystown, then at Berlin. He loved books, but hated the confinement of school, and with other little boys sought out nails from the ashes of a lightning-burnt barn, to put under the Berlin school-house to "draw the lightning" upon his prison. At twelve he attended the Somerset Academy, where he also learnt

sufficient French to read and write it with some degree of ease. Here he developed some ambition, and did good work. Of course he could speak the "Pennsylvania Dutch," and was, to some extent, at home in German. Later on he attended a private academy at Brownsville, Fayette county, from which he graduated at sixteen, literally knowing all of Horace and most of Virgil by heart, which, with a self-made version of the former in prose and one in verse, he never forgot. In fact, he never forgot anything worth remembering. At that academy he also got a fair knowledge of the usual sciences and customary mathematics. Such titles in his library as Espy's "Philosophy of Storms," Dugald Stewart's "Philosophy of the Human Mind," Von Humboldt's "Aspects of Nature," Johnson's "Analysis of Soils," Smellie's "Philosophy of Natural History," and Brewster's "Philosophy of Human Nature," show how through life he kept up this class of studies.

Though he made a full hand on the farm, farming was not his taste. He preferred to become a physician, but his father decidedly advised against it. So at seventeen and a half he entered the law-office of the Hon. Chauncey Forward, at Somerset. At that time he had read and thoroughly knew the contents of all the books in his father's library, chiefly historical and religious, as well as all the books in the larger library of his grandfather Sullivan at "Rural Felicity," in Elklick township; especially was he master of the historical portions of the Bible. The year and a half following the Brownsville school, he put in on the classics and kindred matters as far as farm-labor would permit. Even then he says:—

"I was not wholly ignorant of law. I had come across the 'Trial of the Judges' (the copy which I still have), and read with the utmost care all the speeches of counsel and all the formal proceedings, as well as the evidence. This happened when I was about sixteen, and I think now that I understood the case nearly as well as some of the Senators who voted the Judges guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors."

Yet, as he stood in the presence of his great preceptor, "blushing with consciousness of his own defects," he, in later years, described his feelings thus:

"Everybody has heard, and many know, how great are the seeming difficulties of the law to a new beginner. The sages of the science, Brocton and Coke and Blackstone, have described their first troubles vividly. The picture given of them by Warren in his 'Law Studies,' might drive a bold man to despair. I confess that my heart sunk within me when I looked at the catalogue of books and saw how many branches of abstruse learning were required to make up a lawyer. I did not then know the value of the general principles or at all comprehend how legal problems could be solved by the application of fundamental maxims. Whatever hope I had of mastering the science even to a small extent lay in the fact that others had succeeded in doing so—life was before me wherein to work—and *labor vincit omnia*. Mr. Forward knew that I needed encouragement, and he intended to give it, but his earliest lectures and conversations depressed me still more by the vastness of the knowledge which he himself possessed. He seemed to be talking to me from a height so great and inaccessible that I could never reach it. I made slow progress; but I made some."

It will be good reading to quote another paragraph:

"It so happened that I never looked into Shakespeare till the second year of my study of the law. Then I read and re-read all the plays until I became perfectly familiar with them. It was to me almost a new world. I knew them so perfectly that I have not since read them. Milton disappointed me at first; but *Paradise Lost* took me like Niagara: it gradually filled me with a sense of its awful grandeur. General literature took me off from my regular studies a good deal, and gave me some distaste for Blackstone, Coke, Starkie and Chitty."

Yet he made such clean-cut progress that before he had read the usual three years—before he was quite twenty-one—Mr. Forward urged him to be examined. On motion of Charles Ogle, he was admitted to the Bar, December 2, 1830; and Forward, on leaving for the winter's session at Washington, advertised his business into Black's hands.

From Mr. Forward he learned also other things than law: he became a Democrat, though his father was a staunch Whig. And in this matter the pupil eventually excelled his teacher.

Against the second term of court the Governor of Pennsylvania appointed Mr. Black Deputy Attorney-General, the same as the present Prosecuting Attorney. This placed him on one side or the other of nearly all important cases. He worked hard, made many friends, was universally and implicitly trusted, and extended his reputation beyond the limits of Somerset county. Success was no light matter at such a Bar where there were some half a dozen lawyers of ability acknowledged throughout the State, such as Chauncey Forward, Charles Ogle, Joseph Williams, Samuel G. Baily, Moses Hampton and Joshua F. Cox.

"My anxiety and trouble under this load of responsibility," says he, "were greater than I can ever express. I would have thrown it off and gone to anything else that promised half the pay. But I had no such chance and so kept on in the law for the mere lucre of it until I began to like it for its own sake."

In three years he paid off the mortgage on his father's farm.

His study of the law as a science became known to all and found its reward. Governor David R. Porter

appointed him President Judge of the Sixteenth Judicial District in 1842, when he was but thirty-two years old.

The Constitutional Amendment of 1850 made the Judiciary elective. Under this law the Democrats, in 1851, nominated Mr. Black for the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and he was elected with Gibson, Lewis, Lowrie, and Coulter. The latter was the only Whig. Having by lot drawn the short term of this new beginning, Judge Black became Chief Justice. A paragraph from one of his decisions will be given further on. In 1854 he was re-nominated, and even the then triumphant Know-Nothings cast their votes for him, the only Democrat that was that year elected. On March 7, 1857, President Buchanan gave him a seat in his Cabinet as Attorney-General, when Judge Black made A. T. Ankeny, afterwards a deacon in the Somerset church and now a leading citizen of Minneapolis, his clerk. On the resignation of General Cass, Judge Black was made Secretary of State. This took place on December 17, 1860, the very day on which the dis-Union Convention of South Carolina assembled. On February 6, 1861, Mr. Justice Daniel having died, President Buchanan nominated him to the Senate as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; but owing to the disturbed condition of affairs his nomination was not confirmed. In December of the same year, 1861, he was appointed reporter for the Supreme Court and prepared two volumes, but owing to the press of enlarged private business had to resign. He became also a member of the convention of 1872 to reform the constitution of Pennsylvania, and rendered valuable service, especially against monopolies. He resigned before the end of the convention because he

was from principle opposed to fix his own salary for public service, and took nothing for the eleven months of work done, though meanwhile he lost thousands of dollars from necessary neglect of private practice. The other members of the convention, having no such scruples, fixed and received their pay.

This outline of dates having been given, occasion must be taken to say a few words that reveal the man more completely. Mr. Blaine, in his "Twenty Years in Congress," vol. I., p. 230, pays him this tribute :

"He was a man of remarkable character. He was endowed by nature with a strong understanding and a strong will. In the profession of the law he had attained great eminence. His learning had been illustrated by a prolonged service on the bench before the age at which men, even of exceptional success at the bar, usually attract public observation. He had added to his professional studies, which were laborious and conscientious, a wide acquaintance with our literature, and had found in its walks a delight which it yielded to few. In history, biography, criticism, romance, he had absorbed everything in our language worthy of attention. Shakspeare, Milton, indeed all the English poets, were his familiar companions. There was not a disputed passage or an obscure reading in any one of the great plays upon which he could not off-hand quote the best renderings, and throw original light from his own illuminated mind. Upon theology he had apparently bestowed years of investigation and reflection. A sincere Christian, he had been a devout and constant student of the Bible, and could quote its passages and apply its teachings with singular readiness and felicity. To this generous store of knowledge he added fluency of speech, both in public address and private conversation, and a style of writing which was at once unique, powerful, and attractive. He had attained unto every excellence of mental discipline described by Lord Bacon. Reading had made him a full man, talking a ready man, writing an exact man. The judicial literature of the English tongue may be sought in vain for finer models than are found in the opinions of Judge Black when he sat, and was worthy to sit, as the associate of John Bannister Gibson, on the Supreme Bench of Pennsylvania."

In this Mr. Blaine speaks but the unvarnished truth,

and that without emphasis. In his next paragraph, however, he does him such injustice on his attitude with respect to slavery that the Judge must be allowed to speak for himself, as reported for the *Philadelphia Press* of September 10, 1883, by Col. Frank A. Burr, a Republican :

"I always abhorred slavery, but the law sanctioned it, and it was my duty to sustain the legal right.

" 'I would not have a slave to till my ground ;
To carry me, to fan me while asleep
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
No, dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimate prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave.' "

"These lines ever represented my feelings upon that institution. The Constitution recognized its legal right. . . . I only tolerated the idea because the law recognized it. It should have been gotten rid of without violence and bloodshed, as was done in Pennsylvania and other Northern States. I always was in favor of its abolition, but could never bring myself to look upon the Abolitionists in any other light than the enemies of the government, because I knew and saw in their acts and utterances pending revolution. Time and the mad occurrences of the past twenty years have confirmed my judgment."

On December 21, 1883, the Bar of the Supreme Court of the United States, George F. Edmunds being chairman, spoke of Judge Black as—

"A lawyer profoundly versed in the science of the law and worthy to be ranked with the greatest and ablest of our age and country ; a statesman illustrious for his public services ; a ready scholar ; a vigorous writer ; unexcelled as a logician, and in all the relations of life an eminent and worthy citizen."

No one has ever known Judge Black with any degree of intimacy who has not been profoundly impressed with his conversational powers and table-talk.

It was there that his sentences had the same fine finish and bodied forth the same sparkling wit and solid wisdom that are found in his set addresses and written essays. It had the fascination of a novel and the geniality of the spring-time sun.

In no act of his life has Gladstone's statesmanship stood forth with greater luster than in his recent Home-Rule policy. All the world does him homage for it. It was, however, long anticipated by Judge Black, and at length uttered to the world in his speech at the celebration of the centenary of Grattan's Declaration of Irish Independence, delivered in Baltimore, April 18, 1882 :

"If the Irish people were in full possession of the right to administer their own domestic affairs, they could perform their duties to the empire a thousand times better than now. They would be the pride and the strength of England; not what they are—the weakness, the misfortune, and the shame. When we consider how easily, cheaply, and safely this unspeakable benefit might be bestowed, it is literally amazing to see it withheld. It is but erecting one or more political corporations, which you may call states, or territories, or provinces, to make, administer, and execute laws upon subjects which concern nobody but themselves, and with such limitations upon the power as may seem necessary to prevent its possible abuse. If this, coupled with a satisfactory adjustment of land tenures, would not start Ireland on a career of peace and prosperity, then all history is false, all experience delusive, and all philosophy a woven tissue of lies. . . . It is a mere truism to say that the land belongs to the owners. . . . Every established State—every supreme government of whatever form—has the right of *eminent domain*—that is to say, the power to take private property for public use upon making just compensation. It is a distinct and well-understood condition of all titles that they shall be surrendered upon those terms when the general good requires it. . . . The property of Irish landlords comes directly within the range of this power."—*Essays and Speeches*, pp. 169, 170.

For many years Judge Black silently submitted to

accusations of disloyalty while in Buchanan's Cabinet. Blaine, however, clears him of the charge from "the last of December, 1860," to the end, but holds that this was a "radical change" from his "opinion" of November 20, 1860, upon which opinion Buchanan based his message of December 3d following; and that this "change" came when he found that "he was playing with fire." Mr. Blaine further states that "some of the worst doctrines embodied in the President's evil message came directly from an [this] opinion by Judge Black as Attorney-General, and made by Mr. Buchanan still more odious and more dangerous by the quotation of a part and not the whole" (p. 231). The opinion in question is given at length on pp. 319-324 in Vol. II. of Curtis' Life of Buchanan. It is a plain statement, in answer to questions propounded by Mr. Buchanan, as to what are the constitutional and legal duties and powers of the President in certain emergencies. And to this day no constitutional lawyer has ever presumed to call in question the soundness of that opinion. It is an interpretation of the law as it is, and then was, and not of the law as it might have been. Its salient points, explicit and implicit, are; That the Union of the States is necessarily perpetual, no State having a right to secede; that the Federal Constitution is as much a part of the constitution of each State as if it had been textually inserted therein, but that the Federal Constitution acts, not upon the States *as such*, but upon every citizen of the Union individually; that where the law directs a certain thing to be done by specific agencies it is unlawful to do that thing by other agencies; that the Federal Constitution does not empower the government to make aggressive war upon

any State, confounding the innocent with the guilty, but that if any body of men attacks Federal property, or resists lawful Federal authority, defense becomes a duty. By this Mr. Black has always stood, and the now-acknowledged loyal course that followed is nothing more than the logical carrying out of this doctrine. An extract from Judge Black's first letter to Henry Wilson, many years after, will show how this matter stands :

"Of course, you are not so ignorant of the fundamental law as not to know that our exposition of it was perfectly sound and correct. You never pretended—no man with sense enough to know his right hand from his left ever will pretend—that the President had constitutional or legal authority to make an aggressive war against the States by his own act, nor had Congress any such power. But you think I ought not to have answered the President's questions truly, and that he ought not to have been influenced by constitutional scruples. That is the rub. There is no dispute—never was, and never can be—about the law. . . . Mr. Lincoln adopted precisely the same legal principles with regard to the coercion of the States that Mr. Buchanan had acted upon, and carried the policy of reconciliation infinitely beyond him."—*Essays and Speeches*, pp. 247 and 249.

Mr. Black's memorable Cabinet reply to Floyd's proposition to give up the Southern forts was also made before this alleged "radical change," namely :

"There never was a period in the history of the English nation when any minister could propose to give up to an enemy of his government a military post which was capable of being defended, without being brought to the block."

It was also by Mr. Black's express previous order that Major Anderson, when in his judgment the time for carrying it out had arrived, changed from Moultrie to the more defensible Fort Sumpter.

The truth of history as well as the honor of the Somerset church demand that these facts should be

known. Accordingly this fitting opportunity is improved.

Upon the expiration of Buchanan's Presidency, Judge Black returned to Somerset a poor man. There being then no railroad nearer than Johnstown, a distance of twenty-eight miles, and his reportership and other business demanding frequent and distant travels, he moved to York, Pennsylvania, the previous home of some of his ancestors.

While Attorney-General, unlike the usual custom, he argued himself the cases pertaining to his office. He even learned Spanish, that he might personally examine and conscientiously attend to the many land-claims arising out of the then recent cession of California, where "dire confusion reigned." By this faithfulness he saved millions upon millions of dollars in cases gained for the government. This success gave him such a reputation that afterwards he had the offer of more cases—large paying ones, too—than he cared to attend to. From the New Almaden cinnabar mines he received the largest fee ever paid to a lawyer in the United States, namely, \$163,000. Had he sought only for large fees rather than being anxious to aid the oppressed without regard to compensation, or had he even always collected fees actually earned, he might have died immensely rich. Of his public life, the following lines are true :

"Great without pomp, without ambition brave,
Proud not to conquer fellow-men, but save ;
Friend to the weak, a foe to none but those
Who plan their greatness on their brethren's woes ;
Aved by no titles—undefiled by lust—
Free without faction, obstinately just ;
Too wise to learn from Machiavel's school,

That truth and perfidy by turns should rule;
Warmed by religion's sacred, genuine ray,
That points to future bliss away;
Yet ne'er controlled by superstition's laws,
That worst of tyrants in the noblest cause."

This brings us to the strictly religious phase of his life. It is well worth considering how such an intellect would deal with the Bible and biblical questions. Not that the Judge was all intellect at the expense of heart, as so many abnormalities are, but that the intellectual predominated. And it is just here where his severest personal struggles came. His early education was Calvinistic, but his wife, Mary Forward, the oldest daughter of his legal preceptor, whom he married on March 23, 1836, was a Disciple. The Judge had passed that period in life when men can with blind trust accept the creed of others. Everything had to be weighed with judicial care by one who knew what evidence is. As early as 1833 he secured and studied a book by a Presbyterian minister, Obadiah Jennings of Tennessee, then just published in Pittsburg, and styled, "Debate on Campbellism." In this and various other directions the investigation went continuously on till in the summer of 1843, when he took his wife and Mrs. Emily Ogle into his carriage and drove to Bethany to give the final canvass to the matter with Alexander Campbell himself. The result was that he then and there "put on Christ." How thorough a Disciple he became all his after life attests, especially his famous "Answer to Ingersoll." He was but modestly stating his own experience when he wrote:

"Gibson, the great Chief-Justice of Pennsylvania, once said to a certain skeptical friend of his: 'Give Christianity a common-law trial;

submit the evidence *pro* and *con* to an impartial jury under the direction of a competent court, and the verdict will assuredly be in its favor.' This deliverance, coming from the most illustrious Judge of his time, not at all given to expressions of sentimental piety, and quite incapable of speaking on any subject for mere effect, staggered the unbelief of those who heard it."

How admirably he further puts the matter :

"The acceptance of Christianity by a large portion of the generation contemporary with its Founder and his apostles was, under the circumstances, an adjudication as solemn and authoritative as mortal intelligence could pronounce. The record of that judgment has come down to us, accompanied by the depositions of the principal witnesses. In the course of eighteen centuries many efforts have been made to open the judgment or set it aside on the ground that the evidence was insufficient to support it. But on every rehearing the wisdom and virtue of mankind have reaffirmed it."

Then in eight several counts he proceeds to validate this judgment as against Ingersoll's reopening of the case, and with majestic sweep, brushes aside his flimsy sophistry and excoriates his leprosy, closing like a true Roman that he was,

Adsum qui feci, in me convertite ferrum—

I who did this deed am here, turn on me thy steel.

But Ingersoll had enough, and with a little disgraceful bushwhacking, to which the Judge could not condescend, he sneaked from the field.

From the Judge's "Address on Religious Liberty" it may be profitable to quote a few sentences:

"We habitually use certain words and phrases, imported from the other side of the water, which are calculated to mislead us. One of these is the word *toleration*, as applied to matters of faith. It implies that we derive whatever religious freedom we have from the concessions of the government; that the king in a monarchy, and the majority of the people in a republic, permit those who differ from them to live unmolested. This motion is wholly untrue. It is not a political

privilege, but a natural, absolute, and indefeasible right, which human government may protect but can not either give or withhold. If we are permitted to enjoy it, our thanks are due, not to any popular majority, but to Him who gave us being."

"Again, we hear it continually said, by the wisest men among us, that Christianity is a part of our common law. No one has ever attempted to explain how this is understood. . . . We have merely quoted this maxim from the English Judges, and gone on repeating it ever since, without inquiring whether it was true or false. It never was true, even in England, in any just sense of the word; but it was not there, as here, a dead letter; for in the evil days of that nation it had a bloody and terrible meaning. What the king and Parliament, and a favored portion of the priesthood, chose to call Christianity was a part of *their* law enforced with the utmost severity. . . . The manifest object of the men who framed the institutions of this country, was to have a *State without religion*, and a *Church without politics*—that is to say, they never meant that one should be used as an engine for any purpose of the other, and that no man's right in one should be tested by his opinions about the other. As the Church takes no note of men's political differences, so the State looks with equal eye on all modes of religious faith. The Church may give her preference to a Tory, and the State may be served by a heretic."

How the Judge carried these principles into practical life, we are not left to doubt. In the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, in the case of "the Commonwealth vs. Johnson," there is in the American Law Register for March, 1854, Vol. II., No. 5, a very important decision pronounced by him, on the driving of an omnibus through the streets of the city of Pittsburg on Sunday, as interfering with the proper sanctification of the Lordsday. The following points were clearly and irrefragably argued:

"I. Driving an omnibus as a public conveyance daily, and every day, is worldly employment, and not a work of charity or necessity, within the meaning of the act of '94, and, therefore, not lawful on Sunday.

"II. A contract of hiring by the month, does not, in general,

bind the hiring to work on Sundays; and if this work be such as the statute forbids, an express agreement to perform it on Sunday will not protect him, for such a contract is void.

"III. Though traveling does not, in a legal sense, fall within the description of worldly employment intended to be prohibited, yet the running of public conveyances on Sunday, is forbidden by the statute."

The last paragraph of Judge Black's decision is as follows :

"Our fathers, who planted in our fundamental law the assertion of those immortal truths, that all men have a natural and inalienable right to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of their own consciences; that no man can be compelled to attend, erect, or support any place of public worship; and that no human authority can, in any case whatever, control or interfere with the rights of conscience; enacted, also, the statutes of 1705, 1786, and 1794, for the suppression of worldly employments on Sunday. So far from *conflicting* with those invaluable rights of conscience, they regarded such statutes as indispensable to *secure* them. It would be a small boon to the people of Pennsylvania to declare their inalienable right to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences, amid the din and confusion of secular employments, and with desecrations on every hand of what they conscientiously believe to be hallowed time. These statutes were not designed to compel men to go to church, or to worship God in any manner inconsistent with personal preferences; but to compel a cessation of those employments which are calculated to interfere with the rights of those who choose to assemble for public worship. The day was set apart for a purpose, and the present enactments guard it, but they leave every one free to use it for that purpose or not. If he wish to use it for the purpose designed, the law protects him from the annoyance of others—if he do not, it restrains him from annoying those who do so use it. Thus the law, without oppressing anybody, becomes auxiliary to the rights of conscience. And there are other rights, intimately associated with the rights of conscience, which are worth preserving. The right to rear a family without compelling them to witness hourly infractions of one of its fundamental laws—the right to enjoy the peace and good order of society, and the increased securities of life and property which result from a decent observance of Sunday—the right of the poor to rest from labor, without diminution of wages or loss of employment—the right of beasts of burden to repose one-

seventh of their time from their unrequited toil—these are real and substantial interests which the legislature sought to secure by this enactment; and when has religion aimed at higher objects? If we doubted the policy of the statute, it would nevertheless be our sworn duty to administer it faithfully; but with a profound conviction of its wisdom and value, we are resolutely opposed to a course of judicial construction that would cheapen its demands and impair its power for good.”

An incident occurred at Somerset a little while before he entered the Cabinet, which shows his reverence for the word of God. A brother in the Church failed to do his duty in a business transaction with him. The Judge resolved to settle the matter in the Civil Court. He insisted that Cæsar’s appliances to probe such matters to the bottom are more perfect than loose Church arbitration. Wherenpon one of the Elders quoted Paul:

“Dare any of you, having a matter against another, go to law before the unjust, and not before saints? Do you not know that the saints shall judge the world? and if the world shall be judged by you, are ye unworthy to judge the smallest matters? Know ye not that ye shall judge angels? how much more things pertaining to this life?”—I. Cor. vi., 1-3.

Thereupon the Judge turned and stood for awhile, thoughtfully looking out of a window. Presently he said: “Pretty high authority, pretty high authority,” and gracefully yielded the point.

Out of reverence for the name of God, he would not even take a judicial oath, but always affirmed.

Sometimes in the church assemblies at Somerset he would deliver an off-hand lecture on doctrinal matters, or an exhortation on moral and spiritual duties. Though this was not often done, it was always well done.

During one of the visits of Eld. N. J. Mitchell an incident occurred that shows the Judge's estimate of the Disciples' doctrinal position. Elder Mitchell is of small stature, and was a total stranger to the Judge. As he began his sermon on "The Plea of the Disciples of Christ," measuring his man, the Judge said to a neighbor in church, "Brother Snyder, we are sold;" but as the preacher began to develop with his theme, he said, "No, Brother Snyder, we are not sold;" and when the argument was ended, he added, with emphasis, "Well, Brother Snyder, if we have n't the truth, there is no truth in the universe."

Being a Disciple from profound conviction and upon thorough investigation, he stood by the struggling Washington Church as much as his arduous engagements would permit. When at York, Pennsylvania, where there is no Disciple church, he was still true to his faith. During the war he secured the services of Professor C. L. Loos to inaugurate the work there, but before it could be begun, Gen. Early, with his Southern troops, marched into York and the attempt was indefinitely postponed. All of Judge Black's children and grandchildren have been immersed, including, of course, his son Chauncey, the present Lieutenant-Governor, and recent Democratic nominee for Governor of Pennsylvania, who holds membership in the Washington, D. C., Disciple church, and leads a consistent Christian life. When Judge Black's granddaughter, Mary Forward Clayton, was ready for baptism, in 1882, he wished it done in Codorus creek, at York, that all might see his faith publicly exemplified, but deferred to the wishes of his family, who preferred to have it take place where there was a regular church.

He also took a lively interest in his wife's Sunday-school enterprises,* giving his ample grounds for picnic occasions, and excluding reporters, that the good work be not ostentatiously bruited abroad.

An editor of a New York Pedobaptist paper, speaks of Judge Black as follows :

"But, above all, he was a man of deep religious convictions. He was an ardent admirer of the late Alexander Campbell, and was identified with the 'Disciples of Christ.' Uncompromising and dogmatic in the statement of his doctrinal views, he was, at the same time, courteous and gentle in his intercourse with all Christian men, always insisting, however, that loyalty to Christ demands implicit obedience

* Judge David Fahs, a Moravian layman, of York, Pennsylvania, seeing that notwithstanding the forty odd churches in that place there were hundreds of neglected boys and girls among the poor of that extensive manufacturing city of twenty thousand people, started an independent Sunday-school in 1876, gathering up three boys the first day, but now having an enrollment of two hundred pupils, many of them being men and women advanced in years. About three months later Mrs. Elizabeth Sprigg, a Baptist, and Mrs. Barnes, an Episcopalian, together with others, came to their assistance. A year after beginning the work Mrs. Black took a class of women, which now numbers forty members. A chapel, some 75 by 48 feet, divided into numerous rooms which can all be thrown into one, was built about eight years ago at a cost of about four thousand dollars.

Having entered upon this work, Mrs Black, in the spring of 1879, started an additional mission school in East York, where a chapel named Bethany by her and costing twelve hundred dollars, was built a year later, to which two wings have at different times since been added. When this work was begun it was unsafe for even a man to walk the streets of that quarter at night, but now a woman would not be molested; for the influence of the school extends far beyond the immediate attendants, so that men once drunkards, gamblers, and even worse characters, are now owners of respectable homes. Judge Fahs superintends the school also, which numbers about one hundred and forty pupils. Mrs. Black's class of women in this school numbers thirty, with an average attendance of fifteen. Her carriage regularly carries the workers to their posts even at such seasons as she is absent from home.

Many of the attendants of these schools have to be shod and clothed. Mrs. Black alone bought in one winter sixty pair of arctic shoes and over a hundred warm petticoats. In her modesty she begged that these things be not here told. But as the writers purpose is to stimulate other Marys to like works of love, he must beg Sister Mary F. Black's pardon and—disobey.

The work of these schools is of necessity an undenominational one, and yet, as Mrs. Black has hitherto got pupils ready for baptism, she has sent either for a Disciple minister to administer the ordinance or has directed them to apply to the Baptist church of that place for it, according as the prudence of circumstances seemed to indicate.

to his commands; and, applying this test to baptism, he sometimes found his charity and patience in the case of his Pedit-Baptist brethren severely taxed. On one of his late visits to New York we had the pleasure of a short interview with Judge Black, when he insisted on the inseparable relation of belief and baptism in the plan of salvation; and upon our remarking that his view of our Lord's words in the great commission rested upon his own interpretation, he replied, with earnestness, 'No, sir, it is not a question of interpretation; it is an absolute law and I hold it presumptuous to pervert it.'

Not long before his death, Judge Black said to a friend:

"When I am gone I want you to be able to say of me as was said of Samuel when he left the judgeship of Israel: 'Whose ox have I taken? or whose ass have I taken? or whom have I defrauded? Whom have I oppressed? or of whose hand have I received any bribe to blind mine eyes therewith? and I will restore it you. And they said, Thou hast not defrauded us, neither hast thou taken ought of any man's hand'" (I. Sam. xii. 3, 4).

Visitors to "Brockie," Judge Black's beautiful home near York, Pennsylvania, have told the writer that long after the rest of the household had retired for the night and were supposed to be wrapped in sleep, he could be heard going about in his study or ascending the stairs for bed, familiarly and reverently talking with his Heavenly Father.

On receiving the second volume of "Curtis' Life of Buchanan," as if aware that death was at his own door, he immediately turned to and read the account of Mr. Buchanan's death, hastily tearing the uncut leaves apart. It was the last reading he did. Then "he walked out upon the broad veranda of Brockie, gazed thoughtfully at the shadows of the clouds chasing each other across the moonlit hills—the last look he ever cast upon the world—and retired to the bed from which he never rose."

The immediate cause of his death was something akin to gravel, for which an operation was performed too late, and blood-poisoning ensued. While expecting his end, he said to one of his family: "I would not have you think for a moment that I am afraid to die." And to another: "My business on the other side is well settled—on this, it is still somewhat at loose ends." As his beloved wife knelt beside his bed to comfort him with her sympathy, he murmured the following prayer, which a friend noted down:

"O Thou beloved and most merciful Father, from whom I had my being and in whom I ever trusted, grant, if it be Thy will, that I no longer suffer this agony, and that I be speedily called home to Thee. And, O God, bless and comfort this my Mary."

His death took place on our Lord's resurrection day, Sunday, August 19, 1883, and his burial a few days later at set of sun, Eld. F. D. Power, of Washington, and others officiating. Surely, for him there is a morning of glorious resurrection!

One of the physicians present at his death-bed declared that a finer refutation of Ingersoll's doctrines could not be imagined than such a scene.

"His fame was brightened by his glorious end;
By pain unmoved, magnanimous in death,
He proved the hero with his latest breath,
And shot eternal splendors through the gloom
That shrouds in night the confines of the tomb."

The Somerset church sent the following letter to his beloved wife:

"SOMERSET, PA., August 24, 1883.

"MRS. MARY F. BLACK:

"*Dear Sister in Christ*—The shadow that has fallen across your threshold has also darkened our hearts. They bleed by reason of the sorrow that has pierced your own. We come to beg the privilege of mingling our tears with yours, our sister, and of joining in the

bitter wail. Your loss is ours. It was here that your dear husband found his earliest friends and knew his truest hearts. He was ours in the cradle, at the plow, before the bar, and on the bench. We only gave him up at length that he might be ours the more in the National Cabinet. We felt a neighbor's pride and a brother's joy in all his splendid triumphs. And now that death has come, we feel the icy hand as laid on us, and pour our grief.

"The name of Jeremiah S. Black, along-side of yours, still stands on the records of the Somerset Disciple church, where it was placed some forty years ago. We are sure that it also stands in the Lamb's Book of Life.

"Though by reason of distant residence he has not been able to meet with us regularly for a number of years, and so has worshipped elsewhere, we have never ceased to regard him as still a member here, and often had his name upon our lips as well as constantly in our hearts.

"At our last evening's prayer-meeting we recounted his deeds and gave vent to our sorrow. We spoke of his saying, 'No man can become truly great who is not thoroughly honest.' We sung the hymn that was sung at his baptism, beginning:

"Not all the nobles of the earth,
Who boast the honors of their birth,
So high a dignity can claim
As those who bear the Christian name."

"We recalled many of the excellent lessons he imparted as one of the early lay-teachers of this church. We are proud of the noble defence he made, in the *North American Review*, of the faith in Christ. And we rejoice in the calm confidence with which he faced the foe of life.

"These are the lights that relieve our gloom, and the oil of joy that soothes our hurt. We 'sorrow not as others who have no hope,' and are sure that you share our joy as we join in your sorrow.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

"Dear sister, the depth of pain you feel, in this sad hour, marks the strength of the grasp with which the hand of Providence has laid hold of you to guide your life. Wrest not yourself from the Divine leadings, but allow the dear Father to lift His child into closer fellowship with Himself.

"We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are the called according to his purpose."

"Yours in the hope of eternal life,

"In behalf of the church.

"PETER VOGEL, Pastor."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF C. C. SMITH.

Ohio has been proverbial for the good men she has produced. Several reasons may be given why the State produces good men. They came of good ancestry; they had good blood. The climate, soil, commercial position and educational institutions of the State have been advantageous. The circumstances of our country, and social and religious changes, have given allotted spaces, and men have come up to fill them. The religious movement for the restoration of apostolic Christianity inaugurated by Alexander Campbell in the first half of this century, took a strong hold in this State. The cause he plead was espoused by a grand company of men in Ohio, pioneers in the reformation. Among these pioneers must be included John T. Smith, the father of C. C. Smith, the subject of this sketch. He was a preacher of marked ability, and resided at various places on the Western Reserve. May 5, 1845, the time of the birth of C. C. Smith, he was residing near Warren, in Trumbull county. In 1858 he moved to Hiram, and died in February, 1861. C. C. Smith was then sixteen years of age. In the early part of that winter he was baptized, on the profession of his faith in Christ, during a meeting held by Edwin Wakefield.

Mr. Smith was educated at Hiram. When the Eclectic Institute became Hiram College, he was prepared to enter the senior class in college. The course of study which he finished was superior to the full course of some of the pretentious colleges at this time.

In the spring of 1864 Mr. Smith enlisted in the United States army for suppressing the rebellion. He was Hospital Steward in the 2nd Ohio Volunteer Cavalry. He took part in the battle of the Wilderness, and in several engagements around Richmond and Petersburg, and served under Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley.

He was married March 24, 1869, to Miss Florence Dennison, of Coalburg, an accomplished lady, and an earnest Christian worker.

When Mr. Smith commenced to preach, in 1866, he was engaged a few months at Payne's Corners, Niles and Girard. He was then pastor of the church at Hubbard three years. During his ministry a new meeting-house was built. He was then called to Youngstown, the capital city of the Mahoning Valley. Here he labored seven years,

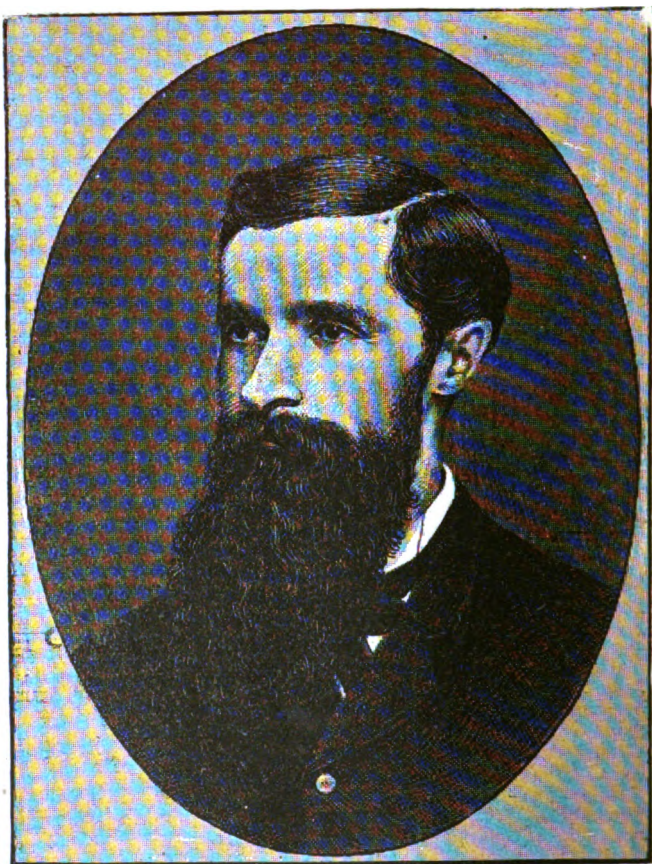
with abundant success. During this time the house of worship, costing \$35,000, was erected. Then for eight years he labored with the First Church of Christ in Akron. Under his leadership the church grew and prospered. At one time the systematic organization of the Sunday-school, social, religious and financial elements of this church was not surpassed in the State. Mr. Smith's services in these places were without intermission, except as he went out to hold several successful protracted meetings.

As a Sunday-school worker and a helper of the young people in the church, he has no superior in the ministry. The Sunday-school and missionary conventions and ministerial associations in which he is a participant, always feel and recognize his power. He has rare tact and wisdom in managing church troubles, and is a good counselor to other ministers.

In 1884 he was elected Corresponding Secretary of the Christian Missionary Society of the State of Ohio. The state of his health led him immediately to resign this proffered work. He is now settled in Milwaukee, Wis., and is devoting himself to the work of building up a mission church in that important center.

Mr. Smith is of medium size, being five feet nine inches in height, weighs about one hundred and forty pounds, has dark eyes and black hair, and a fine personal address.

As a preacher he is uncompromising in the advocacy of New Testament Christianity. He believes in Christ, and in building up His church in His own appointed way. His cultivated mind leads him to delight in the beautiful. His sermons are sometimes ornate as well as strong. He likes a good home, a good horse, and a good man. He abominates "cant" ministerial ways, and delights in being a man as well as a gospel minister. The foregoing facts as to his work, are more eloquent than words in praise of Mr. Smith as an earnest, honest, able and successful minister of the gospel. He is as pure-minded as any man who occupies a pulpit, and is an earnest and able supporter of all the missionary enterprises of the church. He is now about forty years of age, and it is hoped he may add yet forty years of service in building up the kingdom of Christ on earth.



C. C. SMITH

JOYS OF THE MINISTERIAL LIFE

AN ADDRESS.

I am happy in the privilege of addressing an association of Christian ministers. They are the most sympathetic of all listeners, the most appreciative, and they need these most of all. My age will not permit me to assume the role of teacher, even if I had the wit. But I may, with becoming modesty, speak of our mutual needs. We are the conquerors of human hearts, the hardest of all things to conquer. While our offensive weapon is the "Sword of the Spirit," "the Word of God," divinely furnished, it matters much whether the arm that wields it is lean and feeble, or bountifully clothed with muscle and sinew. Inspiration it is, but the inspired gladiator is mightier than the inspired child. Men with blood and brawn, filled with the Word of God, have more force than spiritual dyspeptics. The day has gone by for either lounge or trundle-bed preachers. The picture (if the consequences were not so sad) would be supremely ludicrous, of a lean, despondent, whining, sour preacher, picking away—even with the Word of God—at a great, hearty, happy, sweet-tempered sinner. And the world is full of these. We want, if possible, men of muscle; if possible, men of talent; if possible, men of tact; but whether a man has one of these or combines them all, he must have hope and happiness in his work, in order to the full measure of success

in his ministry. What are our talents good for, if soured? The "little child" that "leads them" *must* be a plump, rosy, happy child. Anything that takes away from our joyful manhood is fatal to us as a class. Jealousies, chronic growling about the ignorant people's lack of appreciation, waiting for praise that never comes and was never deserved, moaning over the lack of silver and gold, fishing for presents and donations till we are wet and hungry, half-fares, discounts to the ministry, all things, real, unreal, fact or imagination, from the sky above, or the earth beneath, or from within our own hearts, that take away from our joyful, sweet, healthy, strong, hopeful manhood, are a curse.

In every landscape there is that which is bright and cheerful, or dark and forbidding. There are the stumps and rail-fences and brambles, as well as the green leaves and bright flowers and blue sky. There is by the way, the carrion, as well as the clover-field, and the odor from the canal, as well as from blossoming trees; the rasping of the katydid, the creak of the cricket, the croak of the frog, and the caw of the crow, as well as the liquid melody that floats from the throat of the bobolink, and the tuneful anthems sung by by myriad birds, and the innumerable harmonies that fall from nature's lyre. Some eyes only see—not like the owls in the dark—but the dark. Some noses are only made for disagreeable odors. In some ears the note of the cricket will spoil a concert, and one discord will linger, to the exclusion of a multitude of harmonies. Thank God there are some men like Ruskin to whose eyes the beauties of a single tree shut out the most forbidding landscape, or like Burroughs, who, while listening to and rejoicing in the nightingale's song, is ob-

livious to a thousand unmelodious sounds. God bless the men who have beautifully interpreted nature to us. Life is not so much in our actual surroundings as in that for which we are searching. We see that for which we are looking, or smell that for which we are smelling, or hear that for which we are listening. The prayer is half answered, in the earnest petition that goes up before God.

So from richest fields to-day we will gather flowers. It may be rare flowers. Any one can bring in the docks and thistles. Is our life-work a grand one? Would we rather be ministers of Jesus Christ than to fill any office in the world? Are we full of hope? Is our life a joyous one? Have we "joy and crowns"? Do we come to the men of the world saying, We have something better than be found in your highest success? "Come with us, and we will do thee good." What are our joys?

1. *Joys Found in a Cultured Life.*—The enjoyment of the esthetic. It is the duty of the Christ-messenger to become as he would have men be. Some suppose that culture removes one from the sympathy of the unlearned. The most cultured of earth have not only been most admired, but most loved by the common people. You will find it is something besides culture that alienates, and something foreign to it. The cultured may be haughty, cold, or unsympathetic, but these have nothing to do with culture. What will a soul be good for in heaven, without taste? One great danger of the present age, is coarseness and vulgarity. Too many hogs, and too few flowers. It is a calamity to a child to be reared in a home where they have cabbage and potatoes in the front yard. How can a boy help swear-

ing, when half his time is spent on a floor smeared with beer dregs and tobacco juice? Symmetrical souls have ever been the product of beautiful surroundings. Beauty is found in the hut as well as in the palace. Take away the coarseness out of a man, and you free him from half his temptation. Refine a man all round and you fit him for heaven. Carpets and decorations and pictures and melodies are not all of life, but they are powerful factors in a fully developed soul. Culture, then, to a Christian minister, is a duty, not a pleasure, or a luxury simply. The days for barefooted and shirt-sleeved preachers are passed. We can not now be indifferent to sight and sound; elegance of gesture and expression, beauty of voice and thought, are not to be despised. How many things we once cast aside as being useless, we now plead for in vain. And duty that conducts us here is an angel of light that leads us beside the green pastures and still waters of *life*, and into heights where we see and *rejoice* in the works of God. As preachers of the Word we must read, not as a recreation, but in order to succeed. The reader, the one who reads well, goes to the front, and the reading introduces us to the great and good of all ages; to masters in the realm of mind, and kings of hearts, and our little souls become the places of meeting for earth's dignitaries, and while they converse, we luxuriate in their sublime thoughts and felicitous expressions. Did you never read a book by a living author, and when you had closed it, desire to write and thank him for the store-houses of thought he had unlocked to you? Or thank him for interpreting nature to you, or you to yourself, or voicing your thought, or to see him and express your gratitude for the delights he had

given you? Books are friends, always faithful, always merry. Every time we have made room in our hearts for another we have expanded our souls. Our cups of joy may be full, but blessed is the expanded cup. And all this in our line of work, and as part of it. We might in some other profession, have made more money, and bought more land. Would you trade your profession for wealth? Sand will not yield corn in Heaven, but acquaintance with the brightest there will yield infinite delight. We thank God for even the small measure of culture we enjoy (and part of it has come to us amid painful labors), for by it, we appreciate Him more and love Him better, and nothing can rob us of this priceless treasure. And just beyond we see new and beautiful fields, yet unexplored, and we say, Father give us long life, that we may tread in such delights.

2. *Joys of Association.*—Who has access to more hearts than the faithful preacher of the Word? We usually come in contact with the best side of human nature; not that men are hypocrites, any more than we are hypocrites with God when we pray, because then the best part of our nature comes to the surface. It is only the incorrigible, mean, who can not lay aside that meanness to talk to Him. Our very work causes people to come to us about their higher needs. They seek us when tried by temptation or humbled by sorrow, when calamity has swept over the soul. Then we stand by them, in the most sacred relations, confided in, trusted, or leaned upon for support. We stand with them at the altar, and join their hands. We stand with them at the grave, and dry their eyes. We lean over their couches, and bathe their brows. How near we come to hearts under these circumstances! We

lead them into the presence of God. Is there not joy in this? Is it nothing to have the young seek us as counselors about their most important steps in life, and confide to us interests most sacred? Is it of little moment to us, to have the little ones run by our side, and joyfully clasp our hands, and mingle our names with their prattle? Is it a small thing to know there are hundreds of homes where the latch-string is always out for us, and our coming has sunshine for their inmates; and many more where we stand next to kin, that many hearts have for us a pure, unselfish love? "There are lights in the windows for us, and a share at the festal boards." The greetings, and hand-clasps, and reunions, and confidences, are they worthless? Some may say, I did not know it was fun to go to a funeral and sympathize. I was not talking of fun, but joy; and blessedness. And did you know that brightest flowers grow in darkest dells, and the most beautiful hang from wildest cliffs? And when the beauty of sunny flowers has faded, these will be fresh in memory's garden. The scene that caused the hearty laugh will soon be buried in the past, but the scene that wrung the sympathizing tear, will be sweetly remembered. Yes, there is gladness in going to the sick, for we have the "Great Physician;" or to stand with the living by the dead, we have the "resurrection and the life;" or with the sorrowing, we have the "sympathizing Saviour." I have but little sympathy with the one who complains on account of people not loving him. On the average we are loved as well as we deserve, and the danger is, better than we deserve; and any one who labors to buy goodwill alone, does not deserve it. How many there are who love us, because we conducted them to Christ, and lead

them in their first steps in a higher life. Then these are the best of earth. I know some may demur at this. I am well aware of the criticisms that are made on "church members." Some are ignorant, and some are mean. Well, soot shows plainer on a white garment than on a black one. Meanness is so out of place in the follower of Christ, that it is *so manifest*. Did you not know *our* relations are sometimes the *meanest* people in the world? It is so *dreadfully mean*, for *our* relations to be *mean* anyway. (I hope you get my meaning.) If I did not believe that those lead by the spirit of Christ were the best of earth, I should lose faith in the gospel as the power of God. I do believe (after all that can be said against them is said, and all subtractions are made) they are the best of earth. But this is not all. We can love them, whether they love us or not. The good are our "joy and crown;" the erring even, our children in the gospel; the sinners ours to save. There is cultivated in us, in a superlative degree, the joys of philanthropy. About Ben Adhems we are.

3. *Oratorical Delights*.—How we in our school-boy days envied the orator. The man who could hold spell-bound the masses, and fill them with enthusiasm, or melt them in tears, was our hero. It was not all a delusion. The happiest moments of our lives have come to us in the pulpit. These did not come to us when we had not studied our sermons well, or at conventions of preachers, or when we were lecturing on the "Chicago fire," or trying to make a display of ourselves; but when the hungry masses were before us, waiting to be filled with the bread of life, and we had a basket well filled to give them, or when the sinner was

melting under the power of the gospel. These were the supreme moments of life when the "Word of God" spoke through us, and our hearts joined the heavenly call, "Come, oh Come unto Me." I know all about the other side, and of moments that were not so happy. But we are gathering flowers to-day. And then to be assured that the words we have spoken have not been in vain, that we have made men better! Little words of judicious, discriminating praise, or rather of appreciation, sweeten the cup already full. Not to mention the sunflower eulogies, and indiscriminating praise. To be told by some wise brother that he heard Errett, or Moffett, or Pendleton on the same subject, and he considered your effort much the best! You know there is not a word of truth in it, but then it is so sweet! Then the felicity of being compared to anybody! Especially "'most as good" as some one whom you had thought "nowhere" by *yourself*. And the very *extreme felicity* of being told you made points you never thought of, and do not believe, and being compelled to be a bore, and prove to the man that he is a fool, or smile a lie and pass on. But we are almost out of the flower-bed, among the docks.

4. *The Joys of Sacrifice*.—The things that we do, or refrain from doing on account of our position, or for Christ's sake. For instance, we would like to smoke, but owing to its influence on the "dear boys" in our charges we refrain. After a while we sum up our sacrifices, and find we have saved a large amount of money (or are much less in debt), our breath remains sweet, and our clothes unpolluted, and our nerves undestroyed, and we have been far, *far* less disagreeable to others. It is a very joyful thing to give up for "Jesus sake."

That is playfully presented. But is it not true, that the things we give up for "Christ's sake" bring to us the largest return of happiness? I do not mean, ought to, but do; not hereafter simply, but *now*, and *here*. We are angry, and we control ourselves, not for our own sakes, but for "Christ's sake." After a while we feel good over it, stronger and more manly; we are glad. If we had acted as we wanted to, and self demanded, we would have felt mean, and despised ourselves and been sorry. All for "Jesus' sake." We nurse with our natural man many hateful, nasty things that we throw aside because of others and then discern that we feel better because they are gone. Jealousy, hatred, envy, malice, these and kindred emotions are painful, while love, good will, philanthropy, are pleasurable emotions. For the sake of the Lamb that was slain, we love those for whom He died; and our very office develops good will to men, and before we are aware, we find ourselves filled with pleasurable emotions, all for "Jesus' sake." Did we for Him ever make a sacrifice that we were not lead into "paths of pleasure, and of peace"? The "hundred fold" is not a myth. "God is not slack concerning His promises." Thus ever we are pushed forward by a sense of duty to do delightful things. "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel." "The love of Christ constraineth us"—"ought," "ought," "ought!" Something from behind is pushing forward to places from which the natural man shrinks. Yet when there, we are glad *because we are there*, and *there* we would build our tabernacles. We would stay from prayer-meeting, only we *are preachers*, and must bear *the burdens* of others. Yet where have we had sweeter tastes of the spirit life? Seeking for blessings for others,

we find them for ourselves. Lighting other lamps our own burn more brightly. Inspiring others we inspire ourselves. The surest way to find our own happiness is to forget *it*. "He that would lose his life for *my* sake shall find it." We sometimes pity the missionaries of the cross. But why should we?—they are the happiest of human kind. Pity is not the word; *admire* we may, envy, it may be, the strength that enables them to make the joyful sacrifice, but pity we can not. It is hard to pity John the Baptist, or Paul, or Judson, or Cary, or Oberlin, or any man or woman who has joyfully, manfully trod to the end the path of duty. Even let our pity for Jesus on the cross turn to admiration;—we will "*glory* in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." When the Christian ministry has risen to that plane where it is looked up to and admired, rather than pitied and condoned, it will be better for the ministry, and better for the world. We are speaking of the joys of the true minister of Christ; and the true minister of Christ is a man of *faith* in the incarnate Christ to bless the soul. We have the satisfaction that belongs to the educator, of giving the best wealth possible to those around us, not only of giving knowledge, but the best of knowledge—that which makes them strong, and brave, self-helpful, and happy, going about doing good, not living vain lives. Making the best use of our powers, blessing the race, are but varied experiences of the highest happiness known to the soul. Soup-houses and institutions of charity may do good, and may not. They may raise up a generation of paupers. If we could get all men under the influence of the gospel, we should have no need of them, but mankind would be elevated to a plane above them. The

church is the best insurance office in the world, not that it insures men that they will get what they need, but it makes them careful *not to need*. It is the best temperance society in the world, because it strikes at the root of the evil, lust in the soul of the *drinker*. The ordinary method of temperance work has in it two great evils:

(1.) It dethrones the will.

(2.) It indirectly teaches that in order to become a good temperance worker, the first step is to become a drunkard.

But our gospel goes farther than this: it saves men, saves them in time, saves them in eternity, fits them to cope with the evils of this life, and to enjoy the blessings of the life to come. If the angels are glad that one sinner repenteth, are we not glad? Do we need other reward?

We "do rejoice," and "are exceedingly glad." In the conflict of ages we are fighting with God.

5. *Joys of Divine Fellowship*.—Our relationship with Christ and the Father sanctifies all our joys. I used to think joy and religion ought to be divorced; that religion was a good thing, but very solemn and *d'sagreeable*. The first time it ever occurred to me that happiness, not *pretended*, make-believe happiness, but genuine happiness, and Christ could be brought together, was when I went fishing with Dr. L. L. Pinkerton. He entered into the sport with great zest, and I know I never loved Christ before as I did that night. He would not go fishing, unless he could take Him along. I remember when some young men were going home from work, one of them remarked, "We are going to have a good time; we have our Bibles and hymn-

books along." When we can fill the joyous heart of youth with the joyous Christ, and make the enjoyment of the young as pure as their religion, we have gained a great victory. In order to do this, we must first elevate the young mind, and, second, get rid of a few funeral faces. But with us, in our glorious work, our relation with the Father and Son sweetens all of life, and in work, or in recreation, at home or abroad. We need not to seek relief in doubtful pleasures, but "rejoice, yea and will rejoice," "we are *exceeding* glad."

6. *The Joys that Comes to us in View of an Exalted Position.*—They come to us on the mountain-top. The badges of our littleness and shame are about past. A kind of unmannish primping has departed from the face, and the white neck-tie from the throat, and the mouse-colored tall hat from the head, and the abominable long-tailed coat from the body, and the mincing step from the feet, and that cringing, fawning stoop (as if apologizing for being) from the whole man, and the donations from our homes, and there has come to a world of sinners, upright, manly, happy *men*, who propose to conquer the world for Christ;—men that, while they are humble, feel they have the greatest mission in the world. Some accuse the ministry of neglecting the poor, and fawning on the rich. I know that is not true. It takes more courage to charge on palatial dwellings, over brussels carpets, with the gospel, than on the hut. The trouble is, we often go to the former as though we needed them, and to the latter as though they needed us. Who can be richer than we? Who has a greater mission? But this is all one-sided. There is that hopeless waiting for results, that changing of home, and of ties, that lack of support, the

frequent failure in pulpit effort, the oft-recurring doubt, Were we called? etc., etc. Oh, yes, I know. There are many weeds in our garden; any one can find these. But I do know that many of our sorrows come from a lack of faithfulness, and those we cannot avoid conduct us to the most heavenly blessedness, to fellowship with the sufferings of Christ. We hail with joy anything that opens the doors of our hearts to the dear Christ.

6. *The Joys of Ministerial Fellowship.*—Now there is one thing more that I have reserved (out of its order) to the last. Some say there are jealousies among us. I did not know it, and if there are, great jealousy grows out of great love perverted. But those things belong to the past. We do love each other, and our convenings are the brightest spots in our life. The old and young are here in the most perfect sympathy; here we find how small we are in comparison—not with the world—but with one another. United we are so strong we can look hopefully and cheerfully on the work before us. Why are we here? Some of us have come for information, some for inspiration, some to renew old associations and to bring back old memories, some to form new ties, some were weary and have come to meet the brethren that they may thank God and take courage. We have come to unify our hearts and minds. Surely we have a right to come, and if the apostles needed to meet, we are not *greater* than they, and need to meet also. But whether we come to meet, or be met, to give or get, for wisdom or to give out of our abundant supply, one thing we did come for, and we need not be ashamed of it; we came for a good time, to sing, and to greet, to pray, and to speak. While some are trying for pleasure in the dance hall, at the rink, or

at the theater, we have met with mutual sympathies, mutual needs, mutual, aspirations, to have a good time with Christ; that when we go to the world we may say, Look, here is happiness and contentment incarnate; that when we go to our people our faces may indicate the shekinah within. "May we arise and shine, and give God the glory."

C. C. SMITH.

(Selected.)

A DEED AND A WORD.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern,
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn ;
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink ;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and, lo ! the well,
By summer never dried,
Had cooled the thousand parchèd tongues.
And saved a life beside
A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart ;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust ;
It saved a soul from death.
O germ ! O fount ! O word of love !
O thought at random cast !
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

CHARLES MACKEY.

559

THE WHITE CHURCH.*

CHAPTER XVII.

A GODLESS TOWN.

Bob Loomis was wrong in ascribing the delay of Jake's trial to Mr. Sarcott's machinations. Indeed the latter was anxious to have the trial come off, for was he not certain that Jake would forfeit his bail? He would pay it and thus strengthen Mrs. Conway's obligations to him. But both Bob and Mr. Sarcott were disappointed. Hardly had the Court of Common Pleas begun its session at Hanaford when the District Judge was taken ill, and the business of the court delayed. As the docket contained but few cases, the business of a neighboring district was pressing, and the judge continued to fail in health, the sheriff of the county declared the court adjourned until October. There was much vexation in Rising Branch when this became known. Every body had counted on Jake's case being settled in June, and took it as a direct insult that the judge had been taken sick.

"Humph!" exclaimed old Sammie Barstow, as he sat on an empty box in front of Mr. Dill's store dis-

* Copyright, 1885, by STANDARD PUBLISHING COMPANY.

coursing to a motley audience, "humph! that 'ere judge hain't no sicker nor I be."

"'Tain't the judge," suggested one of his auditors, interrupting him, "it er them there lawyers. There's more business in Simpson County nor we kin shake a stick at, and thet pie is got ter be eat afore they commence onto ours."

"Of course it are the lawyers!" exclaimed a long, lean individual clothed in blue jeans, and rolling an immense quid of tobacco in his mouth, "and I kin tell ye which ones, too."

"Who?" demanded the crowd, in one voice, "tell us, Bosey. Yes, Bosey, who?"

Bosey squared himself as if for a conflict; then, shutting one eye, he directed a mouthful of tobacco-juice against the box on which old Sammie was sitting.

"It are Bagster and Coup, them's the counsels fur that young purp, and they want ter give him more time ter git out o' sight an' hearin'."

"Oh, bah!" returned a number of voices.

"That's jest what they're doin'," said Bosey, preparing to bombard the box again.

"See here, Bose Comptin," exclaimed old Sammie, getting down from the box in great wrath, "now thet's enough o' thet. I want yer ter understand thet I ain't a targit to fire yer terbacker agin."

"Who's firin' agin yer?" demanded Bosey.

"He ain't come within four feet of yer, Sam," said some one.

"Yes, he hez," said some one else, angrily, "he hez spit on Sam's pants."

"Thet's a lie!" shouted Bosey.

"Call me a liar?" exclaimed the first speaker, "take that!"

"Hold on! hold on!" and two or three strong hands seized the descending arm, and saved Bosey from the blow.

A general melee now followed, mingled with oaths and angry cursings.

"Oh, James! James!" cried poor little Mr. Dill, who had retreated into the store at the first sound of war, "where is the marshal? Oh, we shall all be shot." The clerk made no reply to his nervous master, but hastened to the door. There was a little scattering at his approach. The fighting ceased; a few oaths, however, fell from the lips of the combatants, like the muttering of distant thunder when the storm has past.

Bosey was wiping the blood from his face when Uncle Joe Sales rode up on his old horse.

"Boys! Boys!" exclaimed the old man, earnestly, "what on airth!"

Bosey and old Sammie skulked away at Uncle Joe's approach. Several others slunk into the store.

"Boys," said the old man to the few who remained, "I hev lived fur fifty years in this neighborhood, and I hev never before seed anything ez disgraceful as this."

"Guess you haven't been in town lately, have you?" remarked a smooth-faced, impudent-looking young man.

Uncle Joe merely eyed the speaker, but deigned him no reply.

"Oh!" exclaimed the old man, raising his eyes toward heaven, and seeming rather to address the sun than any one present, "oh, that Mr. Dill will parsist

in sellin' this demon drink, ter madden the souls of his neighbors!"

"Dill hain't sold no likker ter this crowd," exclaimed some one.

"Liquor! liquor! who says I sold liquor to these men?" said Mr. Dill himself, approaching the door cautiously.

"Oh, Mr. Sales," said he, as his eyes fell upon Uncle Joe, "I am so glad you have happened by. If these men are in liquor they must have got it up at the other place." Mr. Dill here indicated his meaning with his head.

"Other place! other place!" exclaimed Uncle Joe, in great astonishment. "Hez this Prince of the Power of Fire fixed himself at another place in this village?"

"I think the old man must have got behind on the daily news," remarked the smooth-faced young man.

Uncle Joe, as before, paid him no attention, but looking on the rest, said solemnly, and in a voice that commanded attention:

"Boys, I hev ayther read or heerd tell how thet genys, or some such bein's, could do things in the twinklin' of yer eye. I heerd how that in a single night they could build a king's palace, or lift one up, towers an' all, an' carry it over the sea. Of course I never put no faith in them tales. I hev knowed they was only fickshuns. But it seems sometimes as if the doin's of them genys was bein's realized in the work of old King Alkerhel. He builds no palace, but in a single night he sets down his foot, an' lo! where ther' was no rum-shop before, behold yer! ther' it is. I never visit Hanaford or Carterville, but I see another

groggery added to them as is already ther', and I ain't surprised ter find them any wher'."

"Some genie has set his foot down here since you were up last, old man." The speaker was the smooth-faced young man, but he elicited no reply from Uncle Joe.

"Well, the truth is," said Mr. Dill, leading Uncle Joe aside, and talking in an undertone, "that since poor Jeff Stormer got burnt out he has been in a bad way. He had nothing left at all, and after Mollie went to the asylum, Jeff took a notion to start a little saloon. He thought he could make it pay, at least while they were building the road, and he opened up last week."

"Jeff Stormer!" exclaimed Uncle Joe.

"Yes," replied Mr. Dill, "yonder is his shop," and he pointed to a little square building that had evidently gone up very recently on the site of the boarding house.

"You say," said Uncle Joe, "thet Jeff had nothin' left?"

"Nothing at all," answered Mr. Dill.

"How, then, could he set up a saloon?" asked the old man.

Mr. Dill stammered a little and blushed.

"Ah, oh yes, of course! I said everything. I think there was a little money coming to him, and I suppose he used this."

"Another coil the sarpint hez wrapped around him," said Uncle Joe to himself. "I thought as how he might leave him after swallerin' up his substance, but sarpint-like, he'll kill him afore he unwinds."

Mr. Dill had gone into the store to wait on a cus-

tomers and hither Uncle Joe followed him, made the purchase of a few groceries, and went home.

"It's the last time," soliloquized the old man as he rode along, "only starn necessity hez compelled me to buy anything where liquid death is dealt out to men."

"I know," he continued, "where Jeff got his money and who has persuaded him ter this; but" (this he said after a long pause), "the judgmints of God are sure, yes, sure, sure."

.

Scenes such as we have described were common in Rising Branch during the summer. A keen sense of disappointment was felt by all the villagers at the delay in opening the railroad. The disaster caused by Mollie Stormer was more serious than at first supposed. Every energy, however, was exerted by Mr. Sarcott to complete the road by early winter. He doubled his force of workmen, a new boarding-house was built and given to the charge of Colby Haines, and the village of Rising Branch took on new appointments to accommodate the increasing population. So the summer rolled away and the autumn came again. Gangs of workmen gathered in Jeff's saloon or Mr. Dill's store, smoking and idling away the beautiful nights. A brawl hardly created a passing comment now, but off in the surrounding country the godlessness of Rising Branch had become a proverb. The new dancing hall was almost completed and a grand opening of the same had been announced. The interest in this and in the completion of the road had now well nigh absorbed all there was in the fate of Jake Conway, even the October session of court drew on almost unnoticed.

Thus matters stood when at the close of a Septem-

ber day two strangers arrived in the village. They alighted from the mail hack in front of Mr. Dill's store. One of them was a man of medium size, dressed in a suit of light gray. He was slightly corpulent; his face was cleanly shaven, and he wore a moustache well waxed and curled at the ends. A heavy gold watch chain, which his cut-away coat set off to perfection, crossed his closed vest and reflected the brightness of the brooch he wore in his necktie. He carried a square satchel covered on the ends with large brass tacks. The other man was taller than his comrade and more plainly dressed. He wore a loose fitting suit of navy blue. His eyes were light and his sandy beard came to a sharp point far below his collar. He also carried a satchel, but it was of leather and evidently intended for nothing but wearing apparel. The two men entered the store, around whose door a gaping crowd had collected to see what new thing under the sun would be brought to view by the mail hack. Both were greeted cordially by Mr. Dill.

"Accommodations? Certainly, gentlemen, Rising Branch is second to no town of its size in that regard. Right this way. James, you show them up to Colby's. Just opened out, gentlemen. You'll find everything in apple-pie order there, I assure you. Anything in your line? Ah! well, let me see, well, ah, of course you'll be with us to-morrow. I can talk to you then. This mail business you see has to be attended to, but we can have time enough to-morrow."

The clerk, who seemed impatient to go, now started and was followed by both men. Each of them gave the store a scrutinizing glance as they went out, and

the man in navy blue paused a moment at the side-door and glanced into the bar-room.

The new boarding house had indeed been fitted up in excellent style. Tavern accommodations had been added to it and the two men soon found themselves the guests of Mr. Colby Haines.

"My son, gentlemen," said Mr. Haines presenting a young man of about twenty. "He has charge of things here. You see I am not managing it myself, as the boy and his wife need something to do, you know. He will take care of you in a manner worthy of a growing town, ha! ha!"

The elder Haines disappeared and the young man proceeded to do the host for his guests.

"Ride a little dusty," said he affably, "perhaps you would take something before supper. We've just added a new feature. See here!" He pushed open a green door of lattice work and displayed a small room furnished with all the necessities of a bar.

The man in navy blue turned to his companion with a significant look.

"Isn't that three?" asked he in a low tone. The other nodded. "Let us see," resumed the first one, "There was one on the left a little after we entered town, and another at the store."

"So much the better for me," remarked the corpulent man.

"What?" said the other, "you don't mean to say that —"

"That's what I sell," responded the party addressed, "and I think I have struck a bonanza here."

"No doubt," answered the man in blue, dryly, "but you will excuse me, I never drink."

"All right," returned the corpulent man, "I can not say that, but my object is mainly to sample. I don't think they can equal anything I have in my stock."

The man in blue shook his head and said, doubtfully, looking around for an auditor:

"If you can sell much it is evident that I can sell little."

"That's where you're just right, stranger." The man turned and confronted Bob Loomis, who sat near the bar-room door smoking a pipe. Bob continued: "As a gen'ral thing, stranger, yer remark whacks the nail on the head, but as ter the case in hand, Bob Loomis will never tack another shoe if either of ye sell much in this town."

"Why not?" asked the stranger.

"Oh, yer go and try, and yer kin test what I tell yer; I can't give yer no reasons."

The stranger looked puzzled, but remarked: "You have a great many saloons for so small a place, have you not?"

"You're right agin," answered Bob. "This un is a new wrinkle; did n't know of it myself till day afore yisterday."

The corpulent man now returned, wiping his lips, and both were conducted by Colby Haines, Jr., to the dining-room for supper.

We will presently follow these strangers separately; but before we do so, we ask you, reader, to walk with them both as they took a morning stroll through Rising Branch village.

They were both on the walk before the boarding-house bright and early.

"Come," said the corpulent man, "we can take

the lay of the land before breakfast. They have a nobby little town here."

"Yonder is the fellow I saw in here last night," said the man in blue; "he is acquainted here, and I will ask him to show us around."

Bob, who had just sauntered out, gladly undertook the office, and the trio started down the street.

"What's this?" asked the corpulent man, whom we must now call Mr. Skain, pointing to a large frame building between the boarding-house and Mr. Dill's store.

"See here!" answered Bob, tapping a large poster that flared from a board fence along the walk.

"Ha!" said Mr. Skain, "a dancing-hall, hey! and bowling alley? Going to have an 'opening. When?"

"Next week," answered Bob, "and I hope it will be a decent one."

"A decent one! what do you mean?" asked Mr. Skain.

Bob related the event that had occurred at the opening of Mr. Dill's store. Mr. Skain only shrugged his shoulders.

"What a fine house have we there?" said he, pointing to Mr. Sarcott's residence.

"Yes," answered Bob, "and that big one over by the crossing belongs ter Colby Haines, the old man yer seed fust in the tavern last night."

"Here is a fine row of little cottages," remarked Mr. Bowen, the man in blue, as they passed four gothic cottages that had been built during the summer.

"Whose are they?" asked he of Bob.

"Well," answered the smith slowly, "I reckon they belong ter the fellows that lives in 'em. Some

chaps as hez moved in from the country since the road war decided on. Most of 'em war farmers afore."

"What do they do now?" asked Mr. Skain.

Bob pointed to the foundations of a large building just in sight, near to the railroad embankment; and not far from the branch.

"Sarcott's new grist and flax mill," said he; "some of these fellers are goin' in there, some are workin' on the road."

"Well!" said Mr. Skain, in some surprise; "I heard they were booming this town, but I am astonished at their rapidity. The accident last spring has not delayed matters much."

"No," answered Bob, "not a great deal. The crazy gal's explite only gave the old man more grit. He has made things livelier than ever."

"The old man?"

"Yes; Mr. Sarcott, who runs things here pretty much."

"Well, my hearty," said Mr. Skain, slapping Mr. Bowen on the shoulder, "there is business here, and no mistake. There is a good day before us; let us go to breakfast."

Mr. Bowen made no reply, but kept turning his head here and there as though looking for something.

"Where is your church?" he asked, abruptly.

Mr. Skain opened his eyes and fixed them sharply on the speaker.

Bob answered his question:

"Church! Why, ther ain't none. Thet is ter say, there ain't none in town. There's one down ter Craggy Hill, three miles from here."

"No church in a town of this size?" exclaimed Mr. Bowen.

"Not a shingle of one," said Bob.

"You go to church, do you, my friend?" asked Mr. Skain.

"Whenever I can," was the reply of Mr. Bowen.

"I don't take any stock in them," said Mr. Skain. "The thing I look for in a town is snap-bis', as the boys say."

"You think there is lots of it here, do you?" asked Mr. Bowen.

"Foolish question!" replied Mr. Skain, waving his hand. "If this town is not booming I have missed my guess. One, two, three," said he, holding up his hand, and indicating the number with his fingers. "Oh, ho, old boy! they make business; they do indeed!"

"We'll see," said Mr. Bowen, quietly, as they returned to retrace their steps.

The two gentlemen were not allowed to sit in the common dining-room, where a score or more railroad hands were breakfasting, but had a neat little alcove to themselves. When they had finished their meal, Mr. Skain, complacently picking his teeth, went to the great room door, and stood a while surveying the boarders.

"Money is moving here," said he, as he came back to Mr. Bowen.

"Satan, too," was the dry rejoinder.

The two men separated after breakfast, Mr. Skain taking his satchel. He went at once to Mr. Dill's store, and thither we will follow him.

Mr. Dill was in, but evidently seemed annoyed at seeing his visitor.

"Well, now," said Mr. Skain, as he opened the satchel and spread on the counter samples of wines, cordials, gins, and a variety of other liquors, "you can do better with us then with any other firm in the country. See here," said he, leaning across the counter and pulling Mr. Dill toward him, "we can do the handsome thing for you on these. The firm took them in at a bankrupt sale, and we'll give you special prices."

"Oh, indeed!" replied Mr. Dill. "I have no doubt of it, my friend; but you see I can do nothing to-day; money is close, and, and, ah—"

"Sixty days!" said Mr. Skain, eagerly, "and see here: seeing its you, and we want to get our goods in here, you can have ninety."

"Indeed, I cannot buy to-day," answered Mr. Dill, nervously, and with the air of one who feared his tormentor, "indeed, I can do nothing now; you see, ah, I am—that is, I am, or—I mean I must consult—"

"What! are you not alone here?" asked Mr. Skain, glancing around.

"Oh, yes, of course," said Mr. Dill, "but I mean I must consult my means; ah, yes! Indeed, sir, I can do nothing for you to-day."

"But your stock is low," persisted Mr. Skain.

"Well, yes; but then, indeed, sir, I must refuse; I have some reasons—I mean—that is, I mean I have some thoughts of—"

"Selling out?"

"Ah, yes, that is it," replied Mr. Dill; "but it's a matter of business—private, you know."

Mr. Skain closed his satchel in disappointment,

while Mr. Dill, glad to relieve himself, even with a falsehood, bade him a nervous good-bye.

From Mr. Dill's, Mr. Skain repaired to the saloon of Jeff Stormer.

"Why, you have nothing at all in here," said he, unclosing the satchel. "I am just the chap for you, old fellow."

"You're right there," answered Jeff; "nothin' here—not even money."

"Sixty days," said Mr. Skain; "and let me tell you, old man, you'll lead everything in this town if you put in these."

Jeff looked at the samples with a longing eye.

"The other fellows have nothing like them," urged Mr. Skain.

Jeff only shook his head, nor could a full hour's pleading on the part of Mr. Skain induce him to invest.

"I will believe what blue-coat says, if I fail here," said he, as in a wearied manner he deposited his satchel in his room at the tavern.

After dinner he sought the bar-room and displayed his samples. Young Colby Haines was in attendance, and no one else was present. The young man's face was red, and he bore marks of having recently indulged in liquor.

"I ain't any 'thority," said he, in a thick voice, as he viewed the samples.

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Skain.

"The old man's the boss," answered young Colby.

"You mean your father?"

"No," replied the young man.

"Who, then?"

"Take a little o' this brandy, stranger, and then give me your ear."

Mr. Skain readily complied, and the loose-tongued host half whispered :

"You see, the old man has got most of us here on the hip."

"What old man?"

"I mean Sarcott."

"What, the contractor?"

"Yes; he's the chap that is really behind these bars, every one of them."

"Where does he buy?"

"Buy! why, man, he is in the big distillery at Hanaford."

"His name does not appear in the firm."

"Oh, he comes in under the 'Co.' He is one of them, sure."

Mr. Skain closed his satchel again, and his face wore a look of disgust.

Toward evening Mr. Bowen appeared, and was immediately hailed by Mr. Skain :

"Been in the country?"

"Yes."

"Sell any fanning mills?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Let's stroll out a little while, and I will explain," answered Mr. Bowen.

The men walked slowly toward the Branch, and when clear out of hearing of the village, Mr. Bowen said :

"Do you know that two-thirds of the men I visited are living on rented farms?"

"Indeed?"

"Yes; and few of them have any money."

"Where are the owners of the farms?" asked Mr. Skain.

"Most of them have moved here to the village."

"Oh, they are the fellows that are building these new houses—some for stores, and one or two for other purposes."

"Yes; a big frame at the lower end for a livery stable."

"And that blacksmith told me the one by it was to be a packing-house."

"And the farms are mortgaged," said Mr. Bowen.

"So?"

"Yes; and the money in railroad stock, or in these new projects."

"Well, you must have been getting at the inside of matters. Do you know who holds these mortgages?"

"One man holds a number of them, and runs the whole village. They say he opposes church."

"He's none the worse for that."

"He would have a better town if he did n't oppose it, even if you look at it from a money standpoint. Some of these fellows that he has roped in will have lost so much grace, that they will play quits with him at his own game before long. Well, did you find business booming?"

"I found out that the one-man business has killed it for me."

"What a shame," said Mr. Bowen, "that men should allow one man to enslave them thus, and even

while doing so take measures to exclude the institution that would open their eyes to his wiles."

"What institution do you mean?"

"An enlightened church," replied Mr. Bowen, emphatically.

"A church would n't have helped me to sell liquor."

"It would have helped me to sell fanning mills," said Mr. Bowen.

"Oh, pshaw!"

"Yes, it would; legitimate business—I say it boldly—will not flourish in a godless community. If these town men had been where they ought to be, on their farms, I would have another report to make."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A SHOT THAT MISSED.

October came. Again the fox grapes ripened along the Branch, and the dry winds rattled the chestnuts to the ground. Craggy Hill was wrapped in the glories of an unusual autumn. Never before had the forest worn such a dress. The dark green hemlocks and the pines made brighter the yellow oaks, and brought a richer crimson from the scattered maples.

"Ther' ain't bin no frost," said Uncle Joe, "and the leaves is just dyin' of old age."

The woods were full of sound. In the limbs of the shell-bark hickory chattered the squirrel, stopping anon to listen to the pheasant, drumming from some hollow log. The fields gave back the husker's shout, and from the roadside press the laugh of the cider-maker mingled with the grinder's hum. Surrounded by these signs and scenes was the old meeting-house. On that Lord's day nearest to the middle of the month, it stood with open door as if inviting the last church meeting it should ever see. The services of the morning were over, and Elder Tribbey said that now while all the

congregation was represented, the final vote on building ought to be taken.

Father Leeb was present, and arose with difficulty to the floor. He leaned upon his cane and spoke with a feeble voice :

"Brethring, ye all know that Bro. Joseph Sales is sick. I war to his house yesterday, and I found him hevin' a shake ; he war terribly anxious ter be here ter-day, for he had some words ter say. I see he are absent, and I feel as though we orter wait another week till he kin be with us, before we go further. I say this, 'cause I am told as how this vote settles the matter furever."

The old man had hardly paused before Elder Tribbey was on his feet.

"Brethren," said he, "this was the day appointed to take this vote, and I do not see that any one man among us is so necessary that we cannot get along without him. If Bro. Sales is sick, I am sorry ; but he has but one vote any how, and from what I can learn that one vote cannot, as matters stand now, change the result. I am anxious that we settle the question, for whatever we decide to do we ought to be at."

"I should think it would be well to hear from Bro. Sales at least," suggested Mr. Gaines, the old pastor. Elder Tribbey gave the old man a fierce look, and he immediately added, "but perhaps, as the season is growing late, we ought not to delay."

There was some murmuring among the congregation, and some one even ventured to suggest that it was hardly fair to push the decision now, even though it was the appointed time.

Elder Tribbey was irritated, but he controlled himself and said : "We all know pretty much what

Bro. Sales' views on this question are. If he were here, he would do no more than to make a plea for his favorite hobby; but pleas go but for little when facts are before us. I know that pretty much every member of this congregation sees, that even if we wanted to, it is too late to talk of building at the village. Land there has risen to fabulous prices, and all desirable places are occupied."

"Well, seems to me," spoke up old Mother Cranshaw, suddenly, "that some of our good brethren might donate a lot. I understand they have several there."

Elder Tribbey and Bro. Gimler both got very red, but affected not to notice the remark.

A general tittering pervaded the congregation, which was stopped by the entrance of two well-dressed strangers.

Leaving the congregation at this stage of its proceedings, we will ask the reader to follow, with us, a buggy that on this same forenoon rolled out of the village and took the road to Craggy Hill.

The mail hack had brought Messrs. McCracken and Wale, of Hanaford, to Rising Branch the preceding afternoon. What they did there we need not ask, but we may be permitted to catch a little of their conversation as they drove along.

"I can not say that I ever felt great interest in religious affairs," remarked Mr. Wale, "but it is plain to me that our religious men are the most valuable to us; I am afraid Sarcott has taken the wrong view of this phase of the question at any rate."

"He has, as sure as you live," added Mr. McCracken, "I claim the church is useful; a man must be addle-

brained not to see that it is above the school in this regard. It is not your smart men that make the best hands; the State prison is full of smart men."

"I don't know but it takes a smart man to get there," said Mr. Wale, laughing.

"It does," replied Mr. McCracken; "but as I was saying, we need something more than smartness to make good workmen. I sometimes wish I were what you might call a spiritual chemist and could analyze some of the stuff they call religion; for I would like to know what element of excellence it adds to the boys down in our lower mill."

"Let's see, don't all our boys there belong to church?" asked Mr. Wale.

"No," was the reply, "not more than two-thirds; but then, these determine the entire spirit of the mill and constitute the boys practically alike. They are the best set of fellows I ever dealt with in my life, and I have had experience with hundreds."

"Well," said Mr. Wale, "there is no use of our talking about investing in this town if Sarcott's notions mould its development. Strange that so sharp a business man fails to see his greatest mistake."

"I don't know as Sarcott's notions will mould the development of Rising Branch entirely," said McCracken. "They say the old church down here at Craggy Hill is to fight its way into town. Let us see, anyhow, whether it is successful before we do anything."

The two men drove on in silence some distance further, enjoying the clear, pure air, and feasting their eyes on the autumn beauty around them. They had arrived at a place where the road forked, one branch

leading up past the dam to Uncle Joe's, the other along the edge of the woods toward the church. The old house was just discernable among the trees.

"Oh, say!" exclaimed Mr. Wale, abruptly, "somebody in the village was telling me that they were going to decide that church question to-day. Suppose we drop into the old house. We are only out for a ride, and have time enough; besides, I used to go to church in my young days here, and I would like to see how it looks."

A broad smile settled on Elder Tribbey's face as he recognized the strangers. Bro. Gimler was just about to put the question, and he rapped on the desk to get the attention of the heads that were turning backward to find out the cause of the interruption.

"All who are in favor of building a house at the village, please rise to their feet."

About half a dozen, Father Leeb included, arose.

"All who are in favor of building on the old site, signify by the same sign."

The rest of the congregation arose.

"The old hypocrite!" whispered Mother Cranshaw to her nearest seat-mate, "he has been electioneering for this all summer."

Meeting was hardly out before Elder Tribbey sought the strangers; but they had gone.

"Not likely the old man will like it," remarked the Elder to Bro. Gimler on the road home.

"I feel a little sorry for him, too," answered Bro. Gimler, a little remorsefully; "it has been a favorite scheme of his so long, and I really think he believed it necessary."

"Nonsense, Anthony," replied the Elder; "old

Joe has a great bump of self-conceit. What he wanted was to be regarded as a sort of Solomon. Lessons like this do such men good."

Anthony Gimler made no reply, but rode on with an unquiet mind.

"I must go to town to-day," said Elder Tribbey to his wife on the Wednesday after the church meeting; and to town he went. He was disappointed at finding Mr. Sarcott absent. He entered Mr. Dill's store to buy some groceries.

"Well, Elder," said Mr. Dill, as he tied up a package of sugar, "so the Hanaford men have gone back on you."

"What do you mean?" demanded the Elder.

"Why," answered Mr. Dill, retreating a little and watching the cloud that was darkening the Elder's face, "I thought you had heard. McCracken and Wale have thrown up their project of investing here."

The Elder choked back his astonishment, and in a tone of forced calmness asked:

"Why was that?"

"When they heard that you fellows down at Craggy Hill had decided not to build your church up here, they threw up the sponge. It seems they have a notion that a good church is a powerful factor in helping to manage sets of workmen."

Elder Tribbey's face was a study. He sought his carriage in silence, leaving a third of his purchases on Mr. Dill's counter.

A WOMAN'S DOING.

CHAPTER I.

BURIED HOPES.

"The worst trouble about Chauncey," said Nathan Mowbrey, tilting his chair against the door-post and drawing a red cotton handkerchief over his brow, "The worst trouble about Chauncey is, thet sech an everlastin' pile o' good cloth was cut up and spiled in the makin'."

"Why, father!" said his wife, half reproachfully, as she paused in her work of brushing imaginary dust from the window sills, and tried her best to be severe, "I'm sure we set a great deal by Chauncey. Everybody thinks our Elsie married well." And then she laid down her duster to wipe her eyes, for the memory of their eldest child, who had been dead but a few weeks, was very fresh in the hearts of these two.

"So she did! So she did! I ain't faultin' Chauncey. But it allers mads me to hev stuff enough put inter a man to make a first-class piece of work, an' then hev it come out only middlin'."

To "hear Uncle Nathan talk" was to enjoy one of the choicest luxuries which the little village of Mow-

brey afforded. His father had been one of the pioneers of Northern Ohio, and one of the "first settlers" of the little town which bore his name. Here Uncle Nathan had grown up, and here his word was law. His homely wit and innocent exaggeration of statement—innocent, because its sole purpose was rhetorical effect—were the delight of the younger portion of the community. He was not without a certain pride of his own in his position of village oracle—a certain satisfaction in having his speeches admired and quoted. This was, however, the only trace of vanity which grace had not long since removed from his heart, and even the single remaining weakness was a pardonable one, since it hurt nobody and was in nobody's way.

"Yis!" he went on, in his emphatic way, speaking each word as if he were striking a staccato note; "they ain't no reason why, with the brains he's got an' the chances he's hed, he could n't hev gone to the top. Ef they's one thing in this world I'm set aginst, it's waste; an' wasted brains is worse'n wasted cloth or wasted fodder. I allus thought I'd like to hev one child thet would be sunthin' extry. There was Elsie. They's no harm sayin' it, now she's gone: thet ef you was to paint the purtiest pictur thet could be thought out, an' jest make every featur as neat as anybody could make 'em, an' the neatest figger, an' all, you could n't make anything a hundred-millionth part as handsome as thet girl was. An' ef the saints in light"—here Uncle Nathan paused to brush his hand across his eyes—"ef the saints in light are much better 'n she was, I do n't believe I'd feel very comfortable around where they be. I allers thought Elsie'd be sunthin' extry, and she was. We grudged things to ourselves

to send her to school, an' I hain't ben sorry. She allers went to the top, an' folks allers made of her. Then she took a notion to Chauncey, an' we thought she done well. I says to myself, 'There, now, is a young man thet I kin take for my own son, an' ef he's got the *grow* in him thet he orter hev, he'll be up to the top o' the spire o' greatness one o' these days.' But he won't! They ain't no more grow in Chauncey Palmer than they is in a pack o' sawdust!"

"But he's got a good heart," pleaded Mrs. Mowbrey, to whom her daughter's husband seemed very near. "And if ever there was a good husband, I'm sure he was one."

"Thet's so," said Uncle Nathan, in a softer tone, giving his chair an extra hitch, and looking out of the window, so that his wife could not see the moisture in his eyes and the twitch about the corners of his mouth; "an' his trouble has cut him up like everything. Elsie put all the snap into him he's ever had, an' he won't never amount to nothin' for greatness, now she's gone. An' so"—the face was turned squarely toward the window now—"they's nothin' for us to go on expectin', I s'pose, so fur as this life is consarned. There's Myrtle: she's a good-meanin' little thing, an' honest an' straightfor'ard as a deacon; but nobody ain't ever goin' to take to her much. She takes to books pretty well, an' I guess she'll be a good scholar; but she ain't like Elsie, no more 'n a pertater is like a peach."

"No," agreed the mother, with a weary sigh. "But I should n't wonder if Myrtle would come to more than you think. And there is Elsie's baby."

"Yis!" said Uncle Nathan, almost tenderly.

"When I look at that baby girl, I feel the way I do in the spring when the oats begins to run short, an' I think how near empty the bins be; an' then I look out acrost the fields an' say to myself, 'They's more growin'!' When I think about Elsie, it seems as ef my hopes was all gone with her; but then I think that mebbe her little Elsie 'll be like her, an' then I says to myself, 'They's more hopes growin'!' "

Uncle Nathan rose, pushed his chair back to its original position, and went away. His wife finished her dusting, shook out the snowy muslin curtains, rearranged the pink paper roses in their huge vases on the mantel, and returned to the kitchen. Then a little girl came out of an adjoining room, with a book in her hand and tears in her eyes.

"There's no use my trying to be like Elsie," she sobbed, as she flung herself upon the chintz-covered lounge, burying her face among its cushions. "Father said I was n't like her, and that nobody would ever take to me. There won't ever be any use in trying. I'd rather have us all die right now and go to her. And yet—I'm afraid."

Chauncey came in presently, and Myrtle hastened to dry her tears lest her brother-in-law should see them. Between this mature child and the childlike man there was a strong though unspoken sympathy. She was very sorry for Chauncey,—poor, lonely Chauncey, and Chauncey's heart often ached for her, as he saw that she grieved, constantly and silently, for her sister.

Myrtle was usually so quiet, and had seemed so much awed by his sorrow, that to-day her brother-in-law started at the suddenness of the question as she asked:

"Chauncey, are you afraid to die?"

There was a moment's pause, but no answer. Myrtle went on: "Elsie said she was n't afraid, you know. I'm afraid. Mother says only our bodies are buried, but I keep thinking about the cold ground. Elsie liked every lovely thing. She didn't like the dark and the cold. I do n't, either. I'm afraid to die, and have my body buried in the cold ground, like Elsie's—"

"Do n't talk about Elsie in that way!" cried Chauncey, almost sharply. Then, in a moment, he relented. Why should he hurt the child? "Mother will explain it to you," he said, in a gentler tone. "I would if I could, but I do n't believe—I mean I do n't understand those things very well. Mother is right, though. Elsie does n't feel the cold. She—is n't there."

"I know," persisted the child, who, now that she had begun to talk, seemed determined to tell all the thoughts that had haunted her in the nights of feverish unrest through which she had passed since her sister's death. "I know. She went to the angels. I do n't see how she could, but she said she was n't afraid. I wish I was n't afraid, 'cause I *must* go. How will God show you the way, Chauncey?"

The handsome lips twitched under the moustache that shaded them. The young husband was not likely to forget his wife's parting words. But he only shook his head in answer to Myrtle's question.

The girl slipped back among the cushions, and went on with her reading. Chauncey Palmer drew out a letter, scanned its contents, crushed the envelope, and

thrust the folded sheet into his pocket with nervous haste.

"Father," he said, as Uncle Nathan returned to the room, "I've got to get back to the city. I can't stand it here. I keep thinking—well, of all that's happened. I think I'll leave this week, if I can get away. Sometimes I think I'll leave this part of the country altogether, but I can't make up my mind to that just yet, on account of my baby. And I do n't want to get clear away from you and mother, for it sometimes seems that you and baby Elsie are all I have left of my poor girl. So I think I'll only go as far as the city for this winter."

"Wal," said Uncle Nathan, seating himself rather suddenly and trying to look contemplative. "I s'pose you've hed a chance to get into sunthin', then?"

"Yes—that is, Gregory wants me to go into business with him. I've just had a letter from him. He does n't say what the business is, so I do n't feel certain about it. In fact, I do n't know that I want to tangle myself up in anything just yet. I may want to make some change in the spring. I think pērhaps I might get a Washington clerkship under the new administration. Some of my friends have offered to use their influence for me. If I do n't do that, I'll either go in with Gregory or look up something else."

Uncle Nathan sighed. Chauncey was wanting in neither intellect nor industry. Yet he was always returning to the old farm-house at Mowbrey, to be cheered for the failure of his last business enterprise and encouraged to "look up something else."

Chauncey Palmer and Elsie Mowbrey had been classmates at a little Ohio college. Their attachment had begun early, and had grown steadily stronger

through a long engagement, and through their two years of married life, which all the uncertainties of Chauncey's business prospects had failed to render other than happy. These years had been divided into periods of a few months each, spent alternately in "light housekeeping" in the busy little city of Mornington, twenty miles away, and in "staying" with Elsie's parents at the old homestead. Chauncey had tried half a dozen different kinds of business, and had been fortunate in none of them. He had worked hard enough to insure success, it seemed to Uncle Nathan, but he had never succeeded. Elsie had thought each time that the failure lay in the fineness of Chauncey's make-up. "He was never made to be hustled about by people who think of life only as a big scramble for bread and butter," she had often cried, with passionate earnestness. "Sometime he will find just the very thing that he ought to do, and then how glad we shall be that we were proud of him even before he found it!"

Uncle Nathan remembered these words of Elsie's now, as he looked at the fair, handsome face of his son-in-law; and he wondered if the prophecy would ever be fulfilled, and if the right thing for Chauncey to do would ever be found. "They is some folks," he said, comforting himself in his anxiety, as he usually did, by compressing his thoughts into an epigram, "They is some folks in this world thet come so near bein' geniuses, thet they are spiled for bein' ordinary!" And having stated this fact to himself in a satisfactory manner, Uncle Nathan was ready to listen further to Chauncey's plans.

"I suppose," said the younger man, looking up suddenly, "that mother will want to keep the baby?"

"Yis!" said Uncle Nathan, with decision. "It ain't in reason to s'pose thet mother kin make up her mind to give up thet baby. Now I don't mean, Chauncey, thet she'd ever want to turn your child away from you. Neither would I. You know mother an' me too well to think sech a thing as thet. But nobody else is goin' to do for thet child, while she's little an' helpless, the way mother will; and —" for a moment Uncle Nathan struggled against his distaste for sentiment, then finished his sentence bravely— "an' I guess it would be pretty middlin' lonesome if the baby was took away."

"Of course!" said Chauncey, hastily. "I know nobody else will ever come so near being a mother to my little girl as the mother of my Elsie. I know Elsie wanted it to be so. And there's no one else I'd so gladly trust her with."

"You kin run down from the city jest as much as you feel like it," suggested Uncle Nathan. "An' always jest as welcome as ef you was our own boy. Which you be," he added, as if to make the invitation more emphatic.

"Thanks!" said Chauncey, gratefully. "You have been very good to me—you and mother. I hope it can always be just as it has been between us. I hope you won't think any less of me, now I need you more."

"No," said Uncle Nathan. "No, we won't."

He went and looked out of the window for a very long time, though there was nothing interesting to be seen from the window. Then he said it was time to call up the cows; and Myrtle, who still lay curled up

among the cushions, thought there was an odd huskiness in his voice as he said it.

So the baby girl was left in the old home where her mother had grown from childhood to girlhood, and from girlhood to radiant womanhood. Here Chauncey came often, to feast his eyes on the growing loveliness of his little daughter, and to be comforted by those who had best learned how to comfort him. Here the lonely old father and mother strove, in their daily round of homely duties, to live down their grief. Here little Myrtle, her naturally serious nature thrown into a still deeper shadow by her early sorrow, puzzled, in her childish fashion, over the great problems of life and death, and wondered if they had ever seemed so hard to any one else as they seemed to her.

CHAPTER II.

A LETTER.

The crowd about the steps of the post-office, and the numbers of vehicles of all descriptions, from the dapper buggy to the clumsy lumber wagon, which were ranged in front of the building, indicated the fact that Mowbrey was waiting for its afternoon mail.

A slender girl in a gingham dress, with a broad-brimmed hat shading her face, came down the country road, crossed the common, turned in the direction of the post-office, loitered on her way until most of the men had left the office with their mail, then entered.

The postmaster, having a little leisure at his command, seemed disposed for conversation.

"Good afternoon, Myrtle," he remarked, sociably. "Ya-as, I b'lieve they's a letter for your ma. Guess it's from Chauncey. Seems to me I hain't seen nothin' of Chauncey for a long time. Hain't been down lately, has he?"

"Not very lately," said Myrtle, timidly, as she took the letter.

"I rec'lect thet just after his wife died he used to be down every two or three weeks, reg'lar. Le's see

—must be four or five years sense she died, ain't it?"

"Almost six."

"Is it? Well, raly! I s'pose he's too busy to get around thet often now?" And the postmaster, who knew how short-lived Chauncey's business triumphs were, and who was always anxious to learn about the latest venture, waited curiously for Myrtle's reply. But the girl only said "I suppose so," in a rather doubtful tone, and, with a shy little nod, turned, left the office, and walked homeward.

She was fourteen now—a slight girl, with a grave, womanly face. It was neither a pretty face nor a plain one. The impression it left with one was merely an indistinct memory of a thoughtful brow, a rather large, unsmiling mouth, and deep, serious gray eyes.

The eyes were bent on the ground now, and Myrtle was in deeper study than usual. The postmaster was right. It was a long time since Chauncey's last visit. He must be well, for he had written regularly. It was strange that he did not come oftener to see them, and, most of all, to see Elsie.

She reached the gate in front of the old farm house, to find it occupied. Perched upon its topmost plank was a tiny creature who looked more like one of the cherubs in which the hearts of the old masters delighted, than like a flesh-and-blood child of six. Golden brown hair rippled over her head, and fell in ringlets about her shoulders; a pair of warm, confident brown eyes looked up into Myrtle's, and a pair of full red lips were pushed out for a kiss.

"I'm afraid you'll fall, Elsie," said Myrtle. "You

ought n't to climb up there. Come into the house and grandma will read papa's letter."

"Is n't papa ever coming any more?" queried Elsie, as Myrtle lifted her down from the gate. "I'm tired of papa's letters. Why do n't he ever come any more?"

"Why, Elsie," pleaded Myrtle, "you know papa is very busy. And think how many nice presents he sends you."

"But I'd rather he'd come and bring 'em," said the child, only half consoled.

They entered the sitting-room, and Myrtle handed the letter to her mother, lifted Elsie up to a seat on the lounge, and sat down beside her.

Mrs. Mowbrey wiped her glasses carefully, and glanced through her son-in-law's letter. Presently the hands that held the paper began to tremble violently.

"Are you sick?" asked Myrtle, anxiously, as she came to lean over her mother's shoulder and to smooth the rough gray hair. "Is there bad news in the letter? Has anything happened to Chauncey?"

"No, Myrtle, it's all right, and nothing ails me. Nothing at all."

"Dear, dear mother!" said the girl, softly. "Please tell me! I'd rather know the hardest thing it can be, than to see you feeling so badly and not know what it's for."

"Why, it ain't bad news—at least I can't rightly call it that. It upsets me some because it was n't what I was looking for, but I can't call it bad news. You can read the letter."

And this was what Myrtle read:

MY DEAR MOTHER:—I have been intending for some time to run down and see you and the little one, but I have hesitated to do so, and

for this reason: I felt that I could not see and talk with you without having first written to you on a subject about which I find it difficult to write. I do not know whether you and father would sanction the wisdom of the step I have taken, yet I believe that, if you could look at all the circumstances as I can, you would believe it to be for the best; and I earnestly hope that you will be neither shocked nor grieved when I tell you that I am engaged to be married. I believe you know how I loved Elsie. Her memory is to-day the most precious thing I have in the world. I would rather have had those two perfect years with her than a lifetime with any other woman. But, just in proportion as I loved her, I am lonely without her. My solitary life is making me hard and bitter. I find myself asking if this must always be; if the present must always be torture because the past is bliss; if it is good always to live in a memory. Love, such as I gave to Elsie, such as I still give to her memory, I can never give to any other woman; but one has taken me as I am, promising to be content with the little I have left for her, and never to come between that memory and me. I am now only thirty-two. There is probably a long stretch of life before me still. I am maddened by the thought of spending it alone; I am happy in the thought of spending it with Clara Wallingford. I feel certain, therefore, that my marriage with her will brighten all our lives. I presume I have mentioned to you my acquaintance with Mr. Horace Wallingford, a prominent business man of this city. Miss Clara is his sister, and a member of his family. She is good and accomplished, and, while used to the luxuries of her brother's elegant home, she has not turned away from me because of my poverty. I marvel that I should have won her, but my life seems to be a strange alternation of great fortune and great sorrow. How did I win Elsie?

There is one thing of which you will wish to be assured, and about which it is my duty to set your mind at rest. I will never take Elsie away from you so long as you wish to keep her. You have been like a mother to her, and more than a mother to me. I wish there were a stronger chance that I shall one day be able to repay your goodness to me and mine. If you feel like seeing me, I will run down a week from Saturday.

Give my love to father and Myrtle, and believe that I am, still and ever,

. Your affectionate son,

CHAUNCEY PALMER.

Myrtle had not read all this without a pause. She had stopped many times to choke back her sobs and to

try to calm herself. But at last it was finished, and the girl sat down on the arm of her mother's chair and hid her face against her mother's shoulder.

"I am sure Chauncey meant what was right," she whispered. "But it seems as if it would break my heart!"

"Tut, tut, child!" said the mother, in a voice that trembled in spite of her. "You mustn't take it in that way. It may be just the best thing that could happen. It ain't to be supposed that a young man like Chauncey 'll always stay single. I wonder I had n't thought of that, but I had n't, so this letter gave me a little start. That's all. It'll come out for the best, maybe."

But Myrtle could not resign herself to the situation so readily. She was thinking, with a pain tugging at her heart all the time she thought, about her sister. Elsie's early death had left about her memory, in the mind of the child who had loved her so devotedly, the halo of perpetual romance. By others Elsie was remembered as a beautiful, warm-hearted girl, winning and tender and true; to Myrtle she was, in remembrance, so far above ordinary men and women that to have lived near her, during her stay on earth, was to have enjoyed a privilege such as could never be granted in this world again. That Chauncey, who had been Elsie's husband, and whom Elsie had loved so intensely, should care to be the husband of any other woman! At that moment, Myrtle felt that she would be glad to be told that she need never see Chauncey Palmer again.

"I'm afraid Myrtle is going to kind of lay it up against Chauncey, his marrying the second time," said Mrs. Mowbrey that night, when she and Uncle Nathan

"talked over" the contents of Chauncey's letter. "She set a great deal by Elsie, and I'm afraid she won't ever feel the same to Chauncey again."

"Thet shows her sense!" asserted Uncle Nathan, with decision. "She ain't one millionth part of an atom more put out over this plaguey marryin' business than I be. I would n't make a fuss about Chauncey's marryin' agin, ef he'd gone about it right, but after all we'd done for him he need n't hev gone back on it all an' never said a 'by your leave' to us about this hull thing. I mean to treat Chauncey as civil as ever, but ef Myrtle don't feel like doin' it, good for her grit!"

"Now father, you don't more'n half mean what you say," protested Mrs. Mowbrey. "May be Chauncey has found a real good woman."

"Mebbe he hez," agreed Uncle Nathan, with suspicious readiness. "Mebbe he might hev done a big sight worse'n he hez. But because a man might hev stole fifty dollars ain't any reason why he's got to steal twenty-five. And because a man might hev done two fool things ain't any reason why he's got to do one. It's amazin' to see how many fool things he kin find to do, ef he raly sets about it."

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

ROYAL REFORMERS.—HEZEKIAH.

Whether the severe and threatening illness of Hezekiah (II. Ki. xx. 1-3) was after the flight of Sennacherib, or, earlier in his reign, after a deliverance from the threatening presence of Sargon, as many suppose, we shall not here discuss, inasmuch as, with all its interest and value as a chronological question, it does not touch the objects had in view in these sketches. We strongly incline to the opinion that this dangerous illness preceded the invasion of Sennacherib and his subsequent overthrow; but, at whatever date, such an affliction was sent upon him. We are apt to covet great gifts, great opportunities, great glory; but it should chasten our ambition when we reflect that, along with these, are sure to come great trials, great afflictions, great burdens of care, anxiety and grief. These are, as the wise man said, "set over the one against the other," to hold things somewhere near the level—to save us from the deformities and monstrosities which either unbroken prosperity or unchecked adversity would produce. We might have had reason to doubt the truthfulness of the record, so far as internal evidence is concerned, if Hezekiah's splendid career had been altogether free from dark shadings. Such was the glory of his reign and the magnificence of his victories, that the Jews, it would appear from tradition,

were fondly disposed to regard him as the promised Messiah, and applied to him such prophecies as those in Isa. ix. and xi. It is quoted as a saying of Hillel, that "there would be no Messiah for Israel in future times, because he had already appeared in Hezekiah." And the traditional testimony is, that this king applied to himself, not only the Messianic predictions of Isaiah, but also Psalms xx. and cx. He had even left entirely out of view a successor to his throne, as if he indulged the confidence that no successor would be needed. Sickness and death were remote from his contemplations. It was needful that this idle dream should be spoiled. It was among the greatest of the mercies of his reign that he was "sick unto death." It is doubtful if any man properly appreciates the responsibilities and awful solemnities of life until he is brought face to face with death. Certainly, when a puny mortal is inspired with vast ambitions that mock at death, he will not be apt to "come to himself" until a heavy hand of affliction is laid on him and he is made to know how frail he is. It was because of the abundance of his visions and revelations, that Paul received "a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet him," "lest," said he, "I should be exalted above measure" (II. Cor. xii. 7). And so Hezekiah, and every other highly favored one, must have his "thorn in the flesh." Not only were his delightful visions of perpetual greatness and Messianic immortality and glory dissolved by a disease—perhaps a carbuncle or tumor—that reduced him to a level with other mortals, but the warning came from his inspired and trusted counselor, Isaiah: "Set thine house in order; for thou

shalt die, and not live."* What a terrible shattering of the cherished hopes and ambitions of a life time! And who is there among the prosperous, that does not need to be rescued from exaltation above measure—from the insanities of successful ambition, the intoxications of feverish and victorious achievement—by a counter-irritant of humiliation and disaster? Hezekiah, with all his excellences, was likely to be nothing better than a spoiled child of fortune, and in mercy a rod of correction was laid upon him with heavy hand. All his glory faded away; midnight darkness encompassed him; he "turned his face to the wall," as one bereft of all earthly consolation, and made tearful, sobbing supplications to Jehovah, his only hope: "I beseech thee, O Jehovah, remember now how I have walked before thee in truth and with a perfect heart, and have done that which is good in thy sight." He may have been tainted with undue ambition, or intoxicated with delusive hopes; but how few among the sons of ambition dare make such a plea of honesty and fidelity before God! That he was subject to an overweening vanity, even after the heavy chastisement he now received, we know; and that he was much more subject to it before this chastisement came, is a moral certainty; but it was, after all, but the infirmity of a noble mind. At heart, and in life, he had ever been true to God and to his kingdom; and, whatever his infirmities, God bless the man of truth and honesty. We

* In this history, as in that of Jonah (Jon. iii. 4-10), and to some extent in that of Ahab (I. Ki. xxi. 21-29), we see that the prophetic denunciations were often not absolute predictions of what was certainly about to happen, but warnings or menaces, designed previously to prove, or to lead to repentance, those against whom they were uttered, and only obtaining accomplishment if this primary object failed.—*Speaker's Com.*

have to look on Hezekiah as gold, but as yet somewhat mixed with dross that called for the refiner's fire. But he is in the hands of a loving God who afflicts him only for his good. Soon the prophet is sent with another message: "Thus saith Jehovah, the God of David thy father: I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears: behold, I will heal thee: on the third day thou shalt go up unto the house of the Lord; and I will add unto thy days fifteen years" (II. Ki. xx. 5, 6). O ye afflicted! when the hand of chastening is heavy upon you, yield not to vain and sinful murmurings. Turn your face to the wall, and appeal to God in prayers and tears, that God may say to you, "I have heard thy prayers, I have seen thy tears." These are eloquent pleaders before the merciful God, and you shall not be left unblessed.

It is alike curious and instructive to listen to Hezekiah's confessions in his hymn of thanksgiving after his recovery. Let us hear it.

I said, In the noontide of my days I shall go into the gates of Sheol:

I am deprived of the residue of my years.

I said, I shall not see Jehovah, even Jehovah in the land of the living:

I shall behold man no more with the inhabitants of the world.

Mine age is removed, and is carried away from me as a shepherd's tent:

I have rolled up like a weaver my life; he will cut me off from the loom:

From day even to night wilt thou make an end of me.

I quieted myself until morning; as a lion, so he breaketh all my bones:

From day even to night wilt thou make an end of me.

Like a swallow or a crane, so did I chatter;

I did mourn as a dove; mine eyes fail with looking upward.

O Lord, I am oppressed; be thou my surety.

What shall I say? he hath both spoken unto me, and himself hath done it:

I shall go softly all my years because of the bitterness of my soul.

O Lord, by these things men live,

And whol y therein is the life of my spirit:

Wherefore recover thou me, and make me to live.

Behold, it was for my p.ace that I had great bitterness:

But thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption:

For thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back.

For the grave can not praise thee, death can not celebrate thee:

They that go down into the pit can not hope for thy truth.

The living, the living, he shall praise thee, as I do this day:

The father to the children shall make known thy truth.

The Lord is ready to save me:

Therefore we will sing my songs to the stringed instruments,

All the days of our life in the house of the Lord.

In all this there is not the slightest recognition of a life beyond the grave. It is the enthusiasm of joy over fifteen years more of this feverish, anxious life! Beyond, all is darkness and the corruption of the pit. It would not do to say that this enlightened servant of God knew nothing of another life. But he lived under a dispensation of temporal rewards and punishments, in which the sublime realities of a future life were retired into the background—if, indeed, they appeared at all; and, as a king, and a reformer, he had been so absorbed in the affairs of the present, so bent on present achievements and present victories, that he had had neither time nor inclination to study into the future. When, therefore, death suddenly stared Hezekiah in the face, he was "without hope;" it was to him the end of all things—the blotting out of all blessedness. Let us not judge him harshly. There are many in the churches, to-day, living in the clear light of life and immortality, —stirring, active, useful, upright men—to whom the

hope of heaven is scarcely more of a motive than it was to Hezekiah, and who, if they were to receive the message, "Thou shalt die and not live," would have to bewail their misfortune in language like that of the Jewish king. In the rush and whirl and roar of a materialistic age, when honest success is only possible to the watchful, incessant toiler, when the busy scenes of the day and the dreams of the night are thronged with earth-born ambitions, cares and anxieties, the future life is crowded out of one's thoughts; it is only now and then that a faint and transient glimpse of things unseen is gained. While we would remind all who are thus shut out from the inspirations of the hope of heaven, of the great loss they sustain, we would not too severely judge them so long as they loyally cling to truth and duty. While it is to be deplored that their horizon of hope is so limited, it is by no means so deplorable a condition of mind as that of the dreamy sentimentalists who are evermore rapt into idle speculations about a future which inspires them with no desires, awakens them to no efforts, for present usefulness. If Hezekiah had but dim perceptions, or no perceptions at all, of a future life, he had that faith in Jehovah, and that devotion to truth for its own sake, which were a constant inspiration to faithfulness, and brought him an ever-present reward. And many of the men whom we are apt to condemn as worldly, and on whom we do not hesitate to pronounce severe condemnations as either not Christians at all, or not more than half-Christians, because they are so little under the influence of the Christian hope, are nevertheless crowding their lives with diligent efforts to serve God and their fellowmen, from a high sense of duty,

with a sacred devotion to truth and right, because they are truth and right. While they do not furnish the highest type of Christian character, they are greatly the superiors of those whose lives are spent in fruitless speculations over the pre-millennial or post-millennial coming of Christ, the state of the spirit after death, the number of inhabitants that can be accommodated in the New Jerusalem, etc., etc., speculations which are likely to be about as sensible and valuable as a child's speculations about the moon and the stars. Godliness has promise of "the life that now is," as well as of that which is to come, and the surest preparation for the life to come is a diligent and faithful performance of the functions of the life we now possess. It is not necessary to a genuine piety that we should be continually depreciating the world that God has given us here, and sinning away all its precious opportunities in sentimental whimperings over the short-lived pleasures of earth, leaving the world, at last, none the better for our presence in it. Unquestionably, that is the most desirable path on which streams the radiance of heavenly hope, and that the most enviable life which is supported and sanctified and swayed by a confident anticipation of an endless life. But if we have not yet attained to "the full assurance of hope," or "the full assurance of understanding," let us cling to duty, and be upheld by the consciousness that we are keeping the commandments of God.

Yet we opine that honest, earnest souls like Hezekiah, unblessed with the consolations and inspirations of a confident hope of heaven, will be some time schooled by sore affliction into a sense of their incom-

pleteness, and will learn, through bitter experiences, their need of something better than earth can afford.

And this leads us to remark how paltry were the possessions, the ambitions, the glories of Hezekiah in the presence of death. That patch of land in Palestine—that petty kingdom with its limited revenues, and its feeble splendors—that handful of subjects over whom he held control: what were these even in comparison to Egypt or Assyria? How utterly contemptible, therefore, as the full measure of a man's ambition, when death was at the door of the monarch, and even these pale glories must be quenched, and these paltry toys of royalty be surrendered? And yet for a very small portion of Hezekiah's diminutive greatness, we are willing to make of our brief life one perpetual toil and struggle, "and call this barren world sufficient bliss"! Multitudes are in worse case than Hezekiah when death comes; for he could look up to God and say truthfully, "I have walked before thee in truth and with a perfect heart," while they have to confess an utter idolatry in the service of vain and worthless idols.

Strange to say, it was *after* this severe chastening that Hezekiah exhibited offensively his great infirmity. He was prospered abundantly (II. Chron. xxxii. 23, 27-30), and "his heart was lifted up." He became vain-glorious. The wonderful defeat of Sennacherib, and the marvelous phenomenon of the shadow going backward ten degrees or steps on the dial (II. Ki. xx. 9-11), had given the king great fame, and the prosperity of his kingdom attracted the attention of other kingdoms, even distant ones. Merodach Baladan, in Babylonia, was striving against Sargon, of Assyria, with partial

success, to release Babylon from subjection to Assyrian rule, and erect an independent and rival sovereignty. Under pretense of congratulating Hezekiah on his restoration to health, and of inquiring concerning "the wonder done in the land" in the backward movement of the shadow on the dial (II. Chron. xxxii. 31), he sent ambassadors to Jerusalem. The real design was, in all probability, to propose an alliance with the kingdom of Judah, and perhaps with Egypt, against Assyria. Hezekiah was elated that a distant power should thus honor him with an embassy of the princes of Babylon, and with large presents; he felt that he had indeed risen to an exceeding greatness when his favor was thus courted and his alliance thus eagerly sought; and, to impress his visitors with an idea of his greatness, he made a vain display of the wealth and splendor and power of his throne and his kingdom—"there was nothing in his house, nor in all his dominion that he showed them not." "Then said Isaiah unto Hezekiah, Behold, the days come that all that is in thine house, and that which thy fathers have laid up in store until this day, shall be carried to Babylon: nothing shall be left, saith the Lord. And of thy sons that shall issue from thee, which thou shalt beget, shall they take away, and they shall be eunuchs in the palace of the king of Babylon" (Isa. xxxix. 5-7). This lifting up of the heart in self-exaltation—how natural and how common it is. Take away the privilege of exhibiting their own greatness and glorying in their own importance, from many even of the preachers of the gospel, and you rob them of their chief joy; they will shrivel into nothingness. It is worth while to note, therefore, that this sin was exceedingly offensive in the

sight of God, and that on account of this sin, there was wrath upon Hezekiah, and upon Judah and Jerusalem (II. Chron. xxxii. 26). There is no more important precept, especially for those in places of trust, than this: "Be *clothed* with humility." Forever is it true, that "pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." Would that we could say of all vain, proud men, what is said of the noble Hezekiah—noble in spite of this infirmity—"Notwithstanding, Hezekiah humbled himself for the pride of his heart, both he and the inhabitants of Jerusalem, so that the wrath of the Lord came not upon them in the days of Hezekiah." If we mourn over his infirmity, we can rejoice in that honesty and manliness which led him to confess his folly and put away his sin.

We ought not to close this sketch without mentioning that this king labored also for the intellectual improvement of his people. From Prov. xxv. 1 it appears that he appointed a Commission to collect the proverbs of Solomon, and according to Jewish tradition, the prophecies of Isaiah were collected by him, and Ecclesiastes and Canticles were preserved. Himself a poet, he sought to preserve whatever was worthy in the literature of his nation, and to cultivate a love of literature during a reign marked by more than ordinary literary activity.

The closing years of his reign were prosperous. Indeed, the entire reign was glorious in its achievements, its victories, and the general prosperity of the people, while its disasters arose mainly out of the complications of previous reigns. While the reforms wrought were largely external, and therefore not permanent,—being the result of royal compulsion rather

than of a nation's repentance, they served to show, on one hand, the king's righteous and holy aims, and, on the other, the utter impossibility of attaining to righteousness under the law.

When the fifteen years were expired, Hezekiah died—let us hope with a better view of the future than he was able to take at their beginning—“and they buried him in the chiefest of the sepulchers of the sons of David, and all Judah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem did him honor at his death.”

EDITORIAL.

CURRENT COMMENT.

HOW looks the Bible from the disputed ground of evolution? To many religious teachers evolution is, even yet, as unfamiliar, and its misty expanse is fraught with as many terrors as was the stormy Atlantic to its earliest navigators. Possibly these terrors are only imaginary, and they may vanish with further exploration and familiarity, leaving only such real difficulties and dangers as are necessary to develop skill and courage. A world of philosophy or religion without them would be a tame affair, and could provoke no strength of character. Let us bravely, then, try to see what evolution is, and how far it is sustained by Scripture.

The first postulate of the evolution philosophy is, that back of matter there is a single, all-sufficient, un-wasting force, and the phenomena of nature, however complex and varied, are but its products, or manifestations. The universe may be represented pretty well by a great factory. Here we find many curious machines, all different in form, performing, at once, a hundred different sorts of work; but all these varied activities are the labor of a single toiler—the manifestations

of a single force. We find this force in the furnace, manifesting itself as glowing, fervent heat; but instantly by the "presto" of some impenetrable magic, it is metamorphosed into steady, silent, and resistless pressure in the cylinder, and then, as incomprehensibly, into the cool, graceful rotary motion of the ponderous fly-wheel. It almost surpasses belief that it is identical with the whirring, bustling thing that fills the whole establishment with such varied sound and movement. But so it is, and we may be sure that under whatever disguise of form it attacks our senses, it is the same mysterious power. Now, evolution looks upon nature as an immense factory, where, under myriad forms, a restless, resistless, and unwasting force is performing countless operations. She has traced this energy back, step by step, through nature's complex machinery, till she finds it springing from a common source, and confidently affirms that in the waving leaf and the tossing sea, in the murmuring breeze and the thunder's crash, in the fitful spark and the blazing sun, in the floating mist and the circling worlds, we behold the same incomprehensible agent.

When Paul was at Athens human science could not make this affirmation. She had not been in the engine-room of nature's boundless workshop, and the multitude of operations in the busy factory suggested a multitude of busy operators. For the ignorant and superstitious, this resulted in a hopeless polytheism; for the learned in a false philosophy, which hindered the progress of truth for ages. Paul refuted both at once by proclaiming that the same power produced the world and all things in it, and upon this corner-stone is builded all that is valuable in modern science.

This primary force operates from the simple and homogeneous, to the complex and heterogeneous, just as in our factory. There is a constant multiplication of parts and uses; a differentiation in forms and movements; or, to illustrate by the animal organism, a multiplication of organs and functions. In the lowest organisms, or in the embryo of the higher, there are no separate organs and functions. As we ascend the line of development, we find, more and more, a tendency to specialization, till we reach man, where in the same body we find a wonderful multiplicity of organs and functions, *i. e.*, different parts having special uses. This law gives us the endless variety of nature, but variety constitutes neither progress nor perfection, but unchecked and uncoordinated, becomes dissolution and ruin. There must be some law of *unity*, which is the complement of variety in all perfection.

This law is found in what the philosophers call *interdependence*. Because no one organ, as the hand; or set of organs, as the stomach, heart, and lungs, can perform all the things necessary to life, each one is dependent upon the others. This mutual dependency of parts is an essential factor in the unity of the body—the *oneness* denoted by the term *individual*. Now, in the earth-worm, where there is but little differentiation of organs and functions—little division of labor among the parts; where there is a mouth at each end, and stomach all the way through, we find great independence of parts. Divide the worm and each end sets up in business with all necessary apparatus, and we have two whole worms. As we ascend the line of development in the animal kingdom we find homogeneity (likeness of parts) and *independence* to decrease, and hetero-

geneity (unlikeness of parts) and *interdependence* to increase, till in man, the most perfect animal, we find not only the greatest differentiation of parts and uses—the most complete division of the labor of life—but the greatest dependence among the parts. Herbert Spencer says, “Like the development of man, the development of society may be defined as a tendency to become one thing,” and he finds no fitter illustration of the progress of society than is furnished by human anatomy and physiology.

But Paul resorted to the same means to illustrate the growth and organization of the Church; and we are led to inquire how far the ideas represented by this common illustration coincide. Let us then compare the teachings of Science and the Bible as touching this matter of development.

Science says: “I see many diverse phenomena, but they are different manifestations of the same force.”

Bible: “There are diversities of operations, but it is the same God that worketh all in all.”

Science: “The perfect organism has many members in one body.”

Bible: “We are many members in one body.”

Science: “In the perfect organism each organ has its own function.”

Bible: “All the members have not the same office.”

Science: “In the perfect organism there is great interdependence. One organ cannot get along without the others, and all share injury or benefit in common.”

Bible: “The eye cannot say to the hand, ‘I have no need of thee;’ nor the head to the feet, ‘I have no need of you.’” “If one member suffer, all the mem-

bers suffer with it; or, if one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it."

The parallel is complete. Herbert Spencer in the presence of Paul is almost convicted of plagiarism. But something else must be taken into the account before our theory is complete or our illustration exhausted. Your body may be perfect as to the number and arrangements of parts, and each may perform its proper function regularly—there may be in full development what the philosophers call differentiation, specialization and interdependence, and yet the crowning excellence, that without which life would be almost valueless, may be lacking. This is what I might call intersensitiveness—a community of *feeling* among the members, and is partly comprehended in the term sensation. But it is more than this; it is *intersensation*, or *sympathy* between the various parts of the body for each other, which draws tears from the boy's eyes when the stump draws blood from his toe; or twists the face into the harmony of agony if the viscera are twisted in pain.

This *sympathy* is not found in the lowest orders of animal life, but is a product of evolution, and grows up along with the distribution of labor and mutual dependency of the highly developed body, to harmonize the members, and give them the perfectness and unity of an *individual*. It enlists all the members in the service of each one, however insignificant. If the foot is crushed all available forces are hurried to the scene of repair. All here is bustle, and activity and fever-heat. In society this sympathy becomes the *charity* which makes the whole world kin.

Paul, illustrating the Church, the most perfect society by the human body, at the end of the 12th chapter

of 1st Cor., having exhorted all to the discharge of their proper duties as members of the one body, *seems* abruptly to change the subject, and says: "Yet I show you a more excellent way," or more literally, "I show you the way beyond this,"—the next step in the evolution of the Church. He points out that which shall harmonize all the members and officers into one body and one activity. This is charity and exactly corresponds to sensation in the animal body. This sensation in the physical body is the "bond of perfectness," but this is the precise definition of the charity which should characterize the body of the Church.

Again, this is not only the most wonderful product of evolution,—the finest,—but it is the *last*; so that from faith on through virtue, knowledge, etc., to the final *charity*, we have the natural order of development, but if the last, then, by the testimony of all science, it is the *greatest*, and Paul's estimate of it is full of deep philosophy.

But this principle is far from its full development, even in the church, for Christianity conforms to the law of evolution, as everything else:—"first the blade; then the ear; then the full corn in the ear." In barbarism, where social evolution is scarcely begun, we find hardly a trace of charity. The helpless and crippled are left to perish, or are actually destroyed. How far this is removed from that stage which provides them with asylums and hospitals. But many generations may yet pass before the church shall grow up to the measure which the Apostle sets for it—the stature of a man, a perfect organism. When society shall have reached this measure, a broad and sweet charity will unite mankind in universal brotherhood. It will put

down the rivalries of cities, tribes and nations; the enmities of class and rank; settle the conflicts of capital and labor; and "the peace of God shall rule in the hearts of men." Much progress has been made in this direction; undeniably by the influence of Christianity; but it is not the product of legislative enactment. It is the growth of an inward principle, not the pressure of outward authority. "The kingdom of heaven is within," and when society is fully developed, and the internal principle asserts itself, external authority—human government, having no further office, will pass away. The Bible has foreseen this from the beginning, and the old prophet said that the stone cut out of the mountain without hands should destroy and take the place of the other kingdoms. The day will surely come when men can dispense with legislatures, and courts, and jails, as safely as we have dispensed with kings, and nobles, and inquisitions, and standing armies. In the maturity of its development mankind will put away these childish things.

You say this is optimism. Well, it is the optimism of the most advanced philosophy, and the prophecy that the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord and His anointed is taught as plainly in science as in Scripture. Herbert Spencer says, "Progress is not an accident, but a necessity. Far from being the product of art, civilization is a phase of Nature." "It is certain that what we call evil and immorality will disappear; it is certain that man will become perfect." That "there is a power not of ourselves, which makes for righteousness," is a dictum of the freshest and most vigorous skeptical philosophy. Thus even *skeptical* science joins with the Bible in pre-

dicting that the whole creation shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption."

But this prophetic vision brings not to the man of science the joy of triumph. Perfection is to him but the ripeness which precedes decay. There clings to his philosophy a fatalism at once fascinating and appalling, which forces from its ablest expounder such sentences as these: "By the side of evolution goes its inevitable correlative dissolution." "In our corner of the universe attraction reigns; integration operates; evolution proceeds. We have reason to believe that for a considerable number of ages, progress will be the law of the region whereof we form a part, but whether man shall have become perfect or not, the time will come when he will not find on the globe the conditions of life. Whether the human race shall have completed its work or not, it will perish, *unless it shall persist by some inscrutable law.*"

He is led to this melancholy view from the fact that in the heavens and the earth, in our own bodies and society, there are two conflicting tendencies, and ruin waits upon either hand of every organic thing. This fact not only disturbs the dreams of philosophers, but is the nightmare of statesmen. To steer the ship of state between the Charybdis of centralism, and the Scylla of localism, out into the broad Mediterranean of national prosperity is a feat never yet accomplished by any people, and one to which *we* are bending every energy, and in which we are severely testing our best seamanship. Whether we shall succeed no man can tell; but we can draw but little comfort from history or philosophy. Not long since we nearly went to pieces on the rocks of localism; swinging clear of this we be-

gan to feel the current setting decidedly toward the whirlpool of centralism, in the demand for a strong government.

In Nebuchadnezzar's image the iron of centralism and the clay of localism are rudely and mechanically mixed without permanency, showing how little the boasted statesmanship of Rome knew about their proper combination. It seemed not to comprehend even the possibility of their combination, but sought to crush everything that opposed by a despotic centralism. That they may be harmoniously adjusted is a modern idea and marks a new era of progress.

Society can not be forced into the equilibrium of a stable compound by external pressure. The power of all the despotisms from Babylon to Russia could not have forced the mingled seed of Rome into a social unit. Then, attempts to arrest or regulate these internal forces, either in the material or moral world, are liable to disastrous explosions, and history is little more than a record of experiments and accidents and failures in this direction.

But how fully the Bible explains the difficulty and points out the remedy. It declares that creation was a genesis, not a manufacture. "First the blade; then the ear; then the full corn in the ear" Things grow; but growth is the development and co-ordination of *internal* forces. The Bible declares that society shall be regulated and unified by the bond of a common sympathy—charity; and not by the pressure of external authority—"the kingdom of heaven is within." The Bible says that the symbol of the power which shall unite men in perpetual peace is not the *sword*, but the *cross*. Yet with all this far-reaching and faultless phi-

losophy; with all this unquestioned superiority to human wisdom, school-house orators, and illiterate servants prate about the Bible being an obsolete book and full of mistakes. There are some few things so utterly outrageous that they make one piously mad, and one of them is to hear these ignoramuses dignified by the name of skeptics. Their talk falls as far short of skepticism as the ordinary congressional bluster does of eloquence. Skepticism is a valuable element—the complement of faith. They are, respectively, the attraction and repulsion in the moral world. The triumph of an unquestioning faith results in the centralism of ecclesiastical despotism; of skepticism, in the anarchy of rationalism. Both are necessary—the centripetal and centrifugal forces which are destined, when harmoniously adjusted, to fill the moral universe with the Urim and Thummim of unity and variety.

But the fatalism which clings to the evolution philosophy is no part of the philosophy itself, but pertains to *matter*, or rather its movements in time and space, and has nothing to do with the forces which operate upon it. These are the unseen things which the Bible declares, and science believes, to be eternal.

WE need to realize the nature of sin. Children have sought to play with the beautiful serpent, innocent of its terrible venom till stung by the deadly fang. What a fitting embodiment of sin was that serpent in Eden — beautiful, insinuating, fascinating, deadly. How jovial, how social, how exultant, are the early stages of drunkenness. How romantic, how delightful, the early stages of licentiousness. Yet at the last of both what woe, what rottenness, what self-

loathing, what death-chills, and death-rattles, and what hideous death. When sin is finished. Why begin what we dare not finish? Why trifle with sin?

The Bible uses all things loathsome, abhorrent, appalling and deadly to impress upon man the terrible nature of sin. It is uncleanness—filth. I was once commissioned to inspect a military prison, in the basement of which, in a single room, were a hundred and sixty-eight wretched men. Some had been confined there for many weeks. It was a chamber of horrors—filth, and vermin, and mildew, and rotteness, and disease pressed in upon me through every sense. My soul and stomach sicken at the recollection of it, though twenty-three years intervene. Yet some of these victims *had become used to it*. Space is limited; reader, make the applications. Sin is disease—leprosy, cholera, delirium, black-plague; painful, restless, self-hating, abhorrent. In the fires of awful plagues the ties of humanity have parted like threads in a flame. Fathers and mothers have fled from dying children, wives from husbands, husbands from wives. You would not? Are you not as others? Are you braver and truer? Or, are you not like over-confident Cephas, not knowing the undoing of universal panic? Such is sin: an atmosphere of pestilence and panic, of pain and loathing, where all ties are severed, and every creature is too abhorrent for any other's companionship. Leprous and lonely is the life in hell, where no one rests on another's bosom. It is innocence, purity, that draws the babe to the mother's breast; Lazarus to the bosom of Abraham; John to the Master. For illustrations on either side look within the circles of the thousand homes about you. Sin is being lost. A lost

child is a double pain. The heart aches for the home-sick waif, and the heart-sick parents. But the child is doubly lost when, at last, it forgets home and parents, and loses the sense of being lost. Then the pain doubles back upon the bereaved hearts. Charlie Ross may be living yet, but if he has utterly forgotten his child-life at home, learned to love sin and crime, and the companionship of the base and vile, he is lost to the loving hearts of those who have mourned him so long, though he be found and identified beyond question. This is the state of thousand and girls and boys whom sin has kidnapped from Christian homes. Lost, and lost to the sense of being lost. Such is the sinner—foul, diseased, lost. Why not be washed, and healed, and brought safely home?

The chief source of misery round about us is not poverty, though it is full of sadness; nor sickness, though it is full of pain; but *sin*. The teacher who fights ignorance, the philanthropist who fights poverty and disease, does, each a noble work; but the Christian who fights sin strikes at the root of them all. If sin were abolished, what songs for wailing, what beauty for ashes, would fill a thousand homes in this city to-day. How poverty would forget its hunger, disease its pain.

Sin is the only source of conscious degradation and shame. A man can say, "I am poor," without loss of self-respect; many a one says, "I am ignorant," without shame, and there is no shame unless there has been a *sinful* wasting of opportunity; one says, "I am sick," and does not blush, except it be the result of sinful indulgence. But who will rise up and say, "Here am I; behold, I am a liar"? Who admits that

he is a robber of his fellow-men in business ; or a lecherous adulterer? Why are screens at saloon doors? Yet, when sin is finished, it brings death to self-respect, as well to other nobilities, and there is many a wretch so degraded as to have lost the sense of shame. Naked, yet knowing it not! This, too, is the work of sin.

Sin is everywhere. Its infection is all through our moral atmosphere. All have breathed its contagion, and are under its power. Its end is the same in all cases. It may not run its course so rapidly in your case as in some others that you have witnessed, but are you therefore exempt? All are involved in the same peril the same helplessness, and the same need. There is but one remedy. What is that—law? Nay, the law condemns the sinner, not the sin. It is the very strength of sin. If we could destroy the law, or evade it, we could afford to laugh at sin. But this is impossible. In this sense the law leads us to Christ. In all its workings of pain and ruin, as shown above, it makes us feel the need of Christ. The blood of Christ is the *only* antidote for sin. It is at hand. Why refuse?

A COMMAND, an exhortation, and a warning, all in one, and six times repeated—a threefold message, in sevenfold utterance? It is no ordinary message that God thus condescends to emphasize. Who should hear? He that hath an ear. But there are ears and ears. One hath an ear that gathers up bits of slander, as a magnet gathers up the base particles of iron, but seizes on no shining gold of charitable praise. Another catches the slightest whisper of alarm, or

muttered prophecy of coming evil; but the bugle notes of a thousand victories along the march of Christian civilization, and the clear ringing prophecies of ultimate triumph, are all unheeded. Some ears catch from familiar tongues only jeers and jibes, only taunt and insult; while others turn commonplaces into compliment, and politeness into praise, and even criticism is consideration. All this is the outcome of habit, and the habit is the outcome of the careless use of a priceless faculty. With many it has become second nature, but second nature is not the intractable, fatalistic thing it is supposed to be. Nor first nature either, for that matter. Human nature is neither total depravity nor second nature total depravity putrefied beyond cure, as many have unconsciously thought. The whole matter is in reach of will. Train the ear to that which is good and true, as you would the eye to that which is beautiful. A correct taste is easily attainable under competent masters and right models. Cultivate the ear for the music of morals, as for the music of physics, and from this as primary rise to the spiritual, the "music of the future."

But some ears are leaky. A philosophic boy said the worst thing he ever had in his pocket was a hole. Many ears are in this most deplorable condition. "In one ear and out the other," is a familiar but inhospitable route to all the noblest sentiments and thoughts which have sought entertainment in human hearts. They come to their own, but they receive them not, but to those who do receive them, they become angels of blessing. How many thus reject angels unawares! But the most dangerous leak is at the bottom. The ear has a double bottom—the mind and the heart, or

rather two reservoirs—one for knowledge and one for feeling. First see to it that they will hold. Pouring instruction, or advice, into some minds suggests the method of dividing prize money, in the old privateering days. The coin was poured upon a ladder; what passed through was for the officers, what stuck to the rungs was for the crew. The bright silver coins of human knowledge, and the golden guineas of divine wisdom, are showered upon us in this age, and many catch only what sticks to the rounded and well-worn rungs of the ladder by which they have climbed to the summit of self-conceit. So it is often with feeling and influence. The heart is leaky and they run to waste, leaving it dry and dead.

What shall ye hear? One says, "Hear everything; be liberal." This is as literally impossible as to read everything, and as foolish as to eat everything, wholesome or noxious. To hear some things is to be made miserable, without opportunity of remedy; to hear other things is to be made worse, without any equivalent of good. In place of this foolish counsel in the interest of evil, "take heed how ye hear," and what ye hear. Above all, do not fail to hear "what the Spirit saith to the churches." His utterances are upon the deepest, broadest, loftiest themes accessible to human minds. If the noble sciences of astronomy, geology, chemistry, and physiology exalt and refine, expand and educate, by extending the range of mental vision from atoms, by way of mountains and planets, the suns and systems; from moments to ages; from matter to mind; what of ennobling power is wanting to that science which broadens our horizon to infinity—in space, in time, in life, in love, in bliss?

Then these messages of the Spirit are of such *personal* interest to us ; aye, of such increasing interest as life goes on, an interest which must at some point be felt to be infinite. In youth, when the slant sumbeams of rising hope awake the Memnon music of a new life, we find in the words of the Spirit the embodiment of the noblest aspiration. Seek me early ; it is as natural for *uncorrupted* youth to turn to Christ as for the unwithered flower to open to the light. At thirty, when the conflict with sin grows bitter, and is seen to be to the death, they give us courage ; at forty, when burdens press and chafe, and ever so little of line and shadow fall on the face, and the years seem to hasten a trifle out of sheer sympathy, they give us strength and patience ; at fifty, when empty chairs are at fireside and table, and mound-builders have done us service in the cemetery, and line and shadow have deepened on the face, they bring us a sympathy beyond all price ; at sixty, when silence reigns at home, and strangers greet us abroad, when disappointment and betrayal are familiar experiences, they give us a comfort and peace which the world can neither give nor take away ; at seventy, on the Moabite border of life's wilderness, to the clear second sight that sees "Vanity" written on all earthly things, they will open for us the vision of the deathless land, and pour upon us the light that shall grow brighter and brighter to a perfect day.

IN THE WORKSHOPS.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE is responsible for the statement that there are not ten authors in England who can sell a novel for three hundred dollars.

MRS. BISHOP SIMPSON is editing the memoirs of her husband, and Mrs. General Hancock will soon publish a work made up of reminiscences of her husband's life.

PROF. PIERSON'S serial story, "The White Church," will be concluded in the January number of the *DISCIPLE*. No one who has followed the changing fortunes of "Jake" and "Uncle Joe" will be willing to miss the climax. We have arranged for some valuable contributions for the early numbers of the new year, and can promise the readers of our magazine that good things are in store for them.

IN an interesting article in the *Andover Review* for October, Hamilton Wright Mabie draws this parallel between Mrs. Browning and Mr. Tennyson: "That which Mrs. Browning sought and found through pure intuition, Tennyson has sought and found through large knowledge, and through deep, tranquil meditation. . . . That which Mrs. Browning sought through feeling, Tennyson has found through thought; their paths of ascent were far apart, but they speak to us from the same height, and at heart their message is the same."

MR. JENKYN LLOYD JONES sent letters to between seventy and eighty literary friends, asking each to name the ten novels which he considered the noblest of all available to English readers. The ten receiving the largest number of votes were: *The Scarlet Letter*; *Les Misérables*; *Romola*; *Adam Bede*; *Ivanhoe*; *David Copperfield*; *Henry Esmond*; *Wilhelm Meister*; *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; *On the Heights*.

THE POET WHITTIER accounts for the origin of his *Maud Muller* on this wise: He says that he and his sister were driving in the country, and stopped at a harvest field to inquire the road. A bashful girl, who was raking hay in the field, answered their questions, and, as she did so, she raked the hay about her to conceal her bare feet. The incident, and the beauty and modesty of the girl, left their impression on Mr. Whittier's mind, and the poem was written out that same evening. He says that, if he had had any idea that it would so captivate the popular fancy, he would have taken more pains with it. Let us be glad that he did not, and that the poem has as true a naturalness and pastoral simplicity as had the modest country maiden who, on that never-to-be forgotten day in summer,

"raked the meadow sweet with hay."

AN unusually happy and successful literary life has been that of Miss Jean Ingelow, the author of the well-loved "*Songs of Seven*." She was born in Boston, England, in 1830, and was the daughter of a wealthy banker. She was one of many brothers and sisters, and her childhood had no other shadows than those thrown

over it by her thoughtful disposition. When she was twenty years old she published her first volume of poems, and the year later her first novel. When she was thirty-three she suddenly stepped into fame by means of her "Poems," of which one hundred thousand copies have been sold in this country alone. Since then many volumes have come from her pen, each adding to her reputation as poet or story-teller. Her sympathy with nature is something wonderful. Her poems seem to be alive with the songs of blackbird and nightingale, and to blossom with daisy and hare-bell and columbine. Nor is her sympathy with human joy and sorrow less perfect; as witness the girlish gladness of "seven times three," in contrast with the weariness and longing for heavenly things which is voiced in "seven times seven," where the heart goes out after the husband and children who have gone, in the words:

"But ah! the port where my Sailor went,
And the land where my nestlings be—
That it the home where my thoughts are sent,
The only home for me."

But the thing that is best worth telling about Miss Ingelow is the story of her life-long benevolence and unselfishness. She has never been turned from her womanly ideals by the praise of the world. She has steadily recognized, in her life and her works, the fact that goodness is better than greatness, and that genius does not absolve one from moral responsibility, but rather adds to it. She has made a happy home for her brothers to whom she is devotedly attached, and she has reached out in active charities which have led the poor and suffering to bless the name which the world honors. Looking at her career, so largely free from

the disappointments that are supposed to follow in the wake of poets, we are led to believe that Jean Ingelow has realized what she has herself written :

"That life
Goes best with those who take it best."

POT-POURRI.

I THINK the bravest thing a man can do
Is to be always true ;
I think it takes a stouter heart to face
The truth in every place,
Than in the strife to set a nation free
To face the musketry.

EVERY hard task done affords us the double satisfaction of viewing the finished work and of knowing that the same task can never seem so hard to us again.

A CHILD can mar a statue which none but a genius could have wrought. A mean man may, in a moment, mar the work which it has taken a good man years to do.

TWO angels came and spoke to me ;
The face of one was full of beauty,
The other wore a sadder look ;
And these their names were : Joy and Duty.

I said to Joy, "I'll follow thee
Wherever thou shalt go to lead me ;

I'll serve thee with a willing hand
Wherever thou may'st chance to need me."

But Joy said, "Nay, it can not be,
Because we twain are sister graces,
And Duty is the elder one;
Nor do we dare to change our places.

"But follow on where Duty calls,
And I will evermore attend thee:
And while thou servest at her will,
My presence I will surely lend thee."

THERE is a sadness in the home when a child puts away his playthings because he is "too big to play any more"; and yet, in reality, the older children find some plaything to put away every day. As long as we grow, we shall out-grow things. The occupations of yesterday may have been left behind to-day. We may look back on them with a half-regretful feeling, as the half-grown boy or girl looks back on childhood's toys; but we know that we have out-grown them. How many a young man or young woman, on awakening to a sense of the world's needs and his or her capabilities, turns away from the pleasures that have hitherto seemed so absorbing—leaving them behind, not because of their sinfulness, for they may have been of the most innocent kind; but because they are playthings which have been out-grown. It was not wrong to use them yesterday, but they are unworthy of to-day. So God would daily lead us up to finer ideals and into larger activities, until we attain to the full stature of perfect manhood and

womanhood, and are fitted to occupy the still wide fields that lie beyond our human boundaries.

SHALL we from earth's fair domain
Gather nought but pain and tears?
Shall we get no golden grain
From the harvest of the years?

THE marvelous delicacy and power of the special senses seem almost infinite, and their well-attested achievements defy explanation by any principles of physics or mathematical formulae yet discovered. The dog can follow the steps of his master unerringly over the beaten ground, through the bewildering maze of a thousand other trails crossing and re-crossing at all angles, simply by the sense of smell. The ear of the musician can receive the thousand voices of the great chorus, and detect the slightest inaccuracies of all. The blind tailor can make a perfect garment, and match the colors by the sense of touch; but the most astonishing thing in this domain is the precision and rapidity with which even a gloved dexter finger can, in the dark recesses of the pocket, detect the difference between the smooth edge of a nickel and the almost equally smooth edge of a worn quarter, when the contribution basket is passed.

'TIS not the way of happy youth
To profit by unwelcome truth,
And "worthless" it is wont to brand
All wisdom that is second-hand.

BEFORE shedding too many tears over the fact of human imperfections, it would be well to think how monotonous a thing for us absolute perfection would be. We should have a universe of circles and squares, and all planes of life would present dead levels; all ascents would be perpendicular, and everywhere would be found dull, checker-board regularity. Then, how tyrannical the sway of perfection—how small the liberty where can be no deviation from the rigid rule. The pleasant thing about rustic lettering is the evidence that the artist *could* have made them perfect by the rules but *would not*, and herein asserts his freedom. But the “rustic” lettering is in imitation of Nature, which always keeps the spirit of her law, but fails a little in the “letter,” just to show she *may*. With God there is perfection, because it is a matter of His choice, but His perfection is not the simple, monotonous, objective thing so often set before us by the wise-acres of legislative rule and plummet. Be perfect as *He* is perfect.

SO deep the darkness that o'erspread the void
 And formless waste, of old, that angel eyes
 Could read no prophecy of light or life.
 The chaos wilderness which God ordained
 Should blossom into clustering whorls of light,
 And flaunt a season its corolla-fires,
 Then strew, in eddying auroras through
 The fields of space, its petal-flames, that worlds,
 Like thickly-clustering fruit, might grow and ripe,
 Betrayed no promise of such fruitfulness.

So, utter darkness, in these after-times,
 Hath brooded o'er the void and formless waste

Of nascent worlds of mind and spirit, each
In turn, enshrouding and concealing all
The sacred mysteries of genesis
And travail, even from seraphic eyes.

Yet we may see the goings-forth of His
Creative power in this new universe
Of human life. The world of Sense takes shape
And seeks its orbit round the central sun ;
And then the world of Thought is formed, and finds
Its planet-pathway with its sister-sphere ;
The Moral cosmos next the cosmic march
Begins, when lo, the Spirit realm, as yet
Unfashioned, feels the movings of His power.

What other worlds, of subtler substance still,
Await, unformed, beneath the curtain of
His secret purposes, their places in
This boundless system of evolving life,
No mortal tongue may prophesy ; yet all
The lessons of His Providence but teach
That when the genesis is full, and crowned
At last with Urim and with Thummim of
All light and life, it shall be "very good."

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE BOOK OF JOB WITH A NEW COMMENTARY. By BENJAMIN SZOLD,
Rabbi of the Oheb Shalom Congregation, of Baltimore. Baltimore, Md.: Published by H. F. Siemens, 38 West Baltimore Street. 1886. Pp. xxii. and 498.

This is a commentary on the original text of Job, written throughout in the neo-hebraic language. It is

actually wonderful with what facility the learned author makes this language serve his use. Rabbi Szold devotes a long introduction to questions of purpose for which the book of Job was written; the parts into which the material divides itself; the time when written; authorship, etc. As to the purpose, Rabbi Szold does not fall in with the older view that the book is a theodicy, or justification of God in allowing prosperity to the wicked and evil to the good; but brings seven reasons to show why the usual view is not a good generalization of its contents. The real purpose he regards as indicated in the question, "Does Job serve God for naught?" The author, he thinks, gives us a picture of a good man struggling against the loss of children, friends and property without, and faith and the hopes and fears of a future life within, as supports to morality, in order to test the disinterested quality of Job's virtue. The book shows the steadfastness of human nature under trying circumstances; refutes the charge that Job's goodness is selfish, and shows that virtue can exist on its own ground. The learned Rabbi works out this purpose of the book with great skill, making it have more of a manward than godward look. In treating the material of the book he distributes it into seven parts: 1. The story of Job's prosperity and sudden adversity. 2. Job's plaint against his troubles. 3. Discussion between him and his three friends. 4. Solution of all this tangle of discussion. 5. Elihu's answer. 6. The Lord's answer. 7. Job's prosperity afterward. This seems to be a very good division of the subject matter of the book, except that it does not take sufficient account of the prologue in heaven.

Under the head of diction, the author discusses whether or not the work is historically true or a parable. He regards the work as dramatic in its character, and a survival of perhaps a considerable literature of the same kind. On the view that the rest of this kind of literature is lost, it would be interesting to know his opinion of Canticles.

In his opinion of the time and authorship, he follows the rationalistic hypotheses that have been fashionable in Germany now for more than a hundred years, that there have been various redactions and additions to the work of the original writer, and that the time of the book is after the exile, and especially after Zechariah, of which book the author of Job makes use. There is a growing tendency to put the time of Job later than was the case formerly, the weight of scholarship now being in favor of putting the date in what is called the Wisdom literature, or even later.

Perhaps of the whole commentary that which would strike a New Testament reader as most peculiar, is the author's views about Satan. In commenting on i. 6, he says Satan is something foreign to the Jewish faith; that the idea of Satan, as used by Job, is found only in the period following the exile (Zech. iii. 1, 2), but nowhere in the New Testament sense. He says the Jews derived their idea of Satan from Babylon during the exile. This reminds one of the erratic, yet learned and fruitful F. Nork (who, together with Eisenmenger, all commentators hate, and yet from whom they borrow), who, in his *Biblical Mythology of the Old and New Testaments*, takes the ground that Job's idea of Satan came from India. Dr. Szold thinks that the Satan of Job has no evil power over man, but brings out and makes mani-

fest the righteousness of the saints,* "who do his will and keep his commandments;" he "helps to bring truth to light and to magnify and adorn righteousness." "The early Hebrew mind regarded evil as existing for the purpose of bringing out the good, but in the days of the Babylonian captivity they materialized evil and appointed a special angel to spy out evil with the purpose that righteousness might be seen in all its beauty." The later "wise men" accordingly say the names of the angels came up with them from Babylon. The later Jewish writers, "in the purity of their faith and breadth of their intellect, took this materialized Satan and regarded him as the creator of evil and angel of death." The author's position, however, seems to reject a doctrine of traditional Judaism in order to reject the New Testament idea of Satan.

"Sons of God" (i. 6) are regarded as angels. The author has wisely omitted any speculation concerning the identity of "Arcturus, Orion and Pleiades" (ix. 9). The fine passage on the Divine Wisdom (xi. 5-12) receives careful treatment, but verse 12 about man born as a wild ass's colt—one of the most difficult places in the whole book—is not much plainer with the comment than without it. Chapter xiv. 7-14 he interprets to show that Job did not believe in the resurrection, and confirms it by reference to Jeremiah li. 39—spoken of the Babylonians; Ps. lxxii. 7—a mistranslation; and Ps. xli. 8—a thing said by the wicked and here quoted and used illegitimately as if it were true. He says that Job uses irony against those who hold the resurrection to another life. "If it were a law of nature that a man

*Dr. Davidson, the grammarian and Hebrew scholar, takes pretty much the same view in his recent commentary on Job

should live after he was dead, then Job would have borne his afflictions patiently," but it is not, and therefore Job was justified in his impatience. Sufficient emphasis is not put on Job's impassioned desire for return to life again after being hidden in sheol till God's wrath be past (verses 13, 14). The exposition of "I know that my Redeemer liveth" (xix. 25) is not at all satisfactory.

The greatest faults of his commentary are that it is lacking in grammatical and critical work, such as the author gives evidence of ability to supply. It adheres too slavishly to the Masoretic pointing when in some places other pointing makes as good or better sense. Yet this commentary for the most part is free from Jewish conceits, and deserves high commendation for its suggestiveness. It shows thorough familiarity with the whole Old Testament, is unusually rich in parallel illustration, exhibits deep insight into the train of thought, does not slight the difficult places, and with few exceptions gives throughout a good, vigorous, practical exposition. Many a young preacher who reads his Hebrew Bible with tolerable ease, could put this Hebrew commentary to good use in more ways than one. Still the author ought to publish an edition in English.

W. H. WOOLERY.

IN giving us "The Epic Songs of Russia," by Isabel Florence Hapgood, Chas. Scribner's Sons have not only provided us with a very delightful volume, but also with something *new* in the much-and-often-searched field of literature. In his Introductory Note, Prof. Francis J. Child says: "Though this book is meant for the general reader, it can not fail to be most acceptable

to students of popular tradition who have been so unfortunate as to neglect Russia; for nothing of the same kind and compass has, so far as I know, been published in any language of Western Europe."

In the Introduction we are made acquainted with some things that are not only new, but even surprising to men of culture and wide reading. The statement is made that within the last quarter-century it has been discovered that Russia possesses a national literature which is not excelled by the finest of Western Europe; and, what is equally wonderful, that "Russia presents the phenomenon of a country where epic song, handed down wholly by oral tradition for nearly a thousand years, is not only flourishing at the present day in certain districts, but even extending into fresh fields." The prosecution of the work of gathering the materials for this large collection of folk-songs, has revealed the intellectual, social and industrial conditions which have contributed to their long preservation. A superstitious faith in the miraculous power of the ancients, and a corresponding ignorance of a written literature, are essential to the perpetuation of these epics. Agriculture is not favorable to them, because, perhaps, it leads to a familiarity with nature, and sets limits and laws to her activity. Indoor pursuits are most congenial to it. Where this large collection of legendary songs was made there is no such thing as education known, and a man who can read is very rare. The chief field from which they were gathered lies in the immense marshy forests far to the northeast, about Lake Onega.

The collection here given to the public fills 358 octavo pages, and abounds in narratives of the wonderful doings of the old-time Russian heroes. As a sam-

ple we give a portion of the first song, which recounts one of the many miraculous adventures of the great Lord Volga.

It will be curious to note that it has to do with a dispute not yet settled, and but for its antique form and legendary *aura*, might be mistaken for the product of to-day. But here is the quotation :

“Then Volga became a little bird and flew above the earth, and came speedily to the Turkish land. There he lighted over the Tzar’s little window, and listened to the secret talk between the Tzar and his Tzaritza. ‘Ay, my Tzaritza Pantaloon! I know what I know. In Russia the grass groweth not as of yore, the flowers bloom not as of old; plainly, Volga is no longer among the living.’

“To this Tzaritza Pantaloon made answer, ‘And thou, my Tzar, thou Turkish Santal! the grass still groweth of yore in Russia, and the flowers blossom as was their wont. Last night in my dreams I saw a little titmouse fly from the East, and from the West a black raven. They flew against each other in the open plain, and fought. The little bird tore the black raven asunder, and plucked out his feathers, and scattered all to the winds.’

“Then Tzar Santal, the Turk, made answer, ‘I am minded to march against Holy Russia shortly. Nine cities will I take and bestow upon my nine sons, and for myself I will fetch a rich furred cloak.’

“‘Thou shalt never take nine cities,’ quoth Pantaloon, ‘for thy nine sons, nor shalt thou fetch for thyself a rich furred cloak.’

“‘Thou old devil!’ spake Tzar Santal, the Turk, ‘thou hast but slept and dreamed.’

“Therewith he smote her upon her white face, and turning smote the other cheek, and flung the Tzaritza upon the floor of brick.

“‘Nay, I shall go to Holy Russia!’ quoth he, ‘and I shall take nine cities for my nine sons, and a rich furred cloak for my own wearing.’

“Then Lord Volga Vseslavich transformed himself to a little ermine, crept into the armory, turned back into a goodly youth, snapped the stoat-bows, broke the silken’cords, all the fiery arrows, and the locks upon the weapons, and drenched all the powder in the casks. Again Lord Volga turned himself into a gray wolf, and galloped to the stable and tore open the throats of all the good steeds therein. When this was done Lord Volga flew back to Kieftown, to his good body guard, in the form of a little bird.

“‘Let us go now, my bold, good guards, to the Turkish land,’ he said.

“So they rode thither, and took all the Turkish host captive.

“‘Let us now divide the prisoners,’ quoth Lord Volga. What lot was dear and what was cheap? Sharp swords were rated at five rubles, weapons of damascened steel at six rubles; and but one lot was exceeding cheap—the women. Old women were valued at a quarter of a kopek; young women at half a kopek, and beauties at a copper farthing.”

Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. Price, \$2.50.

IN her volume of “Stories from Life,” just issued from the press of Thomas Y. Crowell, 13 Astor Place, New York, MRS. SARAH K. BOLTON has given us a col-

lection of tales and sketches, all of them wholesome in their moral tone, and some of them conveying much-needed lessons. A greater variety in the range of these stories would have made them more attractive when grouped together. The characters lack somewhat in individuality, and the stories are wanting in color and action. But the practical lessons which they teach can not be too strongly emphasized. They will be read with especial interest by young women, not because they are written for that particular class of readers, but because they deal in such a direct and sensible way with the problems of a woman's life and work. Mrs. Bolton deprecates the notion, now happily falling into decay, that helplessness makes a woman charming, and believes that woman may do whatever her abilities fit her to do, so long as she does it in a womanly way. As to whether our author carries her doctrine too far in her story of the fair girl who chose the ministry as the field of her activities, turning away from her girlhood love and her dreams of a home life for the sake of her vocation, each reader will be his own judge; but we venture none will dispute the fact that such an one, doing a great work for the work's sake, is truer to her womanhood than is the petted darling of society whose aims all center in herself.

“ORA PRO ME.”

‘Thou who art angel-pure,
Whose earth-life passed in innocence of youth :
Strange that I can endure
The thought of thy soul-searching glance of truth.

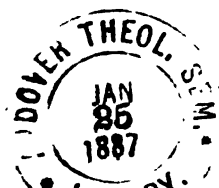
I know how blurred the leaves
That tell the story of my record here ;
I know how few the sheaves
My hand has gathered—withering fast, and sere.

Yet, like an open book,
I feel my life lie open to thy gaze,
Whose saintly eyes will look
In love and sorrow, and in sad amaze.

And o’er my being flows
Healing and balm, as of God’s pardoning grace ;
And my bowed spirit knows
Sweet influence—as from one who sees His face.

Before thy perfect peace,
Before thy purity, no blot can stain,
My long unrest doth cease,
My broken hope renews its strength again.

On earth alone shall Love
Plead for her loved one, in the battle’s stress ?



"ORA PRO ME."

No ; round His throne above
Pure souls implore divinest aid to bless.

Ah, wherefore count the years ?
It seems but yesterday thou left'st me here !
Still flow my secret tears,
As on that darkest morning of the year.

The folly or the wrong
That marks those years, I can not now undo ;
Yet, all the way along,
I feel thy love has followed, strong and true.

Still intercede, my saint !
Still snatch me back from evil by thy prayer !
Though faltering oft, and faint,
I yet with thee may blest deliverance share.

MARGARET FRANCES.

THE WHITE CHURCH.*

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. SARCOTT SURPRISED.

The grand opening of the dancing hall, that had been announced for some weeks, came off in due time. Jennie Sarcott, Will Timmons, and even Nannie, were in attendance.

"O papa!" cried Jennie the next morning, as she greeted her father in the dining-room, "was n't it delightful? I am so glad you have fitted up a stage, too. We can have operas now, after the railroad is finished. Oh, d-e-a-r," concluded she, with a yawn.

Mr. Sarcott's reply was not enthusiastic. "It was very successful, child," he said, a little coldly. He seemed anxious to turn the subject, and did so without ceremony by asking for Nannie.

"She is asleep yet," said Jennie; "she says she wants to get a good rest for Saturday night. So do I, too, and I am going to ask Mary to do the work."

"Jennie, do your share of the work, or stay at home in the future," replied her father sternly; but at that moment he turned his back and did not see the malicious grimace that the young lady made.

* Copyright, 1886, by STANDARD PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Mr. Sarcott sought his room. In the hall he met Mary, whom he admonished not to wake Nannie.

"I am afraid," said he, after he reached his room, "that the girls will get to liking this thing too well; I am not at home enough to curb them, and they don't like Mary. I must hurry up the widow. I think she could manage them, and I could get rid of Mary."

"You could have kept away temptation easier than you can bring in the widow to shield your children from it."

"I thought I met that girl in the hall," said Mr. Sarcott, going to the door and peering over the banister. There was no one in sight.

"I wonder if I imagine that I hear these voices," said he; "they are not of the Joan of Arc kind, or I might think so," he added, as he returned to his chair. On the table before him lay a pile of letters, and he busied himself for some time reading them.

"I will have to patch up an explanation for Squire Tribbey when I meet him," said he, after he had finished the letters. "I really had no idea that McCracken and Wale would back out in this way, though. Well, I'm glad the church business is settled; that's what I was after, and what's good is good." Here he chuckled

"Now," he continued, "after this trial is called, I think I will arrange matters with the widow. Ha! ha!" He tied up the letters in a neat package, and, putting them in his pocket, went to the stable.

"David," said he to the hostler, "you may hitch up the black mare and drive me to Hanaford this afternoon. I shall want to be there to-morrow anyhow, and I have other business that I can do to-day."

"Won't I hev ter be ther myself ter-morrer, sir?" asked David.

"Has the sheriff summoned you?"

"Yes, sir; he war here yisterday when you war gone, and I 'spect he sarved a lot of papers in town."

"Well," said Mr. Sarcott, "as the defendant has jumped his bail, there can be no trial. I want to be there, but you will not be needed."

"Mr. Sarcott," said David, with some hesitation, and at the same time looking to see that they were alone, "I hev a matter on my mind, and it keeps a comin' up ter bother me. I promised not ter tell, but I hev a sense of duty, sir; it are hefty inside o' me, as 't were, an' I must speak. Seein', too, as you're my master, 'tain't nowise right as thet I should keep this still."

"Speak out, David; what now?" said Mr. Sarcott.

"Mr. Sarcott," resumed David, slowly, "do yer think this trial are n't comin' off? If yer think that way, yer fooled. Look here, sir: Jake Conway are back."

"Back?" gasped the astonished Mr. Sarcott.

"He—are—back!" said David, dwelling on each word with solemn emphasis.

"How do you know?"

"Bob Loomis let it out ter me last night arter the dance "

"Put up the harness for the present, David," said the great man; "I believe I will not go at once."

He was, to all outward appearance, perfectly calm, and David watched him as he took his way hurriedly toward the store.

When he was gone, David began a grotesque performance. "Now you hoof-shaver," said he, dancing on the barn floor and shaking his fist in the direction of Bob's shop, "you old sledge-swinger, you tarnal sally-mander, you've bin a wantin' this place of old Dave's fur more years than one. You've bin thick with the old man, an' only waitin' ter see this chicken bounced; but now I hev got yer. Felt mighty big goin' up in his liberry an' consultin' an' wire-pullin' yer way in; but I give yer story away, fool yer war ter tell me."

David indulged in these extravagances for a full hour, stopping at frequent intervals to congratulate himself that the danger of Bob's usurping his position was forever past.

"Come here, Dill," said Mr. Sarcott, as he entered the store. Mr. Dill was reading a newspaper; folding it, he complied at once.

"Have you heard that Jake Conway has come back?"

"Jake Conway back!" exclaimed Mr. Dill.

"Yes, Dill, I have reason to believe that he is, and that he will appear when his trial is called to-morrow. Now, this will break my plans up, you know."

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Dill, with a half-frightened look, "ah, yes, sir; and—and—"

"Do n't get nervous now; you are next thing to a baby. I like to see some nerve now and then. I want that boy convicted; that's the only thing I can do now. After I get things fixed he can be pardoned out of jail, but I want to be rid of him for a while. You know why. I fear that blacksmith has played me false. I'll

make it hot for him, and for you, too, if you don't walk chalk. You understand?"

"Oh, yes, sir," answered Mr. Dill, in great trepidation.

"I want you to go to Hanaford to-morrow; you are summoned on this case anyhow. I want you to swear that the boy got a can of oil from you the night of the fire."

Mr. Dill was pale as a ghost.

"Oh, don't get pale. I want you to swear, too, that Jake remarked to you on one occasion that if Mike Follin were out of the way there would be a chance for the rest of the boys. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," squeaked Mr. Dill, shaking like a leaf.

"Now keep quiet, and I will see one or two of the Italians."

He left the store, and hurried toward the railroad.

"I would like to know what under the sun is the explanation of the matter; but I must avoid the widow for the present. Plague it, I am driven to this step. Some of her friends have been acting the fool, and have the boy back. I am afraid they have corrupted Bob, too."

"Corrupted! Ha! ha! ha!"

Mr. Sarcott halted. "Pshaw!" said he, looking up and listening, "I believe my ear-drums are abnormally sensitive."

He waited a moment before proceeding. There was no sound but the cawing of a crow on the rail fence near by.

CHAPTER XX.

THE TRIAL.

The Grand Jury had indicted Jake for arson simply. To answer to this charge, he had been awaiting the action of the Court of Common Pleas. No doubt the reader is anxious to know where he had been waiting, and how Bob Loomis managed to have him on hand to Mr. Sarcott's disgust. In order to pick up several stitches we have dropped, especially in the history of Bob, we will go back for some distance in this story. About three days before the mad exploit of Mollie Stormer, Bob was alone at home, "Laury" having gone out. He had come from the shop, and was not a little provoked at finding such slim indications of supper. A hot fire was burning in the stove, however, and a note, scrawled rudely with red ink, informed him that Laury had been hastily called to assist Mrs. Dill, who was sick. The note informed him further that he might expect to be alone the greater part of the night, and ended by describing the exact whereabouts of such victuals as would, if properly cooked, satisfy his hunger.

"That are a pritty idea," said Bob, throwing the note back upon the table. "I'm in fine trim fur

cookin', tired as a horse and blacker 'n a ton o' charcoal. Well" (he lowered his voice, and there was a depth of real feeling in his tones) "I know she would n't hev gone this time o' the evenin' if suthin' more 'n ordinary warn't ter pay. I might as well knuckle down an' make the best out of it."

Bob's culinary gymnastics would not have edified Laury. It is sufficient here to say that his supper was very frugal. He looked at his burnt potatoes with a rueful countenance, and to make amends for the weak coffee, he soon lit his pipe, leaving a conglomeration of dishes and cooking utensils for Laury to clean up. He smoked for a while in deep silence, then, knocking the ashes from his pipe, he took the lamp and carried it to a small desk in an adjoining room. He walked stealthily, and when he had set the lamp down, he paused and listened as if he feared he might not be alone. The cold winter wind blew around the corners of his little cottage, and entering at some unnoticed crack, caused the lamp to smoke until through its blackened chimney only light enough struggled to render the room ghostly. Holding the lamp in his hand, Bob raised the lid of the desk and drew forth a paper.

"All safe, are ye?" he muttered. "Good enough! I'll have use fur ye one o' these days. If I never used ye agin, yer hev done me benerfit enough a-showin' me the rascalerty of Jim Sarcott. Anvils an' pokers! I wish I could show as good a evidence that my mortgige was paid. However this paper come ter be lyin' around loose are a mystery ter me, but I'm glad of it—yes, sir-ee." He perused the paper for fully half an hour with unabated interest, and when he put it back carefully he drew a long breath and said:

"One o' these days I'll let this out ter Laury, but not yit. It are good she hain't happened to find it out."

For a long time after replacing the paper, Bob stood leaning on the desk. The light of the smoky lamp fell upon his face, now brightening it up, now letting it fall into shadow, according as the wind creeping into the room played fitfully with the flame. These changes were but the outward signs of a commotion within. As the internal forces of the earth often manifest themselves in wave-like motion along its surface, so the light and shadow that moved in waves over Bob's face might have had their origin in the forces that were playing within.

"I will be free from his clutches," was his sudden ejaculation as he picked up the lamp. "There are more good ter be had out o' his say so than in it."

From this time on Bob was a changed man. His attitude, as we have seen, was so changed toward the Conways that it provoked their surprise. Time and again during the summer, when Bob was alone in his cottage, and especially after some interview with Mr. Sarcott, he would steal to the desk and spend a long time perusing the paper. It seemed to strengthen his resolution.

By flattering Mr. Dill, Bob had learned from time to time the true financial standing of various parties in Rising Branch. The hollowness of all its apparent prosperity was a matter of note with him. From the same source he also learned that the Conway family had contracted a large bill at the store. He had been, too, a close observer of Mr. Sarcott's attentions to the widow, and when that gentleman had broached the

matter of Jake's flight to him, he was not slow to read his whole scheme. Now partly to gain favor with the people of Craggy Hill, several of whom, including Uncle Joe, had made it a point to be kind to him, and partly for the satisfaction that an inferior man has in triumphing over a superior one, Bob had concocted his counter scheme.

Eighteen miles from Carterville Bob had a brother, a well-to-do farmer. To him the smith had paid a flying visit in the spring, and had arranged for Jake to work for him during the summer.

"Mind yer, Bill," said he, after he had explained the situation, "keep the lad as shady as yer kin. Ther's no one here thet knows him, and don't yer furgit thet his name are Sam Pounds."

The brother assented to all this, and into the family of Tobe Loomis the new hand, Sam Pounds, was duly installed. Communication was kept up with his family through Bob. Mr. Sarcott had been told where Jake was, but, relying on Bob's fidelity, he had no expectation of his return until such time as he should dictate.

Immediately after making the outrageous arrangements narrated in the preceding chapter, Mr. Sarcott sought for Bob, but that worthy was well out of his way.

"There is nothing for it but the trial," said the magnate, choking down his wrath; "but we'll see who comes out ahead. I have never been crossed, and" (here he uttered an oath) "I never will."

Hanaford was full of people. It was the county seat and court was in session. The day of Jake's trial came on, and Rising Branch was fully represented.

Uncle Joe, pale from his recent sickness, entered the court-room, and was scowled at savagely by Mr. Sarcott. The Italians were present, the dark form of Adolfo among them.

With his usual smoothness of face, Mr. Sarcott had gone to Mrs. Conway after her arrival in Hanaford: "It is a little unfortunate, Amelia, that the boy has returned, but now that he is here, I will attend to securing additional counsel."

"That is provided for, James, thank you," replied the widow.

"By whom?"

"Uncle Joe."

And Mr. Sarcott became more hostile to Uncle Joe than ever before.

"O yes! O yes!" cried the sheriff, "I now declare the Court of Common Pleas for the county of N—— to be duly convened."

The case of the State of F——, against Jacob Conway was called, and the defendant appeared.

He came into court accompanied by his mother and Eurilda, and took a seat by his counsel.

"He are as guilty as a dog," remarked David, who was eyeing him from a seat in the farthest corner.

"Of course he is," replied the party addressed; "you can see that by his face. 'Tell you what, I can read a pris'ner at sight. I have been to twenty trials in this old court house, and I never failed to spot my man yet. You remember that case of old Hen——."

"Silence in this court-room," roared the sheriff, and the buzzing came suddenly to an end.

The forenoon was spent in securing a jury, and the day had well advanced before the trial properly began.

"Not guilty!"

The prisoner returned his answer in a clear, manly voice. The clerk took his seat.

"He 'll sing another song in three days," whispered David to his neighbor.

"Silence in this court-room," roared the sheriff again, and David subsided.

"Persons present outside the bar," remarked the judge, "must either be quiet or retire."

The State opened its case, and examined three witnesses before adjournment. They were Jeff Stormer and two of the Italians.

David was the first witness on the following morning, and testified to the facts already known to the reader.

Mr. Dill testified as he had been directed to by Mr. Sarcott. He trembled exceedingly when put upon the stand, and in his cross-examination became thoroughly mixed up.

"The fool!" thought Mr. Sarcott, "his want of sand makes his testimony not worth the cost of a summons."

With the positive testimony of these few witnesses the prosecution rested the case. Few people in the court-room felt that the prisoner was innocent.

"He 'll get ten years," said 'one.

"Hardly," said another. "He 's so young the judge will put it on light."

The defense occupied much of the time examining witnesses to prove the defendant's good character. Mr. Sarcott, who had managed to get himself summoned for this very purpose, testified to the point.

"Can't clear the chap on that character business,"

remarked the philosophic man before alluded to; "you can get any amount of men to swear to a man's character; the testimony of them Italians and the hostler will do it up for the boy. He's good for the *pen*, as sure's you're born."

"We have but three more witnesses," was the announcement of the defense, as the afternoon session of the third day opened.

"Miss Jennie Sarcott."

Mr. Sarcott, who had been sitting inside the bar close to the window, started to his feet. Did his eyes deceive him? No, there was his daughter on the stand, and his astonishment prevented his uttering a sound before her examination began.

"Your age, Miss Sarcott?"

"Seventeen years old."

"Were you at home on the night of the —th of last February?"

Jennie grew red as she glanced at her father, and cast her eyes to the floor.

"No, sir."

"State where you were."

The girl hesitated, and with eyes still fixed on the floor, replied:

"I was at a ball in Hanaford."

"How did you go there?"

"In a sleigh."

"Did you return in a sleigh?"

"I did."

"Now, Miss Sarcott, state what occurred on your way home?"

Jennie gave an account of the collision.

"Do you know with whom your sleigh collided?"

"I do."

"Now, what time did you reach Rising Branch?"

"About four o'clock."

"Who was with you?"

"I object!" said the prosecution.

The Judge sustained the objection, and the defense resumed.

"Now, Miss Sarcott, tell this court plainly what you saw in the village as you passed the boarding-house?"

There was some noise in the court-room. It was caused by the Italians, who were eagerly straining forward to catch the words of the witness. Adolfo, especially, was a study for a picture.

"Silence!" shouted the sheriff. Instantly an oppressive silence pervaded the room.

"I saw two men pass to the back of the boarding-house, carrying a small oil-can."

"Did you know the men?"

"I did; it was bright moonlight."

"Are they in this court-room?"

"They are."

Here the Italians were commanded to stand up, and Jennie pointed out Adolfo and another one.

Adolfo was dazed; but in an instant a black look crossed his face, and he turned toward the door.

"Are these witnesses in charge of the sheriff?" asked the defense.

"The sheriff will see that they are," said the judge.

A hum pervaded the room as the sheriff ordered the Italians inside the bar.

Jennie cast a terrified look at them as she left the

stand. It was returned by Adolfo. His black eyes pierced her like an arrow.

"The next witness."

"Miss Mary Somers!"

If Mr. Sarcott was astonished before, no words can picture his amazement now. Only the dignity of his surroundings prevented his expressing his feelings. When had the defense summoned this witness, and why?

"Your age, Miss Somers?"

"Thirty-six," answered Mary, while her keen black eyes shot forth their glances into every part of the room. A sort of triumphant smile stole over her face, and her lips twitched as she singled out Mr. Sarcott and riveted her gaze on him. Adolfo watched her eagerly.

"Do you keep house for Mr. Sarcott, of Rising Branch?"

"I do."

"What was your occupation before you went to live at his home?"

"I was a governess."

"Have you ever traveled abroad?"

"I have."

"Please state to this Court where you have traveled?"

"On the Continent of Europe, especially in Italy."

"How long were you in Italy?"

"Seven years. I attended school there."

"Do you speak Italian?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, Miss Somers" (here the counsel for defense arose and leaned forward, while perfect silence reigned

in the house) "were you in Mr. Dill's store early in the night of the —th of February, after the fire?"

"Yes, sir."

"Were any of these men" (pointing to the Italians) "in there?"

"They were in the bar-room of the store, and I saw them; they were all there but one."

"Which one?"

Mary pointed out Henri, the one whom Mike had hurt.

"Did you hear them talk?"

"I did, plainly."

"Did you understand them?"

"Very easily."

"State, Miss Somers, which one you heard speak the most distinctly."

"That tall one, Adolfo they call him, I believe."

"What did he say?"

The ticking of the court-room clock was painfully loud. Adolfo's fingers twitched nervously. His companions cast glances, now at him, now at the witness. They were aware, evidently, that something unusual was going on, but did not fully comprehend it.

"He said," answered Mary, speaking slowly, "'We are all right, boys; the old man's hostler saw Jake out, too, and we can easily get it on him. I will tell the old man that Carlo and Pietro saw Jake set the fire, and Dave will help us out.'"

"You heard this language distinctly?"

"I did," replied Mary, emphatically.

"May it please the Court," said Jake's counsel, "we have an Italian interpreter present, and are pre-

pared to verify this statement of this witness as to her ability to speak the Italian tongue."

A tall man with a dark moustache came upon the stand, and began a conversation with Mary.

He turned to the Judge in a few moments and said:

"Sir Judge, she speak the Italian very excellent. Much better as I speak the English."

"Silence!" demanded the sheriff, as Mary retired, and an unusual disturbance began near where David sat.

"Curse her!" said Mr. Sarcott, mentally, "she has been a demon ever since she came to me. I knew she spoke several languages, but who would have dreamed this?"

The last witness was Uncle Joe Sales. He came upon the stand with a feeble tread, and bore Mr. Sarcott's scowl without a change on his face.

"Mr. Sales," asked the defense, "were you away from home at any time on the morning of the —th of last February?"

"I war "

"Where were you?"

"Drivin' on the road from my house ter Dr. Peters'."

"State what happened on the road?"

Uncle Joe gave an account of the collision.

"About what time was this?"

"'Bout three o'clock in the mornin', as near as I could jedge."

"Now Mr. Sales, after the collision did you pick up any thing in the snow?"

"I picked up a pockit-book, and a paper thet had fell out of it."

"Are these the ones?" (holding up a crumpled paper and a large red pocket-book.)

"Thet looks like the pockit-book, and I kin tell the paper if I kin read it."

The lawyer handed him the paper.

"That is it," said the old man, as he adjusted his glasses.

"May it please the Court," said the lawyer, "the reading of this paper is highly essential to this defense."

"Proceed," said the Judge.

The lawyer smoothed out the paper, and read as follows :

"DEAR DAVE:—*The scalawags will do it. They want to get even on Mike anyhow. Hope he will get out, though. I saw 'Dolf the other day, and they are all in for it. I know the boss keeps Jeff supplied with a good lot of tin. You can get it while the muss is going on, and I'll be on hand in the morning. I am going to trot Jen to a dance that night, and will bring her back. Tell the scamps not to light up till after they see us come home*

"W."

The sensation that this note occasioned was equaled only by the remainder of Uncle Joe's testimony.

"Mr. Sales, did the pocket-book you found have any marks upon it, whereby its owner might be identified?"

"His name are stamped on the inside kiver," replied the old man.

The lawyer opened the book, and holding it up to the jury, showed them the name of *Will Timmons*.

The interest in the remainder of the trial centered mainly in the argument for the defense, and especially in the concluding sentence :

"And now, gentlemen of the jury, I will be glad

enough to show up this conspiracy when those guilty foreigners are tried."

The jury returned a verdict of "not guilty" without leaving their seats, and in the fullness of her joy, Eurilda embraced Jake again and again. Mrs. Conway wept for gladness. As they passed out, led by Bob Loomis, a noise in the Grand Jury room attracted their attention. A young lady had swooned, and been carried thither. It was Jennie Sarcott.

(Selected.)

OVERRULED.

The threads our hands in blindness spin
No self-determined plan weaves in ;
The shuttle of the unseen powers
Works out a pattern not as ours.

Ah ! small the choice of him who sings
What sound shall leave the smitten strings ;
Fate holds and guides the hand of art ;
The singer's is the servant's part.

The wind-harp chooses not the tone
That through its trembling threads is blown ;
The patient organ can not guess
What hand its passive keys shall press.

Through wish, resolve, and act, our will
Is moved by undreamed forces still ;
And no man measures in advance
His strength with untried circumstance.

As streams take hue from shade and sun,
As runs the life the song must run ;
But, glad or sad, to his good end
God grant the varying notes may tend !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

661

A WOMAN'S DOING.

CHAPTER III.

NOT LIKE OTHER GIRLS.

Myrtle Mowbrey had come to be, as the world reckons things, a young lady; by those who took the trouble to observe her more closely than the world observes, she was regarded as a curious blending of child and woman. Her father went even further than this in his characterization of her.

"Myrtle," Uncle Nathan was wont to remark, "is a mixer. She's a child about knowin' the bad thet's in the world, an' yit she's got a woman's feelin' about bein' sorry for it. An' ef ever they was a livin' creetur o' the woman kind walked this earth thet hed a man's sense, she's it. I've ben sold clean out, an' left in debt at thet, a good many times, makin' guesses about how childern was goin' to turn out when they growed up; but I never was sold out cleaner on anybody than I was on thet girl. I can't raly see now what it is thet makes her different from other girls. She ain't so good lookin'. Hardly everage. She's smart, but she do n't make no great show on it. She don't make no great show nohow. An' yit I don't know of anybody thet's hendier to hev around."

"She's a good girl," Mrs. Mowbrey would say, remembering how the burdens of life seemed to slip from her tired shoulders when the quiet, care-taking daughter came home.

"Yis. Yis, she is. She's a good, stiddy girl, that knows how to 'tend to her books an' to her own business. An' I guess her heart's about as nigh right in the sight o' the Lord as anybody's you 'll come acrost this side o' glory."

Myrtle had been studying, for three years past, at the Mornington High School, and had just been graduated with the honors of her class. During her stay in the city, her home had been in the family of Chauncey Palmer. This was not the home she would have chosen, but it was the one to which it had seemed proper that she should go; besides, her mother suggested that "Myrtle's board-money would kind of help Chauncey's folks along." There were several reasons why Myrtle would have preferred another boarding-place. Much as she had tried, she had not been able to entirely shake off the feeling of girlish resentment with which she had regarded Chauncey's second marriage. The present Mrs. Palmer was a pretty, childish creature, devotedly fond of Chauncey, and vaguely jealous of Elsie's memory. The promise which she had given not to come between him and that memory, seemed to have wrought perversely in suggesting occasions for the jealousy it was meant to forestall. Chauncey was poor, and, as Uncle Nathan expressed it, "always put to it." An endless round of worries was bought upon the undisciplined wife by the poverty to which she was so little used; and Myrtle, seeing this continually, could not rid herself of the impression

that she was in some way accountable for it. And although she knew that she paid well for the scanty privileges she enjoyed in the household, she was overshadowed by the thought that perhaps her presence there was a burden

She stood in her narrow, ill-ventilated room on the evening after her graduation, and looked about her to make sure that her belongings were ready to be taken home on the morrow. There was not a touch of color about her dress nor in her cheeks. Her portrait might have been done in black and white, with perfect faithfulness to the original. She wore her graduating dress, which was not the traditional simple white muslin, but a soft gray silk, bought with an eye to future service. The folds of white lace about her slender throat, and the simplicity with which her pale brown hair was brushed away from her face and knotted at the back of her head, gave her the appearance rather of a grave young Quakeress than of a "sweet girl graduate."

"To-night," she said, as she slowly drew on her gloves, "To-night I shall be through with being a girl. I'm not sorry. Other women like to stay girls, but I've always thought I'd rather begin to be a woman."

The door-bell rang sharply twice.

"That's Craig!" said Myrtle; and she smiled as she adjusted her hat and flung a light wrap about her shoulders.

A moment later, Kitty, the housemaid, thrust her unkempt head in at the door, and announced, in one breath,

"Misther Craig Wallingford says Be yez ridy an' Plaze hurry!"

"You look right nice to-night," said Craig Wallingford, patronizingly, as Myrtle entered the parlor. "Only rather too gray. Can't you stick a red flower into your belt, to show people you're not in second mourning?"

Myrtle shook her head. "I do n't feel like myself in bright things," she said.

"You *are* the queerest girl! I do n't know, though, but originality becomes you. Now if we were going to a fancy dress party, you'd be charming. You only need a high cap to make a second Lucretia Mott of yourself."

"I should n't be going to a fancy dress party with you. And I do n't believe Mrs. Mott would, either."

"Well, however that may be, you *are* going with me to the party 'to be given to the graduating class of the Mornington High School, by Mr. and Mrs. Horace Wallingford, at their palatial residence on Washington avenue, corner of Long street,' as the *Morning Times* has it; and we'd better be on our way, or that mother of mine will be in a precious stew. The son of the house and the fair valedictorian must be in their places, if no one else is."

Myrtle, serious and unworldly though she was, was conscious that her heart beat a little faster at the thought that to-night she was to see for the first time that strange something called Society.

Craig Wallingford was the only son of Horace Wallingford, the brother of Mrs. Palmer. He and Myrtle had been classmates for the past three years, and between them there existed what seemed to outside observers like an oddly ill-assorted friendship. When Craig was with Myrtle, he treated her as if she

were a patient little fag whose faithfulness he was bound to reward by an occasional condescending kindness; when away from her, and especially when in the society of his mother and sister, he maintained her superiority over the rest of womankind with an obstinacy peculiar to himself.

Craig was a bright, handsome boy of nineteen, with frank manners and a will of his own. Some people thought his manners offensively frank, and most people thought his will too strongly developed; yet he was pretty certain to make a welcome for himself wherever he went. It would have been difficult to tell in what the charm lay. Perhaps it was in his abundant vitality, which seemed to bring even old people into sympathy with his youth and spirit. He was selfish, but no discipline had as yet come to teach him unselfishness. He was egotistical, but he had not yet learned that the world contained many much wiser people than he. He asserted his opinions arrogantly, but he was used to having his opinions accepted as law wherever he gave them. His faults were those of youth; it remained for the oncoming years to show whether the virtues of manhood would overcome them.

As the two approached it, lights were shining brilliantly from every window of the Wallingford home, and Myrtle shrank back a little.

"Scared?" asked Craig, guessing her feeling, as he always did. "Don't you dare be! Hold your head up the way you did last night when you delivered your oration, and show people the triumph of brains over clothes."

Myrtle laughed softly. No one could help laughing at Craig.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallingford, their daughter, Miss Blanche, and Mrs. Palmer, were receiving and entertaining the guests. Mr. Wallingford was a tall, fine-looking man, with courtly manners and a kindly smile. He liked Myrtle, who was a member of his Sunday-school class, and she was never afraid with him. Mrs. Wallingford was a nervous little body, and suffered constantly, when entertaining company, from a fear lest the furniture should be marred or the carpets soiled. And Blanche was—Blanche! Myrtle had never found just the right words with which to describe Craig's sister.

"She makes me think," she had once written to her mother, "of bright whiteness. She is like the snow on a clear day. Her skin is so white, and her hair so pale, and yet they are so sheeny, as if the sun were always shining on them. Even her eyes are not dark, and yet they dazzle you as if they were a pair of diamonds."

Myrtle managed to respond, frankly and gratefully, to the congratulations which people felt it their duty to offer to the shy, gray-robed valedictorian; but she was not sorry to find, by and by, that the current of gay young life had swept past her, and that she was standing a little apart from her classmates, with Mr. Horace Wallingford at her side.

"I am sorry you are going away, Myrtle," he was saying; "selfishly sorry, I'm afraid, for I know how wholesome your society has been for Craig."

Myrtle felt a thrill of pleasure at these words. She was indebted to the Wallingfords for so many favors that the possibility of her having given anything

in return for what she had received, had never once occurred to her.

"I think a great deal of Craig," she said, with that perfect frankness which people who did not know her well thought so inconsistent with her shy disposition. "I have never had a brother—except Chauncey—and Craig seems almost to fill the place. He has been so very, very good to me!"

Mr. Wallingford smiled. "I believe he has been as good to you as he ever is to anybody. Craig has a good deal to learn about politeness yet. But you've taught him a good many things, and the rest of us must keep at work on him. You must not let us lose sight of you, when you leave the city. What are your plans for the future?"

"I expect to be at home for a while, and then, after my mother has had a chance to rest, I hope to be able to teach."

"Come and spend a part of the summer with us," said Mr. Wallingford, warmly. "We shall be at Elmwood Park. There will be a chance to hear good lectures and see pleasant people; and for such a girl as you are, an opportunity to learn more in four weeks than you could learn anywhere else in a year. You can take a normal course, or a course in German, or anything else you like, and, I hope, enjoy yourself at the same time. We have a cottage there, and I mean to give orders that a place must be kept for you."

Myrtle opened her gray eyes in grave, questioning wonder. How had Mr. Wallingford come to extend such an invitation to her?

"I thank you very much," she said, in a tone of

sincere gratitude, but with a dignity that Mr. Wallingford at once understood.

"We have talked it over several times, my wife and Blanche and I," he said; "and we all want to have you with us."

"Then, if my parents are willing, I shall be very glad to go. I ought—"

Myrtle was about to tell Mr. Wallingford how thankful she ought to be to him and his family, when she saw that he was not looking at her nor listening to her. His eyes were turned to the other end of the room, where his daughter was standing beside the piano, evidently about to sing. Her slender hands were clasped, her eyes were turned, not toward the music, but toward the company; and as she stood there, in her snowy satin and glistening pearls, she made Myrtle think more than ever of "bright whiteness."

Her voice was by no means remarkable, yet her singing seemed to throw a spell over her hearers. Probably there were a dozen girls present whose voices were better than hers, but surely no one among them all would have sung with the passionate feeling, the apparent abandon of sorrow, which turned the simple little ballad she sang into the story of a deathless grief. Her figure swayed slightly, as if with the excess of emotion. Her face was no longer that of Blanche Wallingford; it was that of the heart-broken woman whose woes she voiced.

Myrtle was startled to find, when the song was ended, that her cheeks were wet with tears. She turned to Mr. Wallingford. The expression of his eyes al-

most frightened her; it was so closely akin to adoration.

"She is beautiful!" said Myrtle, speaking rather to herself than to her companion.

Mr. Wallingford turned suddenly.

"She is more than beautiful," he said. "She is marvelous!"

The wee sma' hours had been reached before the guests took their departure. Chauncey and his wife and Myrtle stopped a moment at their door, to say good-night to Craig.

"I'm afraid you have n't had a good time to-night," said Craig to Myrtle. "You were so sober all the while, and you never seem to enjoy what other girls like."

"I've had a great deal better time than I thought I should. Everybody has been kind, and I'm obliged to—"

"Botheration!" broke in Craig. "None of your gratitude! Dear knows there's no need of it, after the Latin lessons you've pulled me through. Good-bye, Myrtle. Be good to yourself."

"Good-bye, Craig. Be good to—other people."

"That's you. Yes, I'll try," and he nodded a good-night, and ran down the street, whistling as he went.

"Myrtle is the queerest creature!" said Mrs. Palmer to her husband, when the girl had gone upstairs. "I think it's the strangest thing that Brother's folks take to her the way they do. I thought when she came here that they'd think it a real bother to have to invite her there whenever they asked us. No one can help liking to have her around, but I wish she were more like other girls."

"I don't think she is any more unlike the generality of girls than Blanche is," said Chauncey. "And we never think of pitying Blanche because she is different from the rest."

"Why, no, of course not. Any girl would be glad enough to be like Blanche."

"Yes," said Chauncey, "I suppose that is about the difference: 'Myrtle is not like other girls,' and 'Other girls are not like Blanche.'"

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT ANSWER?

Elmwood Park was described by Craig Wallingford as "a fashionable place of religious recreation."

The Annual Encampment of the Elmwood Assembly provided, in its lecture courses, its classes in literature and the languages, and its sermons and devotional services, a programme sufficiently varied to minister to the intellectual and spiritual needs of the crowds who came to attend it. But, though there were many people here who had come only for the sake of these advantages, the religious and literary departments did not represent all sides of life at Elmwood Park.

In the two big, barn-like hotels, in many of the cottages, and even in some of the snowy tents which were scattered here and there over the grounds, there were people as intent on the pursuit of pleasure as are to be found in any of the fashionable summer resorts. Every evening the hotel verandas were filled with promenaders and loungers, while out on the little lake pleasure-boats shot back and forth with their gay human cargoes.

Myrtle Mowbrey, who was spending a few weeks

at Mr. Wallingford's cottage, belonged to the ranks of the workers. Blanche Wallingford was, on the contrary, a leader among the pleasure-seekers, and wore gracefully—one might almost have said unconsciously—the title of the "Assembly belle." Craig flitted restlessly and half impatiently between the two coteries, uncertain as to which best recognized his abilities.

"The worst trouble about this place is," he was saying one evening to Chauncey, who had just arrived, "that it cramps a fellow so. You can't have any fun without tilting against somebody. The lake is so small that you can't get up any excitement rowing unless you capsize the boat, and the shore is so near that there are a hundred people ready to fish you out before you have time to get scared. The promenades all end at somebody's tent-stakes, and the first you know your pleasuring is interfering with somebody's culinary operations. The young men here are all either swells or theologues, and I like to fight shy of both species. The girls are all either silly or goody-goody, except Myrtle, and she's head over ears in literature and theology, and has n't any breath to waste in having a good time."

They all laughed, even Myrtle, though her cheeks flushed a little at Craig's allusion to her.

"Some of the lectures are good," he resumed. "There's a Prof. Cary who is lecturing on Colonial History. He's brainy, but his gestures are intolerable. And there's a Dr. Somebody who talks about drainage and ventilation. He is n't so tedious as you'd think from the subject. And—who are the others we've liked, Myrtle?"

"I like Prof. Dinsmore very much," said Myrtle, a

little embarrassed at being appealed to so suddenly. "He teaches you to do your own thinking—to make up your mind about people from what they have said and done, rather than what has been said about them."

"He's the English literature man, isn't he? O yes, I remember, Myrtle is in his classes. He *is* bright, but I really believe he'd be brighter if he were better looking. He's the ugliest man this side of the South Sea Islands. Come, Myrtle, it's time for the evening lecture. Are you ready to go?"

Myrtle went to get her hat, and found Blanche standing before the glass in the room which the two girls shared, draping a lace scarf about her shoulders.

"Is that you, Myrtle? Will you pin this for me? Thanks! You do such things so perfectly. I wish I could have you with me all the time. Do n't you ever get tired of being good and doing everybody's bidding?"

"I do n't think I could ever be tired of doing yours."

"Do n't you? Well, I often wonder if you do n't get tired of goodness. It must be tiresome to say your prayers when you're sleepy, and go to church when it rains, and put up with Craig's nagging, and brush my hair when I'm out of temper."

"None of those are the hard things."

"Are n't they? My dear child, if there are harder things than those, do n't tell me of them. How am I looking to-night?"

"Like a white lily."

"That's charmingly said. Are you going to the tabernacle?"

"Yes; are you?"

"Surely not! The tabernacle will do for Sunday nights, and for good girls like you."

"I wish you would go, Miss Blanche. One does n't often get the chance to hear so many good things, and it gives one so much to think about."

"To think about! Myrtle, if ever you're a society young lady, as I dare say you won't be, you'll find that thought is neither necessary nor desirable. To be able to say nothing at all in the most attractive way is the consummation most devoutly to be wished. Good-bye!"

"Aims in Life" was the subject of the lecture which Craig and Myrtle went to hear. The speaker graphically sketched the lives of half a dozen men who have helped to make the world's history, analyzed the motives of each, and showed the purpose which led each on in his career. Then the lecturer set forth the value of a high aim steadily adhered to, and urged young people to be content with nothing short of the noblest purposes, because, in a long life, a man is likely to gain that which he persistently seeks, and only the best is enough to satisfy.

At the close of the lecture, as the crowd thronged into the aisles, Myrtle heard some one say:

"Well, Miss Myrtle, what are you going to take for your aim in life?"

She recognized the voice as that of Prof. Dinsmore, and, as she looked up into the rugged face and noted the swarthy complexion, square jaw, and massive features, she remembered what Craig had said of its ugliness and wondered if he would have said it if he could have seen how steadily and kindly a pair of keen hazel eyes twinkled under the projecting brow.

Myrtle did not answer the Professor's question, nor did he seem to expect an answer, for he added, as he passed on, "That was a sensible talk, and I hope it will do good; but it is not easy to get young people to take experiences at second hand."

"That lecture is the kind of talk for me," said Craig, enthusiastically, when the two were in the open air. "I believe a man can do about what he wants to. I believe in his having a purpose, and sticking to it. I never hear about such men as those that speaker told about to-night without feeling a strange tingling going all through my blood. What have those men done that I'm certain I can't do? Why should n't I make the world stir as well as they? That sounds queer, but I know you've had the same feeling, for I heard you say the other night, after the lecture on 'Famous Women,' that you never heard about Florence Nightingale without wondering whether it would be possible for you to be like her."

"But you know," said Myrtle, "the lecturer said we ought to have the best aims; not to try to be great, and get ourselves talked about, but to live always up to the very most there is in us, and to use it for some noble end. I could n't be like Florence Nightingale if I were trying just to make a great name for myself. I do n't mean that I could ever be like her, any way, but that a life like hers could only come from the same beautiful motives."

Craig did not dispute this, but he went on to say: "There's Uncle Chauncey, for example. If he'd had a fixed purpose, he might have amounted to something in the world. He has a notion sometimes that he ought to have been a great man, but he never

pushes ahead with any definite aim in view. And then, on the other hand, there's Blanche. There are plenty of girls on these grounds who are as pretty as she, if only they knew their points as well as she knows hers. Some of them were naturally as bright as she. But nothing will ever satisfy Blanche but to be the queen. If she were the Empress of all the Russias she could n't be a more perfect autocrat. She does n't make herself disagreeable about it, but she calmly and sweetly walks up to the top."

"I do n't think the other young ladies are as pretty as Miss Blanche. I don't think any of them could ever have come to be as bright as she is. And you must not speak about her in that way, you know."

"You wait till you know her as well as I do, and you'll find out!" was Craig's rejoinder.

When they reached the cottage, they found Mrs. Wallingford, Mrs. Palmer, and Blanche sitting on the porch with three or four gentlemen, to whom Blanche introduced Myrtle, and whose names the latter immediately forgot. As Myrtle watched her friend, her usually gentle spirit rose up in rebellion against Craig for having spoken so lightly of his sister. It seemed to Myrtle the most natural thing in the world that people should admire her young hostess. In spite of Blanche's lightness of speech, there was an indescribable dignity in her manner which seemed to fit her for leadership. She told one witty story after another, assuming the part of each character in turn, and taking on the tone and gestures and even the facial expression of each person she described; but, when the stories were told, she was Blanche Wallingford again — gay, yet refined,

gracious, yet reserved, always fascinating, but never fascinated.

Each day that passed was full of work for Myrtle, and her earnestness in the midst of so much gayety was a continual puzzle to her friends.

"Going to the tabernacle?" asked Craig one morning, as she came out of the cottage. "Hold on till I get my hat, and I'll go with you."

"What's going on over there at this hour?" he queried, as they walked along. "It is n't a class, for you have n't any text-book, and it is n't a lecture, for you have n't any note-book."

"It's an address on heathen missions. To-day is Missionary Day, you know."

"Nonsense! I'm not going over there to hear a missionary crank orate. Let's go down and take a row. There is n't such a crowd wanting boats at this time in the day."

"You know I will not do that," Myrtle answered, with that gently unyielding manner which Craig so well knew. "You ought n't to have offered to go to the tabernacle unless you meant it, but I will let you off if you don't want to go."

"No, I won't back out of it altogether. I'll go as far as the door, but I won't go in. But you're really running this thing to death, Myrtle. Nobody could keep up always the sort of life you're leading now."

"No, indeed; I do n't suppose it would be a good thing for us if we could, nor for the world, either. I'm just trying to make a business of learning, while I have this chance, what may help me by and by."

"But nobody else ever makes such a business of religion as you do. Now father and mother are mem-

bers of the church, and very prominent, and all that sort of thing. Father runs a Sunday-school class and mother runs no end of church socials, but they don't make a business of it, and trot around about it all the while, the way you do."

"They are always busy, you know. I have more time."

"Well, that isn't all. There are dozens of things that they think it's all right to do that money would n't hire you to do. And yet everybody knows that they are good Christians. The thing of it is, Myrtle, you overdo the matter. You're not one of the wishy-washy, good-girl kind who are always pushing their saintliness into somebody's way, but you drub along at it as soberly as if there were nothing else in the world. Now father wants Blanche and me to join the church, and I dare say I shall, sometime. I'm not so sure about Blanche. I think the church is a big institution, and does a great deal of good, in a certain way; but you can belong to it, and live up to all you profess, and still have a good time."

"Of course we can. The nearer we live up to it, the better time we ought to have."

"Well, then, why do n't you?"

"I do, in my way. I can never make you understand that I am not unhappy, even if I do seem more sober than other girls. It's just my way. But I do n't think it hurts any one to feel that religion is a great, serious thing, and that God has a right to expect a great deal of us."

Craig believed that Myrtle's ideal of the Christian life was altogether too fanciful, but her way of putting things made it hard to answer her. So he walked in

silence to the door of the tabernacle, then turned away.

As Myrtle went down the aisle she saw Prof. Dinsmore, who rose to indicate that there was a vacant place beside him, and she seated herself just as Arlington Dare rose to begin his address.

He was a young man, but he had evidently read and thought to good purpose; and the enthusiasm which blazed in his dark eyes and thrilled through his strong voice told how warmly his heart glowed with interest in his subject. He described the degradation of heathen lands with such vividness of word-coloring that Myrtle fancied she could see the squalid, loveless homes of those far countries. He told how the gospel of Christ, wherever it had entered, had led men and women out of their wretched darkness and into the eternal sunshine. Then, as his audience warmed into sympathy with him and melted under his words, the speaker came down from the platform and said, as one gives a solemn message which there may never be opportunity to repeat:

“Brothers and sisters, it’s all very well to say that the Lord will deal justly by the heathen in the next world, but who will take care of them in this world if we do not? Who will teach them what this present life means? Who will teach them to appreciate what God has in store for them here and hereafter? No doubt God will take care of his part of the work, but what about our part? Because he has trusted us and put us on our honor, shall we leave the work undone? Must we be driven like slaves to a task, or will we prove ourselves worthy of his trust in us? God will not make us do this work. If we are faithless, he will chose

those who are faithful. He is asking just now what you mean to do. What do you answer? What is your answer, my brother? He has blest you with the power of gaining wealth. What for? That you may lay up treasures *for yourself* on earth? Verily, no; but that you may lay up treasures for him. That you may go on adding lands to lands, and bank stocks to bank stocks; that you may go on accumulating riches, to selfishly hold them for a little while, and then leave them to children who would often be better off without them? Verily, no; but that you may consecrate this gift, as well as all other gifts, to him. Young man, what is your answer? You are full of the strength of youth. How are you using your strength? You have had the advantages of a Christian civilization. They have brought you education of mind and heart. Are you willing to extend these blessings to others? When the Master says, "Follow me," are you willing to follow to the end of the earth? Young woman, what is your answer? The Lord Jesus Christ has done even more for you than for your brother. To what end has he wrought his work on you? Your heathen sister has a soul as dear to him as yours. Will you go and tell her so? Will you leave your earthly parents for the sake of him who left the presence of his heavenly Father for you? Will you leave your home for the sake of him who, because of what he gave up for you, had not where to lay his head? Will you suffer for the sake of him who bore more for you than he will ever call on you to bear for him? Will you die, if need be, for the sake of him who met a harder death for you than he will ever call on you to meet for him? In his name I ask you to look into your soul and find your answer."

Myrtle sat with her eyes fixed on the speaker, a scarlet flush on the cheeks which were usually so pale. The quick breath came and went through her parted lips, and her small ungloved hands were clasped tighter and tighter, until the nails and finger-tips took on a purplish hue. To Myrtle, the speaker's words seemed a personal message to her own soul, and she felt that there was no escape from its impassioned entreaties.

"That came pretty close home, did it not, Miss Myrtle?" asked Prof. Dinsmore, as they were leaving the building.

Something in the homely face made Myrtle speak her heart. "I feel," she said, "as if I had grown old all at once—almost as if I should never be young again."

She walked back to the cottage with downcast eyes and throbbing heart, and managed to slip to her room unobserved.

How close it seemed! The air had suddenly become stifling. She flung open the shutters; then the strong sunlight blinded and sickened her, and she hastened to close them. How still it was! The quiet oppressed her, and yet, when the sound of a stray foot-fall or a gay laugh floated in through the window, her nerves were jarred until she was ready to cry out with pain. She flung herself upon the bed, and lay there, face downward, for an hour or more, asking of herself, "What answer?"

It seemed to her that, through the tumult of conflicting emotions which crowded upon her, this much she could see with unmistakable clearness: On the one hand, home, father, mother, Elsie; on the other, the gentle Christ, beckoning to her with his wounded hands.

and beyond him a group of dark-faced women standing where they could not see his face.

She tried to pray, but she could only repeat a few broken sentences over and over again. She tried to think of some words of Scripture which might help her, and none came save, "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me," and, "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF ALANSON WILCOX.

Alanson Wilcox was born in Hinckley, Medina Co., Ohio, Feb. 23, 1832. His father was from Connecticut. In 1649 his ancestors came from England to this country. He was educated at Hiram. In 1860 he married Miss Katie Starks, the step-daughter of John Rudolph. He has preached for the churches at Vandalia, Paw Paw and Muir, in Michigan; Worcester, Massachusetts; Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; and Franklin Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio. For three years he did the work of an evangelist in Pennsylvania and Michigan. He has planted several churches, and helped to build several meeting-houses. He has added to the churches, on an average, one hundred a year for twenty-five years. Wherever he has had charge of a church he has succeeded in planting another congregation. For five years preceding June, 1884, he acted as Financial Agent of Hiram College. In May, 1884, he was elected by the Ohio State Convention as Corresponding Secretary of the Christian Missionary Society of the State of Ohio, in which work he is now engaged. Mr Wilcox's preaching is conversational in style. His sermons are short, well-filled with ideas and scriptural truth. He has written some for the periodicals of the church. His talent is varied and practical, and his gift of ~~word~~ has been a constant help to him in his ministerial labors.



ALANSON WILCOX.

CHRIST'S INFLUENCE.

AN ADDRESS.

I. A sweet *conservative* influence goes out from Christ to all intelligences of all the worlds. It is not affirmed that the sacrifice of Christ and the atonement reach all beings as they do men. He laid hold of the seed of Abraham, and died for men. The salvation he provides is specially for men. But the moral effects of his incarnation, death and gospel, influence all intelligences. His mediatorial reign is not confined to this world, but extends over the heavens, including all worlds. In this view the following Scriptures may be understood: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." "The Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into his hands." "When he saith all things are put under him, it is manifest that he is excepted which put all things under him." "That in the dispensation of the fullness of times, he might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven and which are on earth, even in him." "At the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things in earth, and things under the earth, and every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." "Who is gone into heaven, and is on the right hand of God; angels and authorities and powers being made subject unto

him." The spiritual reign of Christ, then, like the force of gravitation, reaches the universal creation.

Men have sinned. Christ died for them. When his redemption has accomplished its purposes and the redeemed are brought into the everlasting kingdom, they will sin no more. Not because they can not, but because they will not. The now undeveloped resources of the gospel will be so apparent to the redeemed that no argument or temptation can move them from their allegiance to Christ. Will not this conservative influence reach the angels? Some of them fell from their first estate. The unfallen can now see the manifold wisdom of God in Christ and his redemption, and so learning of his love and mercy and justice, they will not sin. The Christian in that land will neither sin nor die, for the conservative influence of Christ will bind him to the great source of holiness and life. Death will be swallowed up in victory; he that is holy will be holy still, and neither can they die any more; for they are equal unto the angels, and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection.

The lamented R. Milligan, writing on this subject, says: "I am constrained to conclude, from all the premises submitted, that the conservative influence of Christ's incarnation, death, atonement and mediatorial reign extends far beyond the narrow limits of this earth, and that it may, in fact, be a powerful means, in the Divine administration, of preserving forever, in a state of holiness and happiness, not only the redeemed of our race, but also, and in like manner, untold millions of other happy spirits that now occupy other parts and provinces of Jehovah's empire."

II. An *adjusting* influence in human affairs con-

stantly goes out from Christ. At his advent human relations were sadly deranged. Men had sought out many inventions, but none to restore the equilibrium in human nature and society. Men hated men, and disrespected God. And while this is too true of many men now, yet there is an influence at work which is calculated to renovate human society.

Christ is adjusting the relations of man to man. He was of the seed of Abraham, but he was also descended from Adam. He was clothed with human nature, and so connected with all men. All men are brethren, for "He hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth." In this view Christ commended the Good Samaritan for breaking over the line of sect, and for doing a neighborly deed to a man in suffering.

He assured the Jews, who prided themselves on being the seed of Abraham, that God could of these stones, Gentiles, hard cases, raise up children unto Abraham. This has been done, showing that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that fears him and works righteousness shall be accepted. Jesus stepped over the line of Jewish prejudice and commended the faith of the Tyro-Phœnician woman. He taught his disciples that the greatest in the kingdom of heaven are those who are the most humble, tractable and useful in helping men. He identified himself with the race, so that speaking lightly or reproachfully of any man was to speak reproachfully of him; hence call no man "Raca, or fool." Back of all genius, taste or education, or other accidental endowments, he saw the divine relations of men, their possibilities, and that they

were brethren. The world is beginning to learn this lesson, and to adjust itself to the same.

This adjusting influence may be seen in the relation of man and wife. "Husband of one wife" is now the rule. "Husbands, love your wives." Only for one cause may a man put away his wife. These teachings do not everywhere prevail. Polygamy is not entirely abolished. Men have not ceased to sin against women. The adjusting influence is, however, enlarging its sphere and moving on out with the world to accomplish the purpose of our God.

It is hard to divest ourselves of national and race prejudice. One likes the English and hates the Chinese ; one likes the French and dislikes the Bohemians, and others like the white race and have no sympathy for the negro. But Christ died for all, and when his spirit is received by men, national boundaries are broken down, the color line is obliterated, and Christians have regard for all men. A sweet, adjusting influence has gone out, and is going out, and it is confidently expected that the time will come when nations will have war no more. They will settle their difficulties by arbitration.

This adjusting influence is working in the *religions* of the world. When Christ came the world had run wild religiously. Christ dropped the true theology among them. Men were materialists, and he declared God to be a spirit. Men were Pantheists, and he represented God as distinct from all things as the sun is from the dew-drop which it fills with light. Men were idealists, and he represented God as a person. Men were divided into sects and parties, and he represented, not only the unity of the race, but that there should be

unity of the household of faith and a coming to the one God from the ends of the earth.

Dr. Hurst, in his outline history of the church, places the following number of adherents to the various religions of the world :

Christian,	407,000,000
Buddhism,	340,000,000
Mohammedan,	200,000,000
Brahmins,	175,000,000
Confucius,	80,000,000
Judaism,	7,000,000
All others,	174,000,000

Of the nominal adherents to Christianity, he estimates :

Catholics,	200,000,000
Protestants,	131,000,000
Greek Church,	76,000,000

While these figures present the adherents of the Christian religion as in the minority, it should also be understood that it is now the only aggressive religion on the globe. It has in it the elements of its own purification, as seen in Protestants, and specially among the Protestants of the Protestants. Now, the Christian religion, in its scriptural purity, has the elements in it that will break down and supercede all the false religions and bind men in the one church which Christ planted. The Pagan religions are old and worn out and dying. Christians are laying the foundation to capture all these millions for Christ. This adjusting influence will not merely weaken these false religions, but it will entirely supercede them, binding all their adherents in knowledge and love and obedience to the true and living God, in the church of the Lord Jesus Christ.

III. Christ exerts a special *sanctifying* influence in his church. By this influence he is drawing them nearer to himself. He not only sets them apart to his service, but sanctifies them in this service. He builds them up in character and makes them holy, like himself. While he is the temporal Saviour of all men, he is the special Saviour of obedient believers. They think of him as "at hand" and live as in his sight. He sups with them and they with him. He abides with them and they in him. The consciousness of this union leads men "to purify themselves as he is pure." Then he is their elder brother and Christians are all brethren. Then Christ intercedes to the uttermost for those who are struggling after purity. In Christ's Church he has appointed helps to sanctification. The Lord's day is to be observed, keeping Christ in his resurrection constantly before the mind. The Lord's supper is observed on the Lord's day, by which the believers are constantly reminded of a suffering and dying Saviour. The worship of the Lord's house has constant reference to the life and glory of the Saviour. The reading of the Scriptures is a constant source of light and enjoyment in the church. Prayer is a means leading to remission of sin and communion with God. The great trouble is, Christians do not yield enough to these divinely appointed influences, that they may grow into the image and likeness of the blessed Saviour. Christians are too cold and lifeless and indifferent. They put the world between themselves and Christ, and he is seen in eclipse. They sleep by the way and vampire bats of infidelity prey on them till they half forget Christ and God and religion. God arouse and have mercy on the sluggish Christian !

"This is the will of God, even your sanctification." The Holy Spirit knows him better than we do, and he inspired Paul to write this sentence. Christ says, "Be ye also perfect as your father in heaven is perfect." God also says, "Be ye holy, for I am holy;" "Without holiness no man shall see God." This influence, however, brings no sudden change. "We all, with open face, beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." The most useful persons in the service of God are the pure in heart, hence the "sanctified are meet for the Master's use, and prepared unto every good work."

IV. The *gospel* influence is directly for the world. The conservative influence exerted by Christ indirectly reaches all intelligences; the adjusting influence changes the relations of man to man; the sanctifying influence affects the Christian; but all these influences depend on the gospel influence. So the Saviour says,—“Go, preach the gospel to every creature.” Paul says, “I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.” Through this the love of Christ constrains men to enter his service. Through its arguments, motives, and truths the Spirit throws out his enlightening influence to reach men for the kingdom of heaven. The great truths of the gospel are, the death, burial, resurrection, and ascension of Jesus Christ. The great commands are, faith, repentance, confession of Christ, and baptism. The great promises are, remission of sins, the gift of the Holy Spirit, eternal life, and a home in heaven. The facts may be believed, the commands obeyed, and the promises may be enjoyed by all the

•

children of men. God is not unwilling to save them all in his appointed way. Christ knew Him better than we do, and interprets Him to the world. He is moved by every heart-throb of his creatures. No one need remain away from God; no one need stay away from obedience to the gospel. But the church is too slow in sending it to the perishing. As the church is a spectacle unto angels and men, it behooves every professor to see to his marching orders: "Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

How this view of Christ's influence magnifies the importance of men! The thoughts, the purposes, the decisions, and the deeds of men have an eternity of influence. Let Christians, then, stand above the world, as did Christ, and extend the gospel call to humanity. This is the power of God to salvation. This is the commencement of a series of influences that reach angels and men.

ALANSON WILCOX.

TALE OF A PIONEER CHURCH.

CHAPTER XIV.

EVANGELISTS.

One of the finest words of the English tongue is *evangel*—*sweet message*. It comes from the Greek word denoting gospel, namely, *evangelion*; and evangelist stands related to *evangel* as *gospeler* does to *gospel*, the two being synonyms. Evangelists are ministers of the gospel whose first business it is to carry the word "of this salvation" to those who are without the pale of the church, to build them into a "temple for the habitation of God through the Spirit," and then to see that they and their officers walk orderly. In all the New Testament there is not a single Epistle addressed to either church or bishop telling them to select or how to ordain elders. But Timothy and Titus, two evangelists, are duly instructed how to proceed in this matter, and how to hear cause of complaint against such local officers.

That such was also the teaching of the fathers of this movement, it is perhaps well to show by a few extracts, before proceeding with the more local history of these and other evangelists that visited Somerset.

In the *Millennial Harbinger* for July, 1855, Alexan-

der Campbell takes an article from Dr. S. E. Shepherd's *Reviser* on "Organization," wherein the Doctor says of the evangelist:

"For continuance of this office the following order was given: 'The things which thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, *the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also.*' Thus evangelists were to be perpetuated. No such charge was given relative to prophets and apostles."

"4. He [Timothy, an evangelist] was instructed to appoint as superintendents (*episkopoi*) or overseers, and (*diakonoi*) ministers."

"5. It was his business to reprove, under proper circumstances, although but a youth. It was not the privilege of his *age*, but a duty of his *office*."

"7. He was to hear accusations against elders, under proper circumstances, and rebuke publicly when they sinned, that 'others might fear.'"

"11. He was to make other evangelists."

"A supply of New Testament evangelists would be more for the conversion of the world and the improvement of congregations, than any man can calculate. There is no such order of men, fully invested, now in existence. All churches are now too *aristocratic*, or too *democratic*."

On this, Alexander Campbell comments thus:

"Either there is, or there is not, a Christian system of church organization. If there be no divinely instituted system of church organization, there must be a human system, or there is no system at all! Has the King of the kingdom of heaven himself laid down no system of organization? Then he has no kingdom of heaven—no church on earth! He may have a people, but, without organization, he can have neither church nor kingdom, for those terms indicate organized bodies."

"The Church of Christ has a living ministry, as well as a dead ministry, embalmed in the Living Oracles. Of these, *evangelists* are first, *bishops* are second, and *deacons* are third.

"I here use the words, *the Church of Christ*, in its specific sense. It is not a particular church, or a single community. When 'Christ gave himself for *the church*,' as apostles affirm, it was not for the church in Corinth, Ephesus, or Philippi, but for the church, the whole church, composed of all the individual communities on earth, tantamount to

the kingdom of Christ. Evangelists preach the gospel, baptize the converts, constitute churches, set things in order *and keep them in order*. They are not bishops or overseers of churches, nor deacons, but missionaries, or public heralds of the kingdom of Christ.

"But here a critical and most important question arises: *How are evangelists to keep the church, or the churches of Christ, in order?*"

"Next to apostles and prophets are 'evangelists, pastors and teachers.' These belong to the regular, or ordinary Christian ministry. 'The pastors and teachers' belong to the regular eldership of every Christian church. But as the evangelists rank before these, there is, in many minds, some ambiguity. We shall, therefore, examine with some care this office, as developed in the Christian ministry. Of this class we have Timothy and Titus, to whom Paul delivered three epistles. Let us, therefore, apply to them, and to the instructions Paul gave to them respecting their official duties. We only assume that their work is faithfully defined in the instructions given to them by Paul himself.

"In the first letter to Timothy, he states that he besought him to continue at Ephesus, that he should superintend the teachers, and charge them to teach no strange doctrine, and instructs him touching the character of the elders or bishops and deacons, the regular ministry of the church, what they should, and what they should not, do and teach, and that he should give attendance to reading, exhortation, and teaching, and that he should not neglect his gift, or office, given to him by the imposition of hands of the eldership, that ordained him to discharge the duties; and also, that he should see that they were well supported by the church, while they were laboring in preaching and teaching (I. Tim. v. 17). He also instructs him how to proceed *in the discipline of the elders*, and the ordination of proper characters, without partiality in judging and in rebuking them, when charged with neglect of duty; and also, cautions him in making or appointing persons to office in such a way as not to be partaker of their sins or errors. He also charges him 'to keep the commandment given to him,' as he must account for it 'at the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ.' Besides preaching and teaching, he enjoins upon him the duty of re-proving, rebuking, and exhorting. See his several epistles."

"We have always had, and now have, evangelists in our community; but *too many of them are as inefficient* as the elders or bishops of our churches. They preach, and baptize, and constitute churches, but, in many instances, *take no further supervision of either them or their eldership*. They neglect the duties of their office; often leaving these newly

constituted churches and their new elders to move along in a monotonous uniformity, without either zeal or diligence. But experience, that most effectual teacher, is now reproving either their incompetence or neglect of duty."

Such were the views of one of the men who visited Somerset. In the December number of the same magazine, namely, the *Harbinger*, of 1855, another of the visitors to Somerset, Pres. R. Milligan, writes thus on "The Christian Ministry."

"The church is not composed of an indefinite number of separate and independent organizations. It is a unit: a unit, indeed, composed of parts, and each part has its own proper organization; but nevertheless, a unit. . . . For 'there is *one body*, and *one Spirit*, even as ye are called in *one hope* of your calling; *one Lord*, *one faith*, *one baptism*, *one God and Father of all*, who is above all, and through all, and in you all' (Eph. iv. 4-6). There must, therefore, be some strong and sympathetic bond of union between all congregations of the saints. There must be some organization, that, without interfering with the delegated rights of each congregation, will bind together all in one harmonious whole; through which the church may exert her power over the nations; through which she may convert the world, organize new congregations, correct disorders in those already established, and give efficiency and energy to her works of faith and labor of love."

"When Christ ascended up on high, he not only gave apostles and prophets, but also *evangelists*, pastors and teachers to the church. This is, therefore, the proper official appellation of Barnabas, Mark, Luke, Silas, Apollos, Titus, Timothy, and all others who preach Christ and him crucified. This is the proper work of an evangelist. But he may have many subordinate duties. Some of them must have. Timothy, when left at Ephesus, was commanded not only to preach the word, but also to see that others taught nothing inconsistent with the apostolic doctrine, . . . that well qualified elders and deacons were chosen and set apart to their proper spheres of labor, . . . that an accusation against an elder should not be received, unless sustained by the testimony of two or three witnesses; . . . that as the presiding evangelist, Timothy should so administer the business of the congregation as to keep himself pure from the sins, faults, and foibles of others."

"It is further evident, that some kind of organization is indispensably necessary to the accomplishment of the evangelical work. When

Paul ordained Timothy, he did not dismiss him, after the example of some modern evangelists, to go when and where he pleased; to buy a farm on Monday, cultivate it on Tuesday, trade in stock on Wednesday, engage in commerce on Thursday, become a broker on Friday, discuss politics on Saturday, and on Lord's day preach when, where, and as his own immature judgment might dictate. Such was not Paul's sense of propriety. For a time, he kept Timothy under his own immediate care, tuition, and direction. It was not till they had travelled together through Phrygia, Galatia, and Mysia, and had visited Philippi and Thessalonica, that Paul left him, when he sailed for Athens, to assist Silas in setting in order the things that were wanting among the Berean Christians. After this, various important trusts were committed to Timothy; but not without the solemn charge to give himself wholly to the work, and to perpetuate the evangelical office by committing to other faithful and competent men all that he had heard from the apostle respecting the qualifications, duties, labors, and responsibilities of evangelists, as well as concerning the facts, precepts, promises, and threatenings of the gospel.

"The case of Timothy is not an exception to the apostolic rule. Paul treated other evangelists in the same way. Silas, Luke, Demas, Crescens, Mark, Titus, and many others, were his helpers, and, in some degree, subject to his authority. Moreover, the same spirit that inspired Paul, also directed Peter and other apostles. Each one, according to the necessities and opportunities of the case, called to his aid faithful men, who were able to teach others also, and directed them in their works of faith and labors of love."

"The details of this organization have been wisely left to the wisdom and prudence of the order. What will suit one age or district, may not, in every particular, be best adapted to the peculiarities of another. That every association of evangelists should elect its own rulers, appoint its own agents, and determine, by popular vote, many other questions of general expediency, is in harmony with both reason and revelation. But what extent of country every association should embrace; what financial, prudential, and executive arrangements it should adopt, must be left to its own wisdom and discretion, guided by the spirit and generic principles of the gospel.

"In some places, evangelical associations have been partially formed in judicial and congressional districts. And an attempt has been made to unite them in state associations. If this plan were perfected, and these again united in a national association, not to interfere, in the remotest degree, with anything that the apostles have done, but

merely to execute their plans and purposes ; to compile or to adopt, for example, a common hymn-book for the whole church, and to settle all other questions of general expediency, it would certainly do much to correct present disorder, and to impart a spirit of unity, energy, and efficiency to all our ecclesiastical operations. To this subject the attention of the whole brotherhood is, therefore, most earnestly invited.

“ From this discussion, it is evident that none should assume the position of a public teacher or proclaimer of the gospel, but those who have been proved, recommended, and regularly set apart to the work of the ministry. This is clearly and fully implied in the fact, that an order of men, possessing certain *required* qualifications, have, by divine authority, been appointed to the field of evangelical labor. If one man has a right to judge of his own fitness for the work, every other man has the same right ; and thus all sorts of doctrine would soon be preached by all sorts of men !

“ ‘ From such apostles, O ye chosen guards,
Preserve the church ; and lay no careless hands
On skulls that can not teach, and will not learn.’ ”

It must not, however, be supposed that all the so-called evangelists to be mentioned below as visitors to Somerset and the surrounding regions were as fit, as duly “ called,” as properly ordained, or as given to the adjustment of the work, as the foregoing extracts teach. Indeed the “ call ” of an occasional one at least resembled his own shouting against a barn and taking the echo for an answer. Nor must the reader assume that the fact of their mention is a guarantee of that moral purity implied in Isaiah’s injunction : “ Be ye clean, ye that bear the vessels of the Lord,” for in several instances Isaiah’s other description is true : “ Yea, the dogs are greedy, they can never have enough ; and these are shepherds that can not understand : they have all turned to their own way, each one to his gain, from every quarter.” Faithful history can not omit their mention, chiefly for the reason that in spite of their moral turpitude the gospel they were so

unworthy to preach nevertheless fell often into good soil, whose harvest needs honorable mention. There were such men in Paul's day, for he writes to the Philippians: "Some, indeed, preach Christ even of envy and strife; and some also of good will: the one do it of love, knowing that I am set for the defense of the gospel: but the other proclaim Christ of faction, not sincerely, thinking to raise up affliction for me in my bonds." And again: "Many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ: whose end is perdition, whose god is the belly, and whose glory is in their shame, who mind earthly things." While the fact that there are such preachers is to be deeply lamented, there can yet be rejoicing in the good that may result. Hence Paul continues the first quotation: "What then? only that in every way, whether in pretense or in truth, Christ is proclaimed; and therein I rejoice and will rejoice." And this he did notwithstanding the fact that they slandered him in every way and he was compelled to oppose and expose them.

The prevalence of such men, never wholly possible to avoid, is helped by what Campbell in the *Harbinger* for 1843, p. 429, calls "the absence of an efficient system of coöperation, or rather the lack of a complete organization," so that "there is no way of preventing public imposition." Such men always oppose "coöperation" and "complete organization" with the false cry of "Popery! Popery!" for they well know that it would mean detection and exposure. Yet it was on this very question of organization that Campbell thought and wrote much, because he saw it was so necessary to the real prosperity of the Master's

cause. Another brief extract, from the *Harbinger* of 1850, p, 284, ff., must be given :

"A church of Christ at Connellsville, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, or New York, is not *the church* of Christ. The church of Christ is a very large and widely extended community, and possesses a large field, even the habitable earth. . . . The independence of any community in Christ's kingdom is not an independence of every community in that kingdom, in whatever concerns the interests of that kingdom. This would, indeed, be a fatal error to the progress and prosperity of that kingdom. In whatever concerns every private community, it is, indeed, independent of, and irresponsible to, any other; but it is both dependent upon, and responsible to, every other community, in all that pertains to the interests, honor, and prosperity of all. . . . Not one church can be absolutely independent of every other church belonging to the community or church of Christ. Our United States happens to be, of all national institutions on the earth, the most analogous to the Christian church in that particular point which we are now contemplating. There are thirty sovereign and independent States in this American Nation, each one independent of every other, yet all dependent upon every one for all that is due from her for the safety, prosperity, and happiness of the Nation. The Nation could not exist without the States, nor the States prosper or enjoy themselves, and discharge their duties, without the Nation."

"Did you have any preachers of bad morals among you in those early days?" asked the writer once of Aunt Charlotte. "Yes," was the answer, "but we gave them considerable honor, for they really brought more people into the church than did the pure and learned men, not excepting Alexander Campbell. Of course, we often did not know their real character till they had gone away, or at the earliest found them out only after their protracted meetings were well under way." In early days, when churches were few and scattered, and when news travelled slowly, these men found better opportunities. Even now they move in regions akin to the olden times by the absence of inter-

church organization. They are usually noted by the abundance of testimonials which they carry. Nor are they slow to claim God's direct approval of their work as witnessed by their abundant success here and there. They do not settle down and stay for years with one congregation unless, perchance, they find one whose officers and leading members are themselves of damaged characters, and need that kind of an evangelist as that kind of an evangelist needs them. On occasion they can manufacture tears and penitence to order, and ask whether you think it Christian procedure to withhold forgiveness from such contrition and asseveration of pious intention. Being guilty of so much, they are often charged with kindred sins which they did not commit, and they know how to use such instances so as to throw discredit on real offenses. Should an ever so godly man expose them and oppose them for Christ's sake and the good of his cause, they would cry "persecution," "jealousy," or "kicking a man after he is down," etc., etc. Conscience does not stand in their way to make any assertion they can invent to serve a purpose; and so that inexperienced goodness of heart, which is not uncommon among the masses, falls a ready prey to their artful maneuvers and abundance of protestation. And as to success, the stream which has no breadth can readily appear deep with but little water. As no energy is expended in hard study and broad efforts, it can all be put forth with telling effect in its narrow channel. It requires but little knowledge to know only first principles and handle them with considerable display, especially when they are held in a cheap legal way and preached with an air of superior soundness in the faith. Twenty or thirty sermons are

abundant for a life-time's campaign with a "circulating medium." Absence of studious habits affords leisure to move freely among the people, thus setting the man of more conscientious work at an immense disadvantage in thoughtless popular estimation. As such men work merely for numbers, no matter how gathered, they can readily distance those who have an eye to thoroughness and the future. The masses often fail to consider how infinitely easier it is to bring a dozen children into the world, whom you do not expect to rear, than to train even one child into man or womanhood. Nor do they know that the preacher who makes converts with a conscientious regard to the after-life, will often rather discourage than invite certain additions, or at least be slower, because prayerfully anxious, in his movements.

It is now time to turn by name to the evangelistic visitors to Somerset and the surrounding regions. Space, however, is too limited to give them the full personal notice that could be desired; yet it is but common justice that at least a passing tribute be paid to their names and their work. In this way, too, events and occurrences can be preserved that would not otherwise find a fitting place. And first of all comes—

Thomas Campbell. The reader already knows that he was a notable Seceder minister in the north of Ireland, came to this country in quest of better health, preached in Washington County, Pennsylvania, from a conscientious study of the Bible turned immersionist, worked for a time among the Baptists, and finally with a larger liberty did the splendid work at Somerset already noted. Often thereafter his faithful sorrel carried him over and among these mountains. Two or three times he went even so far as Schellsburg, Bedford

County, and preached in the house of Henry Schell, the senior, and that of Mr. Williams. In his office of evangelist he would gather in new souls, and set in order the things that were wanting by training the churches and settling difficulties that would arise, especially when the elders were involved, as in the Scott neighborhood, to be mentioned in a later chapter. One summer he taught quite a large weekly week-day Bible class of young women and some young men, spending all the time on the first three chapters of Genesis. In the three months he spent here after the dedication, in 1844, of the first meeting-house, he took special pains to complete the order of public worship. He then started the custom, here still regularly observed, of reading on Lord's Day forenoon a resurrection chapter after the first hymn, taking the gospels in rotation and using the eleventh chapter of First Corinthians whenever there is a fifth Sunday. During all that stay he gave out each Lord's Day Newton's hymn, beginning :

“ Kindred in Christ, for His dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive :
May we together now partake
The joys which only He can give.”

Father Campbell believed in long sermons, especially in places that he could visit but seldom. Thus, on a Lord's Day occasion at Stoystown, in 1839, he read the hymn :

“ This is the day the first ripe sheaf
Before the Lord was waved,
And Christ, first-fruits of them that slept,
Was from the dead received,” etc.

He commented as he read, for an hour and a half,

then all joined in singing it with the spirit and, no doubt, the understanding. This he followed with a most fervent prayer of unstinted length (for when that grand old man stood talking to his Creator he forgot the passage of time), and he preached for two and a half hours! Think of it, ye modern weaklings, a full half day with the Lord in a single session! Surely, that was being "at home with the Lord." And why should not the soul, when on its mount of spiritual transfiguration, wish to build abiding tabernacles? Who has not, at times, sat that long with an earthly friend? Should the Lord be less engaging? This, of course, was an extreme instance for even Father Campbell, yet his loving presence and gracious words so beguiled the sense of passing time that none thought of complaining.

A. W. Campbell, son of Thomas Campbell, so far as the writer has learned, was not here after the stirring events of 1829.

William Ballantine, that splendid scholar and noted Hebraist, who first preached among the Independents and Scotch Baptists in Scotland and Ireland, then came to this country and labored among the Pennsylvania Baptists, then among the Disciples, came to Somerset only once or twice after he had organized the church. He was a man of fervent zeal, distinguished piety, and sweet-spirited withal. Less than six months before his death, which occurred January 4, 1836, he wrote, among other things, to the editor of the *Harbinger*:

"Brother, I beseech you tell the proclaimers not to become declaimers. I am sorry to hear that some have become declaimers of sects. Let them give themselves to prayer and to the ministry of the word."

It is only boyish beginners, or narrow, inexperienced dogmatists, who think wisdom will die with them, that can do otherwise than here petitioned. Truth, conscious of its strength, can afford to "speak in love," and delights to be magnanimous.

Hearing of his sickness, the Somerset church wrote thus to Bro. Ballantine:

"SOMERSET, May 15th, 1835.

"Dear Brother:—The favor of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you, dearly beloved in the Lord.

"The church at Somerset have heard, with unfeigned regret, of the illness of one to whom we are united by the strongest ties—those of the gospel. We need scarcely say, that, to you, our attachment has not been of an ordinary character. We feel a relationship existing between us, to which all but Christians are strangers. As a father in Israel and an able instructor in the will and ways of the Lord, we have looked up to you with that reverence and respect which exalted talents, meekly and humbly exerted in the cause of our divine Master, are calculated to excite in children for a beloved parent. As a brother, we feel honored to be connected with you; and our greatest joy and crown of rejoicing is, that, with you, we are joint heirs in the rich inheritance of eternal life. In your 'light afflictions,' which can endure but for a short season, we sympathize with you; but we bless our heavenly Father that, in thus laying you low, he has brought you more nearly within reach of that crown of life, the object of all your cares, the consummation of all your hopes. We cannot, it is true, properly appreciate the heavenly joys of one whose hopes are so nearly merged in fruition; but we would not recall you, if we could, from those bright scenes on which your spirit must soon enter. No! if we could, we would not deny you the glorious joy of being like Jesus and seeing him as he is. Long, dear brother, will we rejoice in the recollection of our pleasing, profitable intercourse with you here; and when you shall be numbered amongst the glorious throng of the redeemed in heaven, we, whom you may have left below, will joy to remember the parental admonitions and brotherly exhortations of our triumphantly arisen friend. If God, in his mercy and kindness to your friends and the church, should see fit to prolong your stay on earth for a time, dear brother, make the welfare of this little church and her spiritual health and growth the subject of your prayers. Though we had for a season permitted apathy

to abate our exertions in the cause of truth, we now are permitted to indulge the comfortable hope that there is yet good in store for us, and that we shall yet be instrumental in spreading the truth and recommending the gospel to the world around us.

"And now, dear brother, if we should never again hear from you, or see your face in the flesh, we bid you an affectionate fraternal farewell; and may he who has safely guided *you* through the journey of life, and, at its close, unfolded to you the joys of heaven, safely guide *us* through *our* weary pilgrimage, and ultimately in heaven place us side by side with our beloved brother Ballantine. And all the glory of our salvation we will ascribe to God and the Lamb forever and ever. Amen!

"By a unanimous order of the Church,

"WM. H. POSTHLETHWAITE, Clerk."

Bro. Ballantine's answer runs as follows:

"CAMDEN, May 24th, 1835.

"TO THE CHURCH AT SOMERSET, PA.

"*Dearly beloved Brethren* :—Your late letter to me has filled me with exceeding joy. I was afraid that our labor was in vain, having heard about your dissensions as a church concerning the Masonic question. I was afraid that it had quite disorganized you. Your letter has allayed all my fears. I bless the Lord that your holy zeal has been excited to your own edification and to the truth of the gospel around you. Now, brethren, let nothing turn you aside from the holy commandment delivered unto you. Continue steadfastly in the the Apostles' teaching, in the fellowship, in the breaking of the bread, and of the prayers. I beseech you that at no time you absent yourselves from the commemoration of the death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ, without the most urgent necessity; and I entreat you, brethren, that you go on to perfection, not laying the foundation of repentance for dead works; but serving the living God; that you come behind in no gift, add to faith fortitude, etc.

"Now, brethren, we are hurrying to eternity. We must soon meet at the judgment seat of Christ, where every one must give an account of himself to God. May your account and mine be with joy, and not with grief. The Lord bless you all, and may you be kept through his power, through the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, unto eternal life.

"Yours, in the hope of immortality,

"WILLIAM BALLANTINE.

"P. S.—My ardent affection to brother Forward. I trust, as his name imparts, he is *forward* in the work of reformation."

Alexander Campbell, another son of Thomas Campbell, may possibly have passed through Somerset on his trip east, in the middle of the century's teens, collecting money for the Wellsburg meeting-house. There is, however, no certain knowledge of his coming here before May or June of 1832, though he was well known to the church and community through the *Christian Baptist* and the *Millennial Harbinger*. It was on his visit of the year just mentioned that an incident occurred which shows the blind condemnation of partisanship and hate. Through his labors some six persons were to be baptized at the "little ford" north-east of town. That day Mary Morrison had brought him Luther's German Catechism, from Aunt Charlotte Ogle's, which he put into his pocket and took along. At the water he spoke to the large crowd, on the significance of the ordinance about to be administered, and, without naming the author, read as follows in question and answer :

*What is Baptism ?**

Baptism is not merely plain water, but it is the water ordained in God's command and conjoined with God's word.

Which, then, is such word of God ?

Where our Lord Jesus Christ says, at the end of Matthew : Go forth into all the world and teach all nations, and baptize them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit.

* Wherever "baptism" and "baptize" occur, in this otherwise literal translation of the German, Luther uses *Taufe* and *taufen*, which really mean *dipping* and to *dip* (these English words being directly derived from them, see Webster's Dictionary), and are clearly so understood and so used by Luther, as the last two questions and answers unmistakably indicate. Somewhere in his other writings, that owing to absence from home are not at hand, he says in substance, that *taufen* comes from *tiefen*, to put deep, and so means to *immerse*. In the absence of Luther's express words, I quote from the Commentary on Matthew by Dr. J. P. Lange, member of the Reformed church, and the American translation by Dr. Philip Schaff, a Presbyterian. Dr. Lange, on Matthew, chap. iii., uses the expres-

What does baptism bestow or avail?

It works remission of sins, redeems from death and the devil and bestows eternal salvation to all who believe, according to the words of God's promise.

Which, then, are such words and promise of God?

Where our Lord Jesus Christ says, at the end of Mark: He who believes and is baptized will be saved, but he who does not believe will be damned.

How can water do such great things?

Water, indeed, does it not, but God's word, which accompanies and is with the water, and the faith which in the water trusts such word of God. For without God's word the water is plain water and no baptism; but with the word of God it is baptism; that is, a grace-full water of life, and a bath of the new birth in the Holy Spirit, as St. Paul says to Titus in the third chapter: According to His mercy God saves us through the bath of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Spirit, whom He has poured out richly over us, through Jesus Christ our Saviour, in order that we, through His grace, may be just and heirs of eternal life, according to the hope. This is surely true.

What does such water-baptism signify?

It signifies that the old Adam in us through daily sorrow and repentance shall be drowned, and die with all sins and evil desires, and again daily a new man emerge and arise, who may live in righteousness and purity before God eternally.

Where is that written?

St. Paul to the Romans, sixth chapter, says: We together with Christ are through baptism buried into the death, that just as Jesus was waked up from the dead through the glory of the Father, so we also should walk in a new life.

As this reading was progressing, the crowd of spectators, largely Lutheran, and ignorant of its source, indulged in such comments as: "What stuff!" "What heresy!" "What damnable heresy!" etc., etc. But imagine their consternation and shame when Campbell paused, read the title page: "Dr. Luther's Small Catechism," then gazed about, and finally said:

sion, "*Die Taufe des Johannes ging noch nicht in die volle Tiefe,*" which can not be adequately expressed in English, but answers as near as may be to "the dipping of John did not enter into the complete depth," *i. e.*, did not go to the bottom of significance; or as Dr. Schaff freely renders it, "the baptism of John was not complete: in it the full idea of the rite was not completed." In a foot-note he says: "A play on words with reference to the etymology of *Taufe* from *taufen, tiefen, i. e.*, to plunge into the deep, to submerge. With the same reference Dr. Lange calls *Christian baptism* 'die absolute Vertiefung' [the complete *endepting*] which is equivalent in meaning to the apostle's figure of burial with Christ: Therefore we are buried with Him by baptism into death" Rom. vi. 4.

So on the next page Dr. Lange's same play on Luther's word for baptism—"Die Taufe geht mit uns in die Tiefe," is rendered by Dr. Schaff: "Baptism implies a descent into the depths."

"So taught Luther — so substantially teaches the word of God — and so, in the main, I believe!"*

It must not be supposed, however, that Mr. Campbell ever made rough onslaughts on those who doctrinally differed from him. He knew too well the place of a Christian gentleman. Thus, in discussing differences with a Methodist minister, he calls him "my brother Abbott" (*Harbinger*, 1847, p. 267), and reports a Baltimore, Maryland, meeting as having been conducted in the following good spirit:

"But mark ye, brethren, we did not abuse them, but preached down sectarianism by preaching up Christianity, feeling that there was no need of mentioning the former unless it were to show its incompatibility with the latter. We tried to keep in the spirit of the gospel, that our hearers might feel it."—*Harbinger*, 1836, p. 286.

It was this gentle, yet firm, bearing that gained him friends everywhere, proved him to be a man of real worth, and wrested tributes of respect from those who widely differed from him. The versatile Dr. Wm. Elder, a Somerset man, and the real author of the "Greenback" system of money, writing on Versatility of Talent, said:

"Alexander Campbell, of Bethany, Virginia, is a profound linguist, a revival preacher, schoolmaster, farmer, post-master, politician, architect, anatomist, and several other things beside, and cannot be much beat in any of them by anybody."—*Periscopes*, p. 213.

The Somerset *Weekly Visitor*, published by Robert R. Roddy, in the issue of Wednesday, July 23, 1851, speaks thus kindly:

* Nor is it alone the untaught multitude of the various denominations that does not know what the grand leaders of the reformation of the xvth century taught. A work entitled "Orthodoxy in the Civil Courts," a *verbatim* official phonographic report of an actual trial, published by the Standard Publishing Company, of Cincinnati, O., shows that grave "divines," under oath, unwittingly condemned their own creeds and standard works in the same way.

"The State Meeting of the Disciples was well attended. Bishop Campbell preached on Saturday, Sunday, and again on Monday. The crowd in attendance was immense, and the anxiety to hear this distinguished divine was very great. A number of persons united themselves with the church."

Owing to the fact that Mr. Campbell had Bethany College and the Millennial Harbinger on his hands, and was pressed from all points for letters and visits, he only came on important occasions, as when the church here was split on the Masonic question and required the hand of a master evangelist, or when the meeting-house was to be dedicated, or the work of State missions was to be begun or superintended. Twice only, namely in 1844 and again in 1849, was he accompanied by his wife, though oftener by some young preacher, as A. E. Myers at the State Meeting of 1851.

As Bro. Myers is the only man who has heeded the writer's published request for facts connected with the Somerset church, his letter shall be given in full. It gives us, besides, an insight into the way Mr. Campbell improved his travels, and reveals the fact that even a great preacher may fail on important occasions:

"BETHANY, W. VA., January 3, 1885.

"Dear Bro. Peter Vogel:—I have just read in the *Christian Standard* your call for facts connected with the Somerset Church, Pa. In 1851, being a student in Bethany College, I went with Brother A. Campbell in his buggy, at his request, to the Pennsylvania State Meeting, that year held at Somerset. He was just closing the manuscript for his work, *Christian Baptism*, etc. We took with us to read Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection*. He would drive and I would read, and when I would get tired reading I would ask him some question and get him started to talking. So, often for near a half hour, he would occupy 'the floor,' and then say, 'Let us have more of Coleridge.' The first night we stayed at a tavern in Monongahela City, I think it was, and there that night he copied from Coleridge's work what is found in the last of the above work on baptism from that author. I think we reached

Judge Black's in Somerset on Thursday evening. This was our home during the meeting, and, I need not say, a pleasant one and to me a profitable one; for both of these great men were great conversationalists, their minds being well stored with good things from the word of God, from able Jurists, from the Poets, Humorists, etc., etc. Their conversations were on subjects of a high order and very edifying. They were apt, too, in illustrations and anecdotes; so much so that on one occasion at the Judge's house, when one after another anecdote had been brought up, the Judge capped the climax with one, and the Bishop, in the midst of much laughter, said: 'Judge, I will give it up, I will give it up.'

"There was quite a number of preacher present at the meeting, such as Samuel Church, Darsie, Benedict, Wm. Baxter, etc., etc. It was announced that A. Campbell would preach his last discourse on the occasion on Monday evening. The weather was very warm, it being July. After tea the Judge took the Bishop in his carriage for a drive. The audience gathered early and packed the house until there was no room to stand. Social meeting was carried on for a long while until the audience and preachers all became impatient with waiting. Finally the Judge drove up, and Bro. Church took Bro. Campbell into the pulpit, opened meeting, and the Bishop began. For about two hours he wandered over creation, but the latter part of the discourse was good. I heard him often for fifteen years, but that was the greatest failure of all. As we walked back the Judge said: 'Well, Bro. Campbell, you gave us a pretty long sitting.' 'How long?' asked the Bishop. 'Three hours,' answered the Judge. 'O no,' said the Bishop. 'Yes, three hours by my watch,' declared the Judge. 'Well, well!' said the Bishop; 'I suppose the people will think, "More of Alexander Campbell's last words." He then related that late in the life of Wm. Baxter, when finishing up some manuscript for a work, and feeling quite ill, he wrote: 'Wm. Baxter's last words.' But recovering, and being able to write more, he added: 'More of William Baxter's last words.'

"Bro. Church became somewhat excited toward the close of the discourse, and, notwithstanding that Bro. Campbell had twice asked for any who wished to confess the Saviour to rise in their seats, and none had arisen, made quite an exhortation, but none came or arose.

"The next day Bro. Campbell returned alone, and I took the stage for Cumberland, Washington, the eastern cities, and Niagara Falls, spending my college vacation.

"I am, yours in Christ,

"A. E. MYERS."

The erection of the first meeting-house, a brick structure, on the site of the present one, was largely due to Father Henry Schell, who found it a hopeless task to build up a flourishing church at Schellsburg, and so, in the beginning of the forties, moved to Somerset, bought land, donated the lot, and was prime mover in the work of building. The dedication of the house is thus reported in the *Harbinger* for 1844, p. 428:

"I had the pleasure of a two weeks' excursion, in July, through western Pennsylvania; during which time we visited [Mrs. C. was along] and spoke in Washington, Pigeon Creek, Cookstown, Redstone, Jacob's Creek, Connellsville, Mount Pleasant and Somerset. . . . We only spoke once in all the places above named, except at Somerset, where we delivered some five discourses, during which some ten persons made the good confession. The church in Somerset, under the supervision of brethren Postlethwaithe and Huston, is in a good healthy state. Its present membership is about one hundred and forty-five members. The meeting-house is in a good position, being central in the town and scientifically constructed, so that it is a pleasure to speak in it."

Mr. Campbell had not been here for six years before this, and presumably his next visit is recorded in the *Harbinger* of 1849, p. 598, as follows:

"During August we made an excursion into the mountains of Pennsylvania, in which we visited the churches in Somerset, Stoystown and Connellsville. Bro. W. Lanphear, of Ohio, had a meeting in progress in Somerset, during which several additions were made to this excellent congregation. I have not spent a happier Lord's day, with any church, within my recollection, than with the brotherhood in Somerset. Everything was done with great simplicity, gravity and devotion. Politically it embraces a highly respectable community, and numbers considerably over a hundred members.

"There is a very interesting society at Stoystown, amongst the most bigoted and intolerant community I have met with either in Pennsylvania or out of it."

AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?

It is impossible to isolate ourselves, and say we have no influence or responsibility. We must acknowledge our duty to one another.

When Paul stood on Mar's Hill, and preached the sermon recorded in Acts xvii. 17., he preached the universal brotherhood of man; it was a sermon on foreign missions. He said: "God giveth to all life and breath and all things, and hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth." To the Galatians, he said: "Ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus. . . . There is neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free, neither male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." Then we are all the children of God by faith in Christ. To the Romans, he said: "Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is that they might be saved;" also, "I could wish myself accursed from Christ for my brethren."

After Paul's conversion he was ever whit a Christian, and a very jealous one. He believed with his whole heart the truth of the gospel and it was impossible for him not to speak. His love and his desire were as broad as humanity. He recognized in every man a brother, and he desired that the gospel should be preached everywhere. He preached and traveled and suffered for above thirty years. He wrote many epistles even

while he was imprisoned, and preached the gospel even in chains.

Before his conversion he was narrow, bigoted, clanish, and persecuting; but when the truths of the gospel got into his heart, he could not be narrow. When he had come to set the pure, self-sacrificing life and death of Christ, he became the most zealous Christian missionary of all the earth, save one, that is, Christ.

Christ was a missionary. He was the first missionary. He could not have been anything else. He not only desired that all Judea should hear the gospel, but "all the world." His love was so strong that nothing short of a world redeemed could satisfy it. Christ was not narrow. Christianity is not narrow. We cannot be narrow and be Christian.

If we half appreciated the love of Christ for us, that alone would fill us with a desire to go, and teach, and do, and be all that we can and ought in Christ. But he has commanded us to "Go"—"Go ye"—"Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Can any Christian read that and feel no responsibility? Can I, as a Christian woman, say: "I take no interest in such matters? It does not concern me?" Can you, no matter what your business is, can you entirely convince your own conscience that you have no responsibility here?

If we all appreciated our privileges and blessings, and could comprehend that every thing we have come through the self-sacrificing life that some one has lived; and all that we hope for to come, came through the sacrificing death that One has met for us, we could not be so selfish. Says one: "Our ancestors were savages

but a few centuries ago. Had no one labored for them in a disinterested spirit, we should not have occupied to-day this high elevation of intellectual, moral and spiritual life."

We do not appreciate the civilizing and refining influences of the teachings of the greatest of all missionaries. They come to us in a thousand ways. Perhaps we never can, unless we should be subjected to a sudden change from this Christian atmosphere to a region of midnight darkness, with no hope, no Christ.

Christ said: "This is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you." "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." It is Christ who has given himself a living sacrifice that we might live. It was his boundless love for us and his desire for our eternal good that enabled him to endure the suffering and shame. He died for us because he knew we could neither help ourselves nor do anything to repay him. And now he demands that we love one another as he has loved us. We must not only love the few friends of our own immediate circle, or the members of our own church, but love one another with a love so far-reaching that it may take in the whole earth. Christianity could never have been confined within the narrow limits of Jerusalem or Judea. Its very foundation principles are too broad. When once this religion has fallen like a new sunshine from heaven upon our hearts, if there be any response at all within us to its influences, it will be just as impossible for us not to speak as for the flowers not to bloom when the spring sun shines. If we really believe this gospel is good news, we will not be so selfish as to want to monopolize it.

Some one has said: "Charity begins at home." But it is downright selfishness that stays there. Does a fountain begin and end in the same spot? Do not the flowers send forth a bountiful fragrance, and may not the beauty of their bloom be seen from afar? Can we love Christ and not tell of his love to us? Can we obey him and not "go teach all nations"? Can we be his friends and not be missionaries? Remember he has said, "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you." Christian love knows no local limits. It instinctively seeks the remote and destitute. Like a rivulet it flows on and on, growing broader and deeper, the farther it gets from its source. If you would look for the grandest self-sacrificing lives you must look for them farthest from home, where they expend their love and their lives upon the benighted, the lost. Such a life was that of our own Josephine W. Smith. "The place where man has died for man is holy ground." The place where her noble life went out and her devoted heart ceased to beat, is also holy.

The Englishman was not far wrong who defined our missionary fields as bounded by the poles, the equator, the rising sun, and the day of judgment.

What grand opportunities are before us! How broad the fields! How ripe the harvest! How few the laborers! How awful the responsibility! How great the danger of neglect and faithlessness! Unto whom much is given, of them much will be required.

When Cain and Abel brought unto the Lord their sacrifice of the first fruits of their fields and flocks, Cain was very angry because the sacrifice of his brother Abel was accepted above his. So angry at his own brother that he vowed vengeance; and when they were

alone in the field Cain killed Abel. And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel, thy brother?" And he said, "I know not; am I my brother's keeper?" Could Cain deceive his God? Could he justify himself before God by a lie? Did he even succeed in freeing his own conscience from guilt? Did he not know that he had betrayed his duty to his brother, and that he had deliberately shed innocent blood?

How different this spirit of Cain from that of Paul! Paul had the spirit of a missionary; Cain the spirit of a murderer. Paul was a philanthropist; Cain was selfish. Paul loved his brother; Cain hated his brother. Paul said, "I would wish myself accursed from Christ for my brethren;" Cain said, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

If we once recognized the common brotherhood of mankind, not as a name or a thing, but as a real bond, a bond more binding, more lasting than family, caste, or race, the question, Why should I open my heart, Why should I speak to my brother? would never be asked again. Why should we be silent? What is there in this short life that should seal our lips? Why should we not speak, and speak now? There is missionary work to do everywhere, at home and abroad. There are thousands anxiously waiting to hear. There are thousands starving for the food we have in such abundance, and which they so much need. Is it not far better to speak and to do, than to go through life silent and useless?

It is not left for us to choose whether or not we will assume any responsibility in this work. We have it. We took it upon ourselves when we confessed Christ. If we do not appreciate it, we are beneath the stature

of full-grown men and women in Christ. In our prayer-meeting a few weeks ago, the question was asked of each sister, Do you feel any personal responsibility towards your sisters in Christ? All but two said "Yes." One said "No;" the other, "I can't answer." The first one will never, perhaps, be any taller; the second is in a fair way to grow.

Have you been blessed with five talents, or two, or two, or one? If you have five, you are responsible to the Lord for them. If you have an education, it is your duty to use it in a good way and bless with it all you can. He is a selfish man who seeks the richest things in life for his own, and only his own gratification. If you have money, it is your duty to use that in the best way. If you have time at your disposal, you are responsible to God for that. In whatever way you are blessed, you are in duty bound to work. If you have but two talents, and use them wisely, you are just as blessed as the man who has used five wisely. God forbid that any of us should be that wicked, slothful, unprofitable servant, and hide our God-given talents, while we at the same time condemn our own souls and make no one the better or wiser. Have you received much? Then much is required. Have you received Christ? And are you enjoying the blessing that his religion has brought to man? Do you live in a land of Bibles, of civilization, and of education? Do you know there are thousands upon thousands of men and women, your brothers and your sisters, for whom Christ died as well as for us, who are starving; anxiously waiting and praying for the help that you can give? Christ says "Go;" while at the same time we hear them say "Come."

Especially for burdened, down-trodden women of pagan lands do we plead. Their condition is enough to enlist the sympathy and hearty co-operation of every Christian woman in the land. I believe that God especially calls Christian women to this work, for several reasons. They are numerically in the majority in the church; they represent the class most needing the gospel, and they are the only practical missionaries to the women abroad. It is the Christian woman, also, who must stay at home and work and pray and give, and rock the cradle of the world's future missionaries. The Christian woman at home who does her duty wisely and faithfully, who has a heart, a love, and a prayer for the work, is just as necessary and useful as the Christian woman who goes to Japan.

All this does not excuse you, my brother, in the least degree. You, too, are responsible for all your talents; for your education, for your ability in whatever way; for your time, your money, your influence; and to those Christians who persist in preaching home missions exclusively, you, and all the rest, are responsible before God and man for your *vote*. It is a fearful thing to possess power and use it to the destruction of your brother man. It is a god-like thing to possess power and use it to the eternal good of your brother man.

We all have some power, some influence, some ability in some direction for which we will be held responsible. Just in proportion to your blessings, are results required.

"There are times when silence is gold, and speech silver. There are also times when silence is death, and speech is life." There is so much to do; so many

AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?

ready to hear; so many dying unfed, we, like Paul, must say, "Woe is me, if I preach not the gospel."

"Hear the word of the Lord which came to the Prophet Ezekiel: So thou, O, son of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel. Therefore, thou shalt hear the word of my mouth, and warn them from evil. When I say unto the wicked, O, wicked man, thou shalt surely die, if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity, but *his* blood will I require at *thine* hand."

Paul declared himself free from the blood of all men. He had a consciousness of having done all he could. Have we?

"May God, our Father, awaken in us the sense that we are all his children; and may the whole earth become more and more one fold under one good shepherd, Jesus Christ, his Son."

MRS. W. J. LHAMON.

(Selected.)

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

So long on her path has the Earth trudged round,
In changing vesture of white and green,
With sun-kissed lip
And tripping pace,
Or lagging step
And clouded face,
That she knows every step of the beaten ground;
So oft has her passing form been seen
By the worlds that dwell
Along her way,
That they know her well,
And always pay
Some loving tribute, in warmth or light,
If she pass them by day, or pass them by night.

At first there's a desolate wintry coast,
And next a gusty Marchland moor;
Then April waits—
A gracious queen—
By the open gates
Of a fairer scene;
When suddenly with her a wingèd host
Good will and peace in song assure;
And life is born
In the magic breath
Of the opening morn
From the womb of death;

Till trudging Earth is bosomed in bloom,
And her garments laden with thick perfume.

So she passes on to her journey's noon,
Refreshed and gladdened by scent and song;
By the healing leaves
Of grateful groves,
By the golden sheaves
And leavened loaves,
Of beautiful, bountiful, motherly June;
To her these fruitful fields belong,
Where the smile of God,
From his seat on high,
Gleams back from the sod
To the answering sky;
Where boundless peace is the common boon—
Oh, beautiful, bountiful, royal June!

But yonder lies that wearisome stretch
Of pestilent heat and feverish breath.
Where the evil eye
In the Great Dog's head,
From the southern sky
Works madness dread
To his faithful kind; and some wanton wretch,
With foul contagion in every breath,
Taints summer air
With fatal rot,
Nor deigns to spare
That sacred spot
Where all Earth's children, where'er they roam,
Seek safe retreat—the sheltering home.

Yet onward she journeys through heat or cold,
And steadily keeps her dutiful way,
Though the ardent Sun
Unceasing woo
And worldlets run
Through the boundless blue,
In tempting fields of adventure bold,
Or, truant, in the azure play;
For well she knows
What joys abide,
What love-light glows
At the Christmas-tide,
Which closes and crowns the long career—
The fitting end of each circling year.

Away on the windy autumnal plain,
Where she crosses an ancient comet's trail,
Unused for long,
By November Ides
An eager throng
Her coming bides—
Mysterious, priestly, meteor train—
To sprinkle anew her filmy veil
With liquid flame
From some altar-place
Of holiest name;
A chrism of grace;
For she soon must pass, on this heavenward side
Of her circuit, the Christmas-tide.

For here, through fields of space afar
A breath of heaven's own atmosphere;

So pure and sweet,
With a gleam of light,
From her God-lit street,
So softly bright,
Comes streaming through the gate ajar,
With magic power of spirit cheer,
To melt the bands
Of selfishness,
To open hands
Unwont to bless,
And make e'en Avarice believe,
One moment, it *is* sweet to give;
The grasping miser, 'gainst his will,
That *giving* is more blessed still.

So let us keep the constant feast
The Father's bounty doth provide,
With grateful praise
In soulful song,
And well-spent days
The whole year long;
But when the Magi's star from East
Leads in the closing Christmas-tide,
Then bring the wine
That is the best,
The love divine
That can be blest
Alone in giving: what is given
Is all we save—*and that in heaven.*

B. J. RADFORD.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

ROYAL REFORMERS.—JOSIAH.

II. Kings xxii. 1—xxiii. 28; II. Chron. xxxiv., xxxv.

It is always a sad history—that of a nation's decadence. In spite of chart and compass, in the face of a thousand warnings, and in contempt of notable examples of the kingdom's successful navigation of stormy and perilous seas when heedful of the divine chart and compass,—a blind and reckless drifting towards rocks and whirlpools that must surely wreck and swallow up not only the glory but the very life of the nation: it is indeed lamentable. Here and there, in such a history, through the ever-thickening clouds of darkness, surcharged with a wrath which is sure, sooner or later, to burst in appalling destruction upon a doomed people, we may behold, through providential rifts, an occasional outpouring of sunlight; but its splendors are soon succeeded by thicker darkness and increasing portents of national ruin. Such were the brief periods of reformation in Judah, under Asa, Jehoshaphat, Hezekiah and Josiah. They were pious and patriotic efforts to save Judah from an unmistakable trend to apostasy, a stubborn rebelliousness, a blind drifting to inevitable ruin. But they only postponed the final day of consummate apostasy and destruction. The farther on we go, the thicker grows the darkness, and the feebler and

more transient the rifts in the clouds and the outbursts of sunshine. Thus, the reformatory efforts of Asa and Jehoshaphat were not entirely exhausted of their power for two centuries; while we count but little over half a century—57 years—from the close of the reign of the succeeding royal reformer, Hezekiah, to the next reformation under Josiah; and it was but $22\frac{1}{2}$ years from the close of Josiah's reign to the destruction of Jerusalem and the overthrow of the nation. Josiah's reformation was therefore the last desperate struggle against falsehood and wrong—the last serious and arduous effort to beat back the swelling floods of corruption.

The noble Hezekiah was succeeded by a son—Manasseh—who proved to be the most infamous of Judah's monarchs; who not only undid all his father's work of reformation, but became the patron of iniquities and abominations more shocking and degrading than had ever been previously known in Judah. And to the multiplication of idolatrous and obscene rites, he added cruel persecution that filled the streets of Jerusalem with the blood of the innocent (II. Ki. xxi. 1–16). The Jewish tradition is that the venerable Isaiah, the life-long friend and counselor of Hezekiah, now nearly ninety years old, was among the victims of Manasseh's blood-thirstiness, being sawn asunder at his command. And yet this base idolater and bloody persecutor, the worst among all the kings of Judah, had a longer reign than any of the best of its kings—being kept in power more than half a century! True, after Manasseh was carried in chains to Babylon, he repented, and in view of his repentance, the Lord restored him to his kingdom, and his last years were spent in efforts to restore

that which he had done so much to destroy; but he found it much easier to do wrong than to overcome it—to inflict wrong than to apply the remedy. It is gratifying to reflect that even under the sternness of that law, and in the case of such a brazen apostate as Manasseh, the plea of repentance was sacredly regarded; yet such was the depth of his wickedness, and the blackness of his crimes, and the extent of the moral ruin wrought by his authority and example, that while he was personally pardoned, the nation was abandoned to ruin. "Surely at the commandment of the Lord came this upon Judah, to remove them out of his sight, for the sins of Manasseh, according to all that he did, and also for the innocent blood that he shed; for he filled Jerusalem with innocent blood: *and the Lord would not pardon*" (II. Ki. xxiv. 3, 4). What an unspeakably dreadful thing sin is! Not even divine forbearance and forgiveness can wipe it utterly out. It still lives *in its horrible fruitage*. Though the penitent transgressor find shelter under the wing of divine mercy, he may yet be continually humbled and pained in beholding the ruinous consequences of his sins, which he is powerless to abate. Though the persecuting Saul "obtained mercy," he ceased not to mourn to his dying day, because he "persecuted the church of God," and to stigmatize himself as "the chief of sinners." Beware of sin: there is a bitter curse in it, even after all that divine mercy can do to wash away its stain.

This speedy overthrow of the faith and piety which Hezekiah thought he had so firmly established, suggests an important lesson. It is evident that the reformation under that king was mainly *external*—not with the king himself, but on the part of the people. In

their hearts they hankered after the idolatries of the surrounding nations. Only a small minority entered heartily into the king's purposes. The court-party was evidently wedded to religions of imposing forms, spectacular attractions and ritualistic pomp, with little or no regard to moral purity and righteousness—such as would leave them free to indulge their passions and place no restraints on their political ambitions and iniquitous practices; and the people at large imagined that they found an easier yoke in such a religion, than in the stern requirements of justice, mercy and truth which the law of Jehovah required. They conformed, externally, to the royal will, and with their lips drew near to Jehovah, but their hearts were far from Him. Hence, when Hezekiah died, and Manasseh succeeded to the throne, the reaction came—as it came in England when the reign of Puritanism ceased on the accession of Charles II., and, previously, when “Bloody Mary” succeeded to Edward VI. No royal power can *force* a genuine reformation; no voice of a *minority* clothed with power can *compel* a true reformation of the majority of the people. A forced reformation will last just as long as the power lasts which enforces it; and then the terrible reaction comes. And in a country like ours, where there is no royal will but the will of the people—where no law is honored except as it expresses the public sentiment and will—no legislation, however righteous, can create a moral reformation, unless it embodies the will of a majority of the people. In a word: true reformation comes *from within*, and is the legitimate fruit of that reign of Christ which is established *within us*. Legislation may be an effective ally of popular sentiment; but it avails permanently only

as it is the *result* rather than the *cause* of reformation.

Amon, the son of Manasseh,—named after an Egyptian idol—reigned but two years, when assassination put an end to his wicked career. Then came his son Josiah to the throne, at the early age of eight years. How the son of such a wicked father and the grandson of so infamous an apostate, could be, from his childhood, so noted for piety and uncompromising devotion to the law of Jehovah, we are not able to say. If his mother's name, Jedidah, "the beloved of God," and his grandmother's, Adaiah, "the honored of God," are at all indicative of character, we have a clew to the solution of this problem in their influence over his early years. If the prophet Zephaniah, was the great-grandson of the pious king Hezekiah (Zeph. i. 1), we have another clew. At all events, we know that Zephaniah flourished during the reign of Josiah; and Jeremiah came into public life during his reign; and, as the persecutions of the former reigns ceased—perhaps through the influence of the Queen-mother—the faithful, who had been driven into obscurity, were free to come forth, and would zealously promote the pious education and teaching of one destined to wield, in a few years, the royal scepter.

Of Josiah's zeal and fidelity in the service of Jehovah there can be no question. Indeed it is said that "like unto him there was no king before him, that turned to the Lord with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his might, according to all the law of Moses: neither after him arose there any like him" (II. Kings xxiii. 25). His work of reformation ranges itself under three heads: 1. The restoration of the temple service and the keeping of the Passover festival. 2.

The purgation of the temple, the holy city, and the land, of idolatrous abominations. 3. The reproclamation of the law of Jehovah.

Let the reader turn to II. Kings, and read chapter xxiii. 4-20, and he may learn to measure the zeal and fidelity of Josiah by the magnitude of the corruptions and abominations that prevailed, and the thoroughness of the destructive work he performed. Not only in Jerusalem, but throughout Judæa, "from Geba to Beersheba;" not only in Judæa, but also in the country of the ten tribes, "in the cities of Manasseh, and Ephraim, and Simeon, even unto Naphtali," was the destructive sweep of his power felt. The slackness of Assyrian authority in the Samaritan territory, enabled him to extend his iconoclastic zeal thus far outside of his own dominion, and the poisonous influence of the idolatries of Israel over Judah doubtless led him to seek to protect his own kingdom by desolating the shrines which had been fountains of mischief to his own people. But two things are especially worthy of note in these proceedings: 1. They were the result simply of royal authority, and not of repentance on the part of the people. 2. There is a fierceness of zeal, and a persecuting spirit, manifest, which detract much from the merit of the performances. The slaying of the priests found at idolatrous altars, and the violation of the sanctity of sepulchres by disinterring the bones of dead priests and prophets (II Ki. xxiii. 16, 20), looks as if a spirit of persecution and vengeful retaliation was mixed with the king's zeal for Jehovah. Rather, it looks as if the case had become thoroughly desperate, and nothing but violence could avail. Manasseh had set the example of previous persecution, and every

memory of the innocent victims of his rage pleaded for vengeance on the idolatrous usurpers and persecutors. Moreover, the people were no longer subject to reason. The day for argument and entreaty had passed. There remained only the strong arm of power to bring lying priests and prophets, corrupt judges, and an apostate nation into submission ; and Josiah employed the only available remedy. But it is a sad day for truth and righteousness when they are utterly dependent on the sword for protection. It surely presages the nation's downfall—and this it is which lends so melancholy an interest to Josiah's attempt at reformation. It has no vitality except in the king's own heart, and in the hearts of a small circle of prophets and holy men that gather around him—the forlorn hope of a holy cause which is destined to defeat.

The observance of the passover, while it is said that “ there was not kept such a passover from the days of the judges that judged Israel, nor in all the days of the kings of Israel, nor of the kings of Judah ” (II Ki. xxiii. 22), was remarkable only as an *external* observance. As Nature puts on her most gorgeous robes in autumn, and makes a flaring funeral procession to a wintry grave ; so this people, on the eve of destruction, sought to hide their doom under cover of a festival of exceeding pomp and magnificence. But it was, after all, a formal, heartless affair. It was, at best, but the hectic flush on the cheeks of a victim doomed to speedy death. The king doubtless sought to honor Jehovah by the revival of this great national festival, and hoped to rekindle the patriotic and pious enthusiasm of the nation ; but the patriotism of the nation was already turned to ashes, nor were there enough lingering

sparks to be fanned into even a feeble flame. It was a great passover only because the authority of the king compelled it into greatness. The people were dead to its import; the conscience of the nation was utterly debauched: the priests, the prophets, the courtiers, and the great mass of the sin-hardened people were saturated with idolatrous superstitions, and drunken with the wine of heathenish fanaticism. The hollowness of the observance is not to be concealed under the showy solemnities and spectacular pomps of an imposing ritual.

The discovery of "the books of the law" by Hilkiah (II Chron. xxxiv. 14),—the original copy which had been deposited in the temple—while it does not imply that all other copies had been destroyed, yet indicates that the Jewish scriptures were scarce, and no longer fresh in the memories of the people. Doubtless, during the reign of Manasseh, in the fierce persecution that raged against the servants of Jehovah, every copy of the law that could be found was doomed to destruction. A corrupt priesthood no longer taught it to the people, and even the king was largely ignorant of its contents, as is evident from his surprise and grief when it was read to him. For more than half a century idolatry had been the State-religion, and Jehovah's revelations had been almost utterly forgotten. But Josiah's course on recovering this long-neglected and forgotten law, indicates the nobleness of his spirit. "Then the king sent and gathered together all the elders of Judah and Jerusalem. And the king went up to the house of the Lord, and all the men of Judah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and the priests, and the Levites and all the people, both great and small: and he read in their ears

all the words of the book of the covenant that was found in the house of the Lord. And the king stood in his place, and made a covenant before the Lord, to walk after the Lord, and to keep his commandments, and his testamonies, and his statutes, with all his heart and with all his soul, to perform the words of the covenant that were written in this book. And he caused all that were found in Jerusalem and in Benjamin to stand to it. And the inhabitants of Jerusalem did according to the covenant of God, the God of their fathers."

Noble monarch! could he but have infused his own spirit into his subjects, all would have been well. But it was *too late*. Apostasy had proceeded until "there was no remedy." He has nobly struggled to perform an impossible task. His royal presence and his royal mandate compel an external show of submission to Jehovah's law; but the words fall on hard and barren rock. The people are joined to their idols. Their hearts have waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes they have closed, lest they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and turn, and God should heal them. Have you ever seen a tree standing out alone in a clearing, naked and dead, blasted by the lightning, even its decayed bark dropped off—such a tree bathed in God's sunshine, watered with dews and rains, saluted by myriads of Nature's living voices, and invited by heaven and earth to live and flourish, yet drinking in the sunlight in vain, and making no response to the light of heaven, or the music of earth, or the throbbing heart of Nature? Such a tree was the Jewish nation at this time—dead to the roots; not even the

voice of God's holy law had for it any quickening power.

Let any one, after reading these accounts of the apparent success of Josiah's reign, turn to Jeremiah and Zephaniah—prophets who flourished during this reign—and listen to their stern rebukes of the corruptions of this period. They evidently saw beneath the surface; and, while sympathizing with the king in his noble efforts, still saw that while, externally, there seemed to be a desirable work of reformation accomplished, there was no such turning of hearts to the Lord as to bid them rejoice in the assurance of a genuine and permanent reformation of the nation.

The four succeeding kings—Jehoahaz, Jehoiakim, Jehoiachin and Zedekiah, whose combined reigns amount to only $22\frac{1}{2}$ years—were all wicked men and unprincipled rulers. Egypt and Babylon were both provoked to wrath against a faithless nation, and by successive spoliations this God-forsaken people were humiliated and subjugated until, at last, as had been foretold by God's faithful prophets, Jerusalem was laid in ruins, her walls broken, her holy and beautiful house burned with fire, and her king, her nobles and her people carried captives into a strange land, where they sat down by the rivers of Babylon, hanging their harps on the willows, and weeping at every remembrance of the Zion they had forfeited by their stubborn rebelliousness.

There are many reflections growing out of this sad history, which we have not now space to record; they must wait for utterance until another opportunity offers.

Of Josiah himself, it remains but to speak of his untimely end. The king of Egypt was on his way

northward on an expedition against the king of Assyria. For some reason not explained, Josiah felt bound to oppose him. The fact that he could muster a respectable force for such a purpose, indicates that his reign had been prosperous, and that he had succeeded in restoring to his shattered kingdom something of its former power. Against the protest of the Egyptian king, he insisted on giving battle, and on the famous plain of Esdraelon, near Megiddo, he carried out his purpose, but was fatally wounded, and died before he could reach Jerusalem. His death was the quenching of the last lingering hope of saving Judah from destruction. Not only was his death universally lamented by his people—Jeremiah composing a lamentation over the loss of his beloved monarch—but, says the writer of the Chronicles, “all the singing-men and singing-women speak of Josiah in their lamentations to this day [after the captivity], and made them an ordinance in Israel.” The anniversary of his death was long observed with peculiar solemnity, and during and after the captivity the memory of his loyalty to Jehovah was strongly influential in forming and cherishing that hate of idolatry by which the Jews were ever after distinguished.

Thus, though his reformation was a failure, his life was not a failure, as, indeed, no true life ever was or ever can be a failure. Bravely to do one's duty, against all odds, is the highest attainment of man; and he who does so, though he may seem to fight against fate, is sure to succeed, if not in the full accomplishment of his immediate aims, yet in the immortal power of a true life—a power made the more illustrious by the greatness of the odds against which he contended, and

the unbending integrity of soul that forbade all faltering, even with all the outside world and a majority of his own subjects against him.

ISAAC ERRETT.

EDITORIAL.

CURRENT COMMENT.

HE is falling, and we may now calmly contemplate that pyrotic prodigy which flashed, and hissed, and glowed, and is already darkening, like a meteor, in the low horizon of this generation. We may pause and study, without passion and without prejudice, him whose blasphemy horrified those his eloquence enchanted; whose venom stung those his magnetism had fascinated, as the beautiful serpent charms to the death. If consistency is the boast of little minds, there was no such hint of littleness in him. Such suavity and sarcasm, such mendacity and truthfulness, such tenderness and toughness, such delicacy and coarseness, such loyalty and treachery, such egotism and altruism, such enthusiasm and stolidity, such courage and cowardice, such credulity and skepticism, such supernality and infernality, were never before, at least in our day, wrapt up in one skin. He had everything but reverence, and yet lacked everything but self-consciousness. He knew everything without learning, and so had knowledge of nothing. Of pleasing presence, of magnetic voice, of flashing wit, of melting pathos, of irresistible humor, I have seen him before the multitudes who were familiar with the oratory of Lincoln, and Douglas, and Yates,

the living embodiment of eloquence,—“*anima erumpens*,” as waters leap and flash from the fountains,—weaving about them the net of his fine-twined rhetorical linen, gorgeous, yet not gaudy, with all sentimental coloring, marvelous in the imagery of cunning needlework of a poetic fancy, and not *then* foul with the stains of hate or the filth of blasphemy, until he held us all willing captives. The veriest oaf could not be insensible to the spell, and the savant was for the moment ready to accept any political gospel from this inspired ignoramus; for he was scarcely out of his teens. Such we saw him lifting foot over the threshold of manhood, and we know well whence he came and whither he went.

He was the product of our own western soil and atmosphere, nor is he in any degree a *lusus nature*—though a prodigy, he is no monster. He was the legitimate offspring of our time and temper; the product of our own social and intellectual conditions, combining and embodying in normal ways, yet in extravagant proportions, the elements of his environment. Nor was such a product possible anywhere else. Had he been reared in New England, amid her schools and colleges, his active mind would have gleaned too much intelligence to permit him to flaunt his ignorance in the face of a learned world with that dramatic impudence and innocent confidence which for the moment took its breath. Had he grown in England he would have fallen into that cautious philosophy which is too wary to trust even to its own conclusions, and too skeptical to have any faith even in itself—a philosophy which reasons in this wise: “If there is no God, we should likely know it; but since we do not know that he does

not exist, he may exist, and further we depose not." Our prodigy would never have startled the world with this logic—our occidental Hercules would never have attacked the lion of the tribe of Judah thus, with the club in his left hand. No agnostic he. Born in France, he would have been a communist; in Germany, a socialist; in Rome, a heretic, and in Russia—perhaps still-born; for anywhere he would have been what the influences of his environment would have made one peculiarly susceptible of such influences, and yet singularly destitute of reverence, piety or respect for the powers that be. He is not a voice, but an echo. This is proven by his popularity and multitudinous following. Goethe says there are but few voices, but many echoes in the world, and he might have added that every real voice, like that of John Baptist, or of Socrates, or of Kopernik, or of Savonarola, comes from some wilderness of neglect and hardship. There are no crowding throngs paying liberal admission fees to hear the real voices, and wherever you find them thus paying and applauding, they are always "applauding to the echo," that is, the echo of their own sentiments. Our prodigy, therefore, is no reformer; not one of those rare and lofty spirits whom the world hates because they are not of the world. Indeed, he is the very reverse, and is singularly of the earth, earthy; so well content with bread alone, so satisfied with the meat that perisheth, that he exclaims, "If I could stay here always I wouldn't invest in corner lots in your New Jerusalem!"—a sentiment exactly suited to a sleek bullock, knee-deep in the fragrant clover, before the advent of the flies. No, he is the incarnation of all the unspiritual elements of the spirit of his time and place, and both

intellectually and morally bears all round and all over the sand-marks which unmistakably show that he was cast in the rough molds of western empiricism and frontier provincialism. Had he gone through college these marks would have been polished off, but this wonder-mongering world would have been the poorer by just one great curiosity.

But it is a dismal trade that he has been following for a score of years, this digging of graves for faith and hope. Like one possessed of a burglarious intent he is going about in the darkness of the world's night of sin and sorrow, blowing out what lights he can find; nor can it be denied that he brings to this heartless and hopeless business an enthusiasm, a zeal and an earnestness rarely seen in the advocates of the holiest cause. Why should a man put forth all his energy to roll back the stone upon the sepulcher?—or *try* to roll it back, for it is too “very great” to be rolled back by mortal power, especially while that strong angel is on the other side. Even though that sepulcher were the very Pandora's box, from which all evils have issued to vex the earth, the only remaining thing to be buried and crushed is Hope; and why should one exult in crushing this, knowing full well that in doing so he crushes not only the hearts of a few Galilean peasant women, but the hearts of all the sad millions who cherish sacred spots in God's Acre, the world over, ay, and his own heart and hope likewise? What should have set our youthful prodigy at such ghoulish work, and have given him stomach for it? Such relish and enthusiasm can not come from the atheism, or rather the hideous moral and spiritual nihilism, he preaches, or *pretends*. Let us, therefore, seek their sources elsewhere.

Trained for the law, and a politician by instinct, he came, a very young man, upon the stump, before the enthusiastic crowds, which, in those turbulent *ante-bellum* days, by their magnitude, their intelligence, and their vehemence, made his section the political center of the nation; the section which gave it its greatest civil and its greatest military leader in its greatest emergency of peril. Never was orator more sensitive to the magnetism of the multitudes; never did orator react upon it more powerfully. As a consequence he drank deeply, thirstily, "the foul Circean draught of popular applause." How many brilliant men, preachers as well as politicians, have been debauched and ruined by this intoxicating cup! There is madness in it, and the craving for it grows and deepens, till, like the fiddling vagabond, one "would sell out heaven for something," *anything*, to stay and still it. This is just what our prodigy has been doing, but he is not the only one to blame; for I have seen this cup of popular applause, of which greater, and stronger, and steadier men have drunken to intoxication and maudlin imbecility, pressed to his lips, in the clapping palm of thoughtless enthusiasm, again and again. He little knew, and we little thought, that a great thirst was being begotten, which, by and by in its overmastering power, must seek satisfaction in such swills as could be drawn from the lowest, most ignorant and most vicious throngs of our city populations. "When men are well drunken then that which is worse." There are perditions and perditions, and the lowest stage of the inebriate is reached when by necessity he drops from the costly wines of the aristocratic saloons to the vile liquors of the "doggerly," which may be had for the beggar's pittance. But this

has been the intellectual and moral end of many a brilliant writer and speaker, and our prodigy has had an analogous career.

The political enthusiasm necessary to the brewing of that multitudinous, hand and mouth applause which public speakers relish, comes only at long intervals, and the Fourth of July, the only other calendared occasion, but once a year, and thirsty orators meanwhile feel like the bibulous Governors of the Carolinas. What should our young prodigy do meanwhile? Seek occasions—and so he did. In his city there happened to be an unusually large, wealthy and respectable element of atheists, infidels, free-thinkers, *et id omne vulgus*, who took especial delight in the brilliant young lawyer. They were charmed at his wit, proud of his rhetorical gifts, satisfied with his accommodating morals; they invited him to their clubs and beer-gardens, they put him up for speeches in their halls and at their Sunday picnics, where they satiated him with applause in most convivial and demonstrative fashion; they lionized him in their social circles, and presented him with a service of elegant plate, with fulsome flattery which had the yellowish luster of another metal. So it happened that before he really understood the bearings of these things—before he knew much of the great world in either its political, philosophic, or religious aspects—our brilliant young prodigy found himself committed to irreligion. It must be that, with his ability and his ambition for an intellectual career, he must be called to account for this commitment—must be compelled to give a reason for the unfaith that was in him. Being thus put to the proof, where a *bon mot* or a horse-chestnut of

a story with a horse-laugh accompaniment was not taken in evidence, he "knew enough to know" that the beer-hall and Sunday picnic rhetoric was no adequate artillery. But what should he do? He was ignorant of the scientific infidelity of our day; nor had he the culture or the intellectual cast which would enable him to handle its weapons. In his necessity he turned to the century-old infidelity of Voltaire and Tom Paine. But these men were attacking religion as they saw it embodied in a corrupt and despotic church. They were fighting a tyrannical and aristocratic hierarchy which robbed men of their rights in the matter of private opinion as well as property—were opposing an immeasurable iniquity which they were almost excusable for mistaking for Christianity. It was at the feet of these men that our young prodigy took his seat, and imbibed their teaching and temper, till his heated imagination made every church deacon into a Jesuit, every preacher into a pope, and his fear converted the most innocent-looking Illinois meeting-house into a Bastille. For a decade or more, in ranting frenzy, he was assailing the church in the anachronistic and ludicrous fashion of those Fourth-of-July orators who still abuse England in the person of King George. But even those paleozoic patriots find yet enthusiastic audience among the uncultured majority, and we ought not to have been so much surprised as we seemed to be that our prodigy should find audience, *and the coveted applause*, for his harangues.

But those harangues had in them a vengefulness and a flavor of malice which could never have come from simple atheism. Our prodigy would never have become so irreverent, mad, and spiteful toward God

just for the vague fault of non-existence. There were in him the heat and hate of a personal enmity toward Christianity, and there were in his assaults the fury and feud of personal retaliation, which he could not have imbibed from even so bitter a master as Voltaire,—nor, indeed, could he have gotten them second-hand from any source. All this is easily explained by the experiences of our prodigy. As he ripened into manhood and became conscious of his power as a leader of men,—a power which I believe would have carried him to the highest point of political success and glory had it not miscarried him, as we shall see,—he ignorantly and empirically supposed that the same accommodating conscience and “liberal” notions which made him the idol of the populace in his own little city, would make him the idol in all the cities and towns in his great State. It was evident that in his semi-theological, semi-political harangues he was turning his face more and more towards Springfield. But he had mistaken the spirit of our Christian civilization. He was ignorant of the social and political complexion of his own State, and he suddenly learned that to be admired and applauded was not to loved and trusted. When the contest came, after every preparation, he was defeated in his first great political venture, and that too by the very Christian sentiment which he had deliberately discarded as being too weak and indifferent to be taken into the account. He saw that the disaster was irretrievable; that his blunder was fatal to his ambition, and from this time, when Christianity was his theme, his wit became venom; his badinage, blasphemy; his ridicule, resentment; his rhetoric, ribaldry; and his fallacy degenerated into falsehood. There is no mys-

tery about the matter, nor anything more romantic than the miscalculation of an untutored ambition that reckoned without its host. But it would be odd if from the wreck of such a splendid ambition such a genius as our prodigy should not save something of value. George Eliot says that ever since Satan cheated our first parents out of their estate great impietousness is thought to be coupled with great wit. It is true that many a man of great ability and character spends his life in loving and self-sacrificing service of God and man, and dies in obscurity, while another with almost empty head and heart gains applause, and the notoriety which he mistakes for fame, by attacking the faith and hope which are the sacred things of humanity. I have known a blundering weakling in college, who could not master a difficult problem for his life; who never got an intricate matter at all, unless he got it wrong, to flourish an enviable reputation for ability and occult wisdom, among students vastly his superior in all mental and moral qualities, simply upon the strength of impudent, irreverent, bad-grammared and bad-logicked attacks upon Christianity. Any amount of good-citizenship may leave one obscure and unapplauded, but a day of lawlessness will bring notoriety and lionizing—or a certain big-dogizing, which is just as pleasant if one likes it as well. Our prodigy made this discovery. He quickly saw that the very thing which prevented his installment in the coveted political office would install him as the oracle of a great and ignorant multitude which would pay for his vaticinations. There was nothing to be done but to accept the situation,—or to deny himself, and follow better things. This he would never do. His innate lack of reverence,

(a phenomenal trait in his character,) his ambition and love of applause, his spite at the church, and the social alliances which he had formed, coupled with the chance of making money, determined his career. If he could not have fame, he could have notoriety; if he could not command the applause of listening senates, he could command that of the rabble; if he could not get into history, he could get into the newspapers; and lecture-fees were as good money as a senator's salary. But all the while he "knew enough to know" that these were but make-believes and counterfeits—that he was gaining neither character nor immortality; he knew that the young men who were captivated by his rhetoric would come to despise his logic, and that the next generation would neither know nor care what he said; he knew that his brilliant utterances would have no historic place, and that he was of no authority in the world's intellectual councils; he knew well what the applauding rabble who heard him did not suspect, that he was not in the field at all of the world's intellectual contests; he knew that while he was the oracle of the rabble he was the ridicule of the historian, the scientist, and the scholar, and all these things stung him to madness, filling his heart with bitterness and his mouth with blasphemy. I knew him in his early years and confidently prophesied better things, but my reputation as a prophet has suffered as greatly—but not more greatly—in other things.

DURING his personal ministry Jesus insisted upon nothing more constantly than his authority; possibly because it was that which was most likely to be denied or defied. No acceptance of Christ which leaves

that out can avail anything. "Why call me Lord, Lord, and do not the things I command you?" The last words to his disciples were a command given "with all authority in heaven and on earth"—"the marching orders of the church." The marvelous thing about the Centurion's faith was its recognition of the authority of Jesus. No such faith had been found in Israel. The Jews associated Christ's power with his presence. They brought the sick to him. "Lord, *if thou hadst been here* my brother had not died." In their view he was but the medium, the instrument of a power derived from another source; not different in kind from the almost universal magic charm. The Centurion's notion was broader and better, a notion to which he was helped by his military training. To him Jesus was not simply a messenger with a temporary and personal duty to perform, but a commander who had mysterious messengers under him ready to do his bidding. This was not only superior to the estimate the Jews had of him, but even to that of many yet who pray for the Lord "to come right down here and now, and heal this sinner." It is not necessary that any visible manifestation of Christ should come under the church roof in order that the sinner may be healed. His power to save and bless is here in the authority of his Word. The good citizen respects the majesty of the law; the criminal yields only to the present embodiment of power.

But the authority of Jesus is felt everywhere. The forces of Nature recognize God when manifest in flesh, as readily as when speaking from the heavens. So winds and waves obeyed him—recognized the authority of *his word*; it was not necessary for him to

lay hands on the fig-tree, nor cut it down, but it withered at his word. The powers of death yielded to his authority. He simply sent his voice into the grave of Lazarus, and the dead came forth unhindered. Even demons obeyed him. The demoniac in the tombs was very fierce and very strong, but Jesus does not wrestle with him as Sampson would. It is but the power, the authority of a word. Why should man be left out of this subordination, when principalities and powers are subject to him? There can be no reason for it, and the man who refuses him obedience, though he speaketh on earth, is simply rebellious. But it is just here, in the matter of authority and submission, that God has found man most difficult to reach. Obedience is better than even sacrifice, but it was the last thing Israel would yield to God. Stephen said that they had always been resistful of God's authority, and the real animus of the opposition to Christianity even among "Free-thinkers" is not so much loyalty to supposed truth as rebellion against God; just as secession was more revolt against federal authority, than admiration for, or loyalty to, any political truth.

The present dread of authority, insane, and not only nihilistic, but annihilistic as it is; this almost universal rebellion against government, human and divine, cannot be wholly explained by the simple love of liberty possessed by man; nor even by his supposed carnal perversity. In church and state, as well as in science and philosophy, the dread of authority is so great that it may easily run into panic, and stampede the camp of humanity into the wildernesses of Atheism, Nihilism, or Agnosticism—nothing but different forms of anarchy. This dread is largely the result of abuse of authority in

the past. Historic humanity is black and blue from the cruel abuses of authority in the past. Political bigoted despots, and ecclesiastical despotic bigots, have made havoc of humanity in all the past. Why should men not dread authority? But all this is nothing to the discredit or damnation of authority. All things are liable to abuse; and the more good there is in a thing the more evil may be made of it. Make the application to the matter of money, or friendship, or learning, or even love. What a world-full of sad tales of their abuse! Shall we condemn them or deny them for this?

If authority had only been abused in the way of cruelty, it could hardly be so odious as it is; but it has degraded men, by blandishments and favoritism, until it has produced a great crop of sycophants. It is a flagrant *abuse* of authority, yet it has become so common that in matters of fashion, and morals, and even in literature, there is an evident obsequiousness, which is degrading to humanity and hateful to all true manhood. This slavish spirit addresses some ungainly, dwarfish specimen of royalty as "Your Majesty;" or some dissolute, licentious embodiment of authority as "Your Excellency;" or some cruel, vengeful, selfish aristocrat as "Your Grace." It mimics royal fashions in dress, with monkeyish facility, without stopping to inquire as to their æsthetic, ethical or hygienic character. Works on grammar and rhetoric abound in rules and explanations concerning "figures of speech" which are nothing more than awkward blunders which were made by distinguished authors. Obsequious grammarians have christened them under some technical name, of classic origin, and canonized them by the grace

of *ex post facto* rhetorical laws, and the language is made worse.

Yet, in spite of all this, the *first*, if not the highest duty of all created things is to obey. Obedience is the cornerstone of every system, whether of matter or of mind. Authority is law, and a single broken law would shake the universe till it would topple to chaos. The moral and spiritual worlds are fashioned by the same analogy, and in the higher reaches of his nature the *fear* of the Lord is the *beginning* of wisdom; and as the beginning involves all else, as the germ involves all life, its importance can never be exaggerated. But the fear of the Lord is simply respect for his authority, the necessary condition to keeping his commandments, in which there is great reward.

THE reign of law may be seen everywhere, even in those things which at first sight seem to be without law. Storms, floods and pestilences; wars, mobs, crimes, and even chaos itself, have their laws and possible statistics. Every sphere, every universe, whether of matter or force, of flesh or spirit, is pervaded everywhere by law; nor is law simply an order, a formula, but a controlling power, representing a will and an intelligence. The current materialistic philosophy has sought to define out of the term law everything which would suggest causative power, knowing that if any thread of this sort was left it would lead up to God. But, having completed their definition, they have a term emptied of all meaning, one which they can not use without contradicting their own definition. But how much better is the idea of law which is entertained by average Christians? Law is will; natural law is a record

of God's will, as the Decalogue is ; yet it is a common thing for Christians to pray that law shall be disregarded. It was not wrong that we prayed for Garfield's recovery, but wrong to expect that God would cure him of a mortal wound, because *we wished* (willed) it. His will should be done—must be done. If the mother prays for the recovery of a sick child, let her not lose her faith if it dies. Its recovery might involve as great a modification of law, as the raising of it from the dead. Why not pray that its death should be a great joy to her? That would be out of reason ; not according to nature. Well, it may be that its recovery is equally so. If the house is burning down, why not pray to God to build a better one, or to make us more comfortable and happy without a house? He could do either with as little self-contradiction and sacrifice of law, as to put out the fire miraculously. If the ship springs a great leak in mid-ocean, let the passengers and crew pray God to give them a blissful life at the bottom of the sea, free from care and pain. Why not? Why, it would be asking that the whole course of nature be interrupted. So it would be if, in answer to their frantic prayers, God should stop the great chasm in the ship's hull. To pray for such things as we have suggested would be impious—coolly asking God to modify his laws, to suit our convenience, that *our* will, not his, be done. Yet much praying is of this sort—an unconscious questioning of divine wisdom.

Is the uniformity of law a hard, unwelcome fact? Suppose it was not a fact. Where should we go for "good and perfect gifts"? What if all germs should grow downward for once, and the farmer get no return for his seed? If the melting point of iron should be

shifted down to 100 degrees Farenheit, what would become of all the railroads this summer? What if all food should become bitter; all music torture; all beautiful things abhorrent; all domestic companionship painful? Yet all these, and a thousand other terrible things, might easily happen if law was the weak and blind thing unbelief would have it, or the loose and shifting thing which fanatical credulity imagines. It is not necessary to go to "Chance World" for a chapter of horrors; a world of vacillating and oft-interrupted law would furnish the material. The deep philosophy of Scripture is that the uniformity of Nature, including the irrefragibility of law, rests back upon the absolute unchangeableness of God. All other basis for it is not only unscriptural, but unphilosophic—really as silly as the fantastical foundation for the earth laid in the proverbial Indian cosmogony.

But the whole system of law, thus resting on God, must, therefore, be not only wise and permanent, but *benevolent*. It is the sure ministry of good and perfect gifts. The law—all law—is just and good, and ordained for life. It is only by transgression that it is changed to an instrument of death. Even the penalties of law are conservative in design and benevolent in spirit. If the cutting off of a finger brought no pain, every boy would be fingerless before the end of the jack-knife period; were it not for soreness of corns, many a foot, by reason of tight boots, would be too small for service; and many a silly girl would cut herself in twain for sake of the smallest waist, did it not involve pain and death. Fever is but a frantic effort of Nature to right something wrong. Law is not only just, but *good*. In this it is but an echo of God. To the good he is good;

to the rebellious, terrible. So of law ; and the goodness and the severity of God are but the right and wrong sides, respectively, of the great mantle of his sovereignty, woven of the interlacing threads of unbreakable law, which covers every part of his universe.

IN THE WORKSHOPS.

MR. E. R. CHAMPLIN, formerly a contributor to the DISCIPLE, has gathered his poems into a volume under the title of "Heart's Own."

GENERAL LEW WALLACE made observations for his forthcoming novel of Turkish life during his sojourn in the East. He can write in any place or under any circumstances, and he is thus enabled to utilize his materials as fast as he gathers them. He says that sometimes the faculty of composition seems to desert him, and he writes slowly and with little ease ; but he bends himself rigidly to his task, and at last he conquers his mood and begins to express himself with his usual degree of facility.

THE "Tale of a Pioneer Church," which has been running through the DISCIPLE since last March, will be continued through the most of next year ; and we can promise our readers that the most interesting part of the history is yet to come. Mr. Vogel has discovered a rich vein of material, and has worked it with signal success.

MAGAZINE readers will watch with a good deal of interest for the result of the new arrangement by which *Lippincott* publishes an entire novel in each issue. The experiment looks too much like turning the magazine into a paper-covered novel with literary and scientific departments attached, to be brought into general use; but its adoption in the case of one periodical may prove a welcome innovation to those who dislike to follow the thread of a serial story.

MR. WHITTIER'S poem on "The Bartholdi Statue" shows that the staunch old poet of freedom is as strong as ever in his love of liberty and his hatred of oppression. Here are the lines:

"The land, that, from the rule of kings,
In freeing us, itself set free,
Our Old World Sister, to us brings
Her sculptured dream of Liberty:

"Unlike the shapes on Egypt's sands,
Uplifted by the toil-worn slave,
On Freedom's soil with freemen's hands
We rear the symbol free hands gave.

"O France, the beautiful! to thee
Once more a debt of love we owe:
In peace beneath the fleur de lis,
We hail a later Rochambeau.

"Rise, stately Symbol! holding forth
Thy light and hope to all who sit
In chains and darkness! Belt the earth
With watch-fires from thy torch uplit!

"Reveal the primal mandate still
Which Chaos heard and ceased to be,

Trace on mid-air th' Eternal Will
In signs of fire: "Let man be free!"

"Shine far, shine free, a guiding light
To Reason's ways and Virtue's aim,
A lightning flash the wretch to smite
Who shields his license with thy name!"

THE STORY of Helen Hunt Jackson's literary life is full of practical lessons. "H.H.," as the world will always love to call the great-hearted poet, was the daughter of Prof. Nathan W. Fiske, of Amherst College. At the age of twenty-one she became the wife of Major Hunt of the U. S. Navy. Naturally fond of society, for the next few years Mrs. Hunt led a happy life in her home and in the social world where her vivacious manner made her a favorite. Then one shock after another came to her. Her husband was killed by the explosion of a sub-marine gun. Her only child was taken away shortly after. Mrs. Hunt seemed inconsolable. She shut herself up in her room and longed for death. But at last the eyes which had grown heavy with weeping were uplifted. She saw the pitying face of a loving Father bending above her, and she took courage. She wrote her first poem — a pathetic expression of her grief and of her trust in God's goodness. Many a bereaved mother thanked her for it, and Mrs. Hunt saw a new life opening before her. If her suffering had taught her how to comfort others, then surely she had not suffered in vain. She found the road to literary success a long and hard one, but she was one of the most painstaking and persevering of authors, and at last she succeeded. She was obliged to pay for the plates of her earlier books, but

the time came when publishers were glad to take her work. But she never rested on her success. Even when, eleven years after Mr. Hunt's death, she married Mr. Jackson, the attractions of a beautiful home did not turn her from her work. She was not content to serve the world merely as a writer. When the end came, and she knew that she must die, the labor on which she looked back with most gratitude was not that which she had done as novelist or poet, but that which she had done as woman and philanthropist. The only work in which she showed pride was the work which she had done for "her Indians." The wrongs of the Indian appealed to her intensely sympathetic nature so keenly, that the task of lifting the burden demanded the service of years and the strength of her genius. And while critics place her high on the list of American poets, the world will doubtless remember her as she deserved to be remembered—as one who rated the worth of a great gift by the blessing it might bring to humanity.

UNDER the head of "A Course of Reading in Philosophy," the October number of *Christian Thought* contains the following:

"Repeated applications have been made for advice as to a course of study which might be pursued by men and women who, being engaged in practical life, are desirous of occupying a portion of their time in acquiring a knowledge of philosophy. The Institute of Christian Philosophy, having had this matter under advisement and taken counsel of several of the most distinguished teachers of philosophy and authors of philosophical works, has prepared a practicable course of study which will occupy probably two years.

"It has further been determined that those who take this course shall be assisted from time to time by letter, in reply to their inquiries, so that if there be a real need for it a Correspondence School of

Philosophy may become one of the Institute's instrumentalities for accomplishing its ends. The work of replying to these letters will be committed to a distinguished professor of philosophy whose name will be a guarantee of thoroughness.

"And, still further, that a certificate of proficiency will be given to those who show competent knowledge of the first section and more marked distinction to those who, at the close of the second section shall be able to pass a satisfactory examination.

"A full statement of the whole plan, course of study, mode of examination, distinctions, etc., will be sent upon application to the address of any one inclosing fifty cents to Mr. Charles M. Davis, Secretary, 4 Winthrop Place, New York. This announcement may at least show whether or not there be a sufficient demand for this enterprise to enlarge and perpetuate it.

"The Institute solicits correspondence on this subject, suggestions from practical persons and students. The desire of the officers of the Institute is to make this new department really useful, to show, what is true, that the Institute is not for recluses and students of high thought alone, but *for the people*, meeting their wants, stimulating their desires and learning from them what are the lines of thinking along which able thinkers should be invited to think. Philosophy in this day must come down from the Porch and the Academy and 'go about' with the Christ 'doing good.'"

POT-POURRI.

IN the days of those kings whose houses were full of the wearers of soft raiment, the costliest fabrics which grew in the most famous looms were shot through and through with threads of shining gold. Such splendid stuff was only for the palace. Verily the fabric of human life, woven of whatever material and in whatever loom, is but cheap and homely linsey-woolsey unless it be shot through and through with the golden thread of divine faith and hope and love. Without

these it can never be fit for *the* King's house. Out of the fabric of the noblest life draw these threads of spiritual fiber, and you have drawn the shining glory from the cloth of gold, and leave it raveled and ready to rot; mean and meat for the moth. Life without religion! It cannot but be prosy and gross, morbid and selfish, vain and uninspiring. Life without religion! A flint that strikes no fire, a gem without a ray, a drop with never a cradled sunbeam, a flower without fragrance, a hearthstone forever cold, an uninhabited world, a lightless universe—chaos!

OUT upon pessimism! It is only philosophical pouting; surly psychological sulking. No sooner do we find that we cannot have our say, or our way, than we begin to prophesy evil of the whole matter — ay, and to wish it too, and sometimes, if we be brave enough, to *will* it. The spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets, and he is but a yeanning who would trust to those wolves, the pessimists. If they could, they would hurl all things to eternal smash, simply to justify their own evil vaticinations. There be many philosophical Wigginses periodically—no man is pessimist but by fits—predicting storms and earthquakes, disasters and calamities, mistaking spasms of vengefulness for moments of prophetic phrensy; much as others mistake throes of indignation for qualms of conscience. Fasting may cast out this demon of dyspepsia, and prayer may exorcise even the dumb spirit of despair, but deliver us from this talking, prophesying devil of pessimism. Let him be shut up, as the Master forbade him to testify in the olden time.

O MORTAL of the holy angel face,
That lit the pathway of a wayward boy;
Whose eyes were with him still in every place,
Beholding all his sorrow, all his joy;
O toiling woman with all queenly grace,
With eyes of heaven and hair of shining sun;
O Vindicator of thy fallen race—
O Mother, when my task at last is done,
Shall I not find thee as in days long gone,
Except for weariness, a radiant air,
And for thy humble, now long vacant chair,
A throne? I shall reach home if thou art there.

A GREAT wit, in introducing a lecturer who had never been to college, in calling attention to the fact, reminded the audience that several other great men, including Washington, Lincoln, and inferentially the great wit who was doing the introducing, had never been to college, and said that "colleges are places where bricks are polished and diamonds are dimmed." Well, society is built of these very bricks, and civilized society of polished bricks, and this would-be boycott of the college is its best advertisement. In all the walks of professional life cultured mediocrity is in great demand. It is to this we must look to save the pulpit from the vagaries of erratic genius. What we mean by the vague but pious expression "sanctified common sense" is simply cultured mediocrity. We have been forcing too much of late the breeding of great men, and the artificial devices have given us a ring-streaked and mottled set all the way from Andover to Atlanta. Turn out more good, honest, four-square, common-

clay polished bricks, more educated common men for the sake of common humanity.

IT is sometimes harder to be willing to be served than is to serve willingly. It is sometimes harder to accept the sacrifices which others make for us, than it would be for us to make similar sacrifices for them.

IF, in the life that is to come, men remember all the struggles and ambitions of the life that now is, how petty will seem many of the aims toward which they now direct the energies of their beings! Of how little account wealth will seem to them, save where the noble use of it has broadened the soul! How small will seem the intellectual attainments which their owner has used only for his own enjoyment! And how blessed will seem the activities and sympathies which reach out to all races and peoples, and the aspirations that reach up to and rest in God!

THE Dead Sea has no outlet, and during the rainy season the streams which pour their waters into it raise its level until the shores are inundated; but in the dry season the waters evaporate and the level is lowered. So it is with the Christian who is always ready to receive blessings but never ready to extend them. When the surrounding streams of spiritual life are raised by a great protracted meeting, and are poured into his soul, its level is raised to a great height; but the waters are sadly likely to evaporate in the heat of every day duty. Take in as much as you can, but let the currents that flow into your soul flow

out to join the ocean, on whose broad bosom the gospel is carried to all the world.

THE bells ring out from near and far ;
 For Christmas Eve at last is here ;
 The bells ring out from far and near,
 To tell men of the Song and Star ;
 And prophets to my soul they are,
 To speak of more than present cheer.

I fancy now and then the bells,
 Whose slow pulsations beat, as might
 Great heart-throbs, in the air to-night,
 Are tolling solemn funeral knells,
 And dream their swelling cadence tells
 That Wrong is buried out of sight.

Again, they back and forward swing
 More lightly, and from all the lands,
 From Northern hills and Southern sands,
 I hear the notes re-echoing ;
 And wedding bells they seem to ring,
 As Love and Labor join their hands.

Peal, prophet bells, and farther send
 The signal of a world's release ;
 Until unholy wars shall cease,
 Until unholy strifes shall end,
 And over earth at last shall bend
 The fadeless bow of Heaven's peace !

WE should surely be very patient with tediousness
 in the pulpit ; but the fact that tediousness is not

a sin does not excuse a preacher for falling into it. Bro. Rambler is a worthy man, but the young people of the church and community utterly refuse to listen to his sermons. The young people are in the wrong, yet it cannot be a matter of wonder that they, in their undisciplined Young American independence, revolt at being asked to listen to a disquisition of an hour and a half in length on a subject in which they feel no especial interest. The preacher who is thoroughly conscious of the importance of his message will not be willing to rest until he has found an attractive way of telling it. A really tedious sermon is usually one which has very little about Christ in it.

TRAVELERS who were visiting a coal mine wondered to find growing there a snowy flower whose delicate petals were never stained by the ugly coal-dust which was constantly sifted over them. This brave, stainless blossom is a fitting type of that life which is to be kept "unspotted from the world."

TO all who read these words, a Merry Christmas ! As we give gifts in memory of heaven's gift to earth ; as we sing songs in memory of the angels who sang in Bethlehem ; as we enter into the unselfish spirit of this holiday season in memory of him who went about doing good, may there be answered to our hearts the prayer of Tiny Tim : " God bless us, every one !"

